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September, 1971
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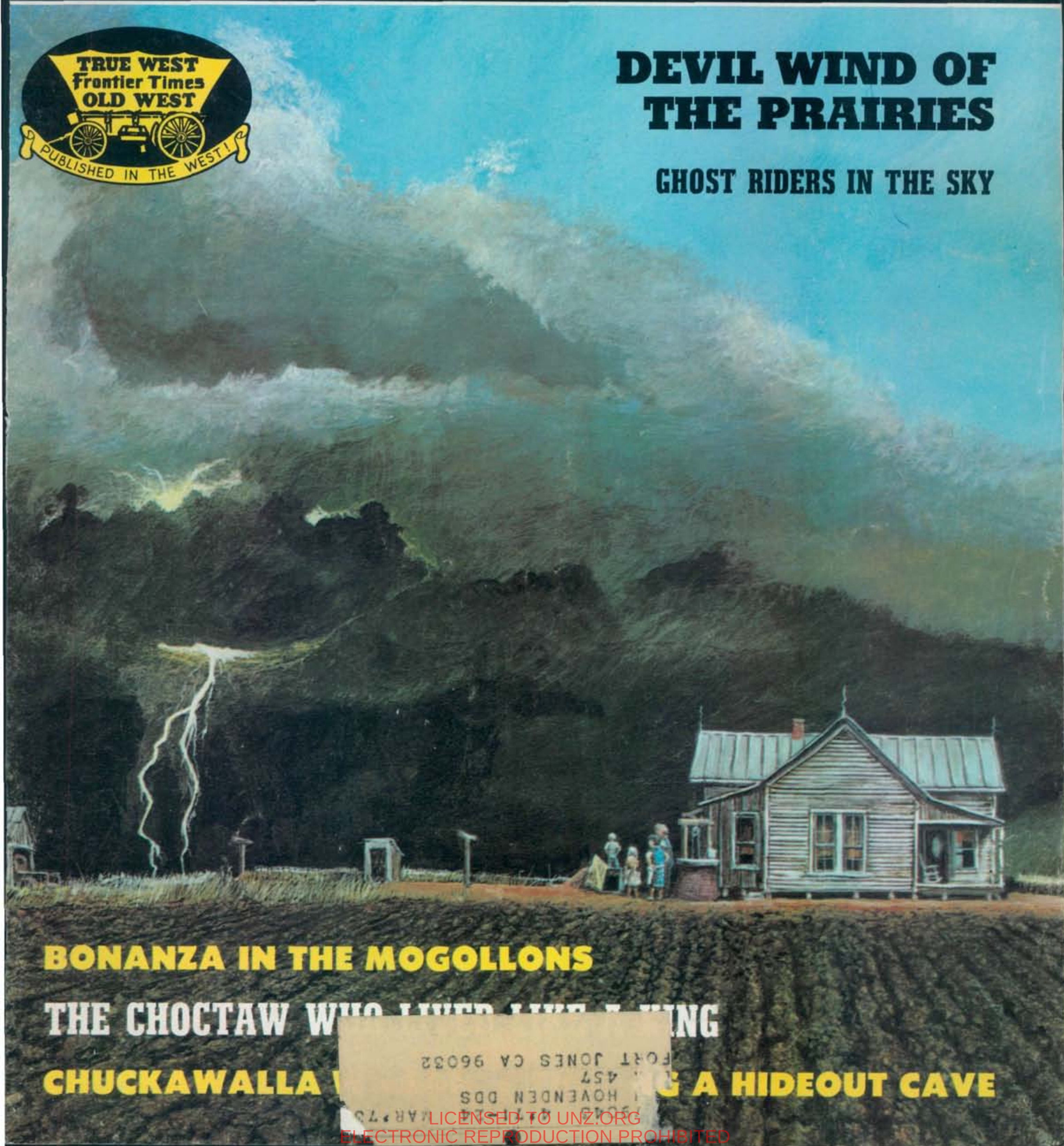

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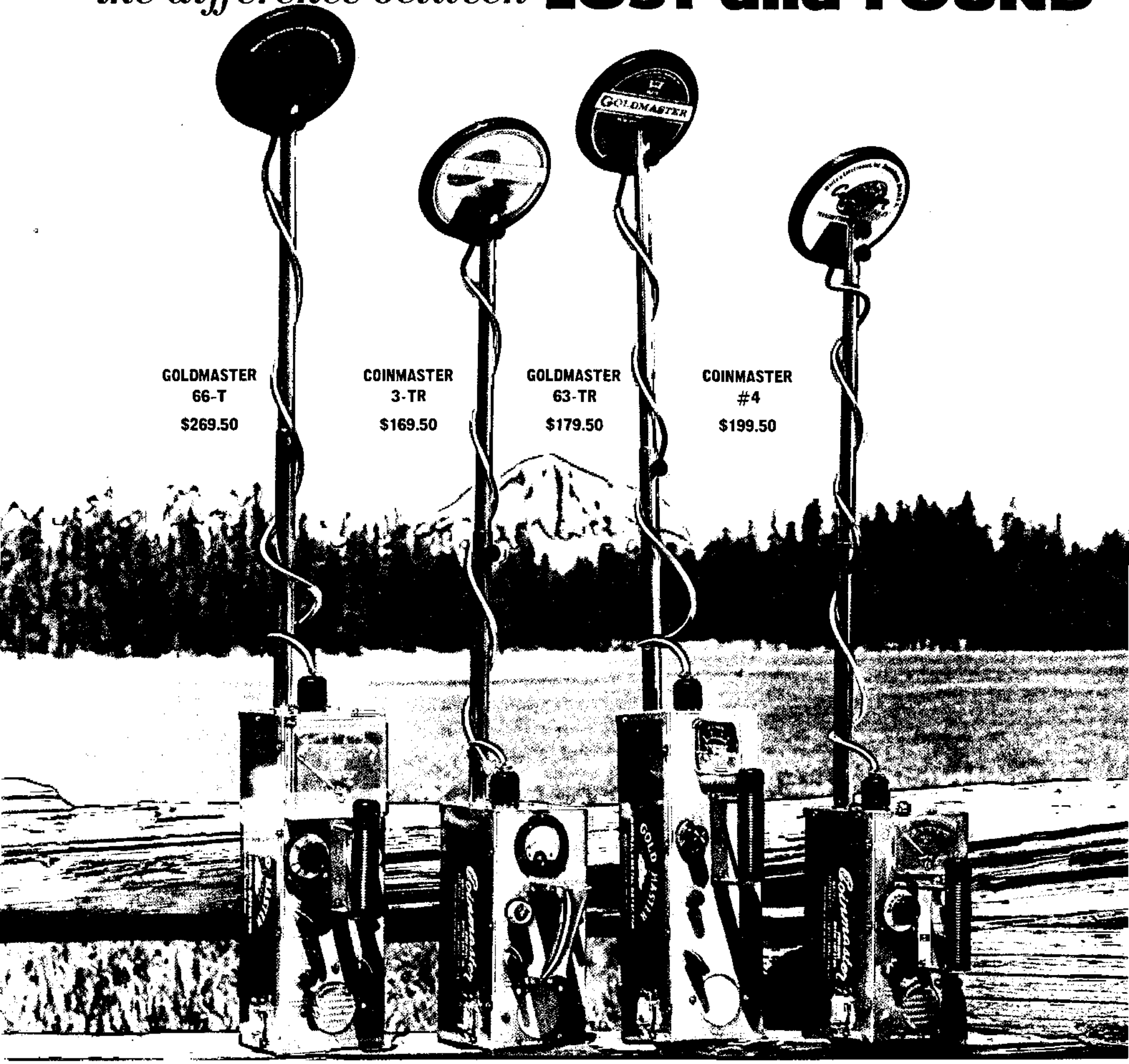

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A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

August-September, 1971
Vol. 45, No. 5
New Series No. 73

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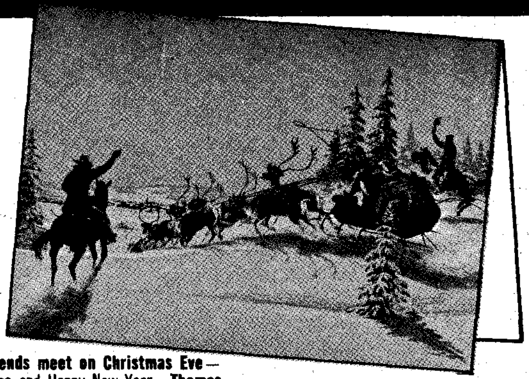
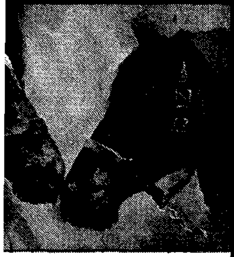
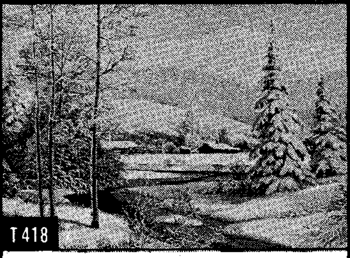


T 425

When Old Friends meet on Christmas Eve—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year—**Thomas**

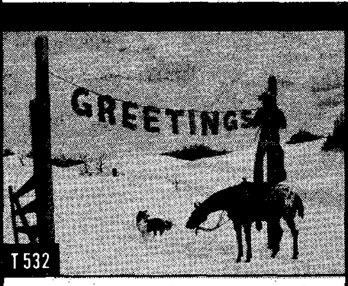


May there come to you this Holi- ecious things of life, etc.—**Dick**



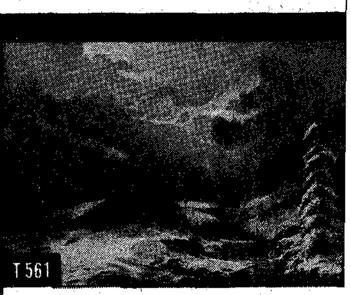
T 418

From Our Ranch to Your Ranch—The folks at our place all join in to say..."Happy Holiday"—**Thomas**



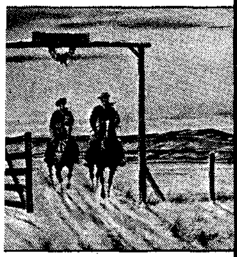
T 532

Greetings—With Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas to Your Outfit from Ours—**Paris**

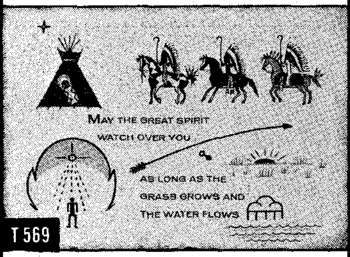


T 561

"Open face of heaven,..."—May every happiness be yours at Christmas, etc.—**Lowdermilk**

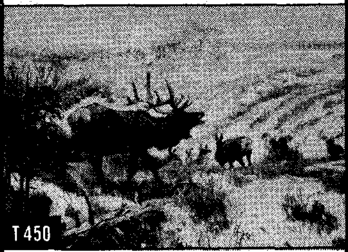


wish you a Merry Christmas and a full of Happiness—**Long**



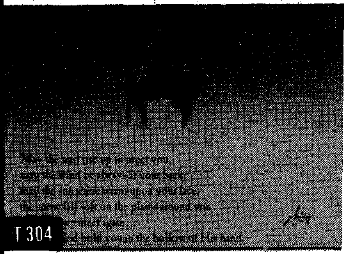
T 569

An Indian Pictograph—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year—**EchoHawk, Pawnee**



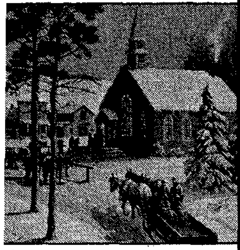
T 450

The Elk's Call—Happy Holidays and Best Wishes for the Coming Year—**C. M. Russell**

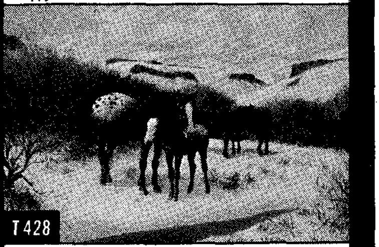


T 304

A Christmas message of the West—Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—**Snidow**

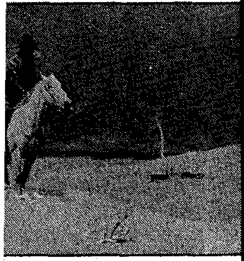


Christmas..."—Merry Christmas Year—**Thomas**



T 428

Appaloosa Colt for Christmas—May you and yours be blessed this Christmas day, etc.—**Quigley**



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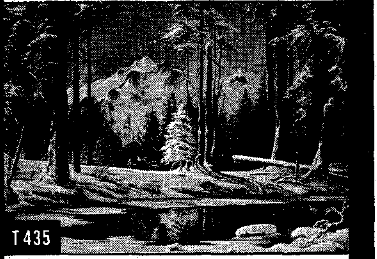

T 435

"In the heart of the wilderness"—*May Peace be your Gift at Christmas etc.*—**Swanson**

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FRONTIER POST

Gilmore Pioneer

I was glad to see the article by Georgia Shiner on the old mining town of Gilmore, Idaho in the January FRONTIER TIMES. My father and mother were married in western Nebraska on Thanksgiving Day 1909 and left directly for Gilmore, getting off the train at Red Rock, Montana. They then went by stage up the prairie and over Bannock Pass to Gilmore.

Dad worked in the mine there for about a year and a half and Mother worked some in the boardinghouse. My oldest brother was born at Gilmore August 28, 1910, the year the railroad came from Armstead, Montana to Salmon City and the year of the big fire that burned the towns of Wallace, Mullan and Kellogg to the north. I believe Harry, my brother, was the first white child born at Gilmore—if anyone knows another, I'd like to hear from them.

Dad and Mother moved to Ulysses, below Salmon, and worked there in the gold mines for over a year. I was born there January 12, 1912. My wife and I visited there two years ago and most everything was in ruins. Some old log cabins are in pretty good shape. I believe the one I was born in is still there. We then moved to Salmon mine, where my younger brother, Merle, was born. I've lived and traveled much throughout the West. Your stories are very interesting to me.—Harold J. Lowman. Box 25, Sentinel Butte, North Dakota 58654

A Meeting With Chief Posey

Just read the March 1971 issue of FRONTIER TIMES on the advice of a new customer of yours, David Stiles. Mr. Stiles was reading the article on Bluff, Utah. They have been there, and because we lived at Cortez, Colorado for many years, he called and asked us if we knew Wm. Posey—Chief Posey to us. Mr. Burcher and I both said yes. Then Mr. Burcher told them his story. He was riding with and for Lon King down in the southwest corner of Colorado and they came upon an Indian on horseback. Mr. King introduced my husband to Chief Posey, who was in his eighties in 1922. The chief at once asked my husband, "You got a squaw?" to which he answered, "Yes and two papooses."

We haven't been to Bluff for several years now, since moving here, but plan to eat Easter Sunday dinner there this year.

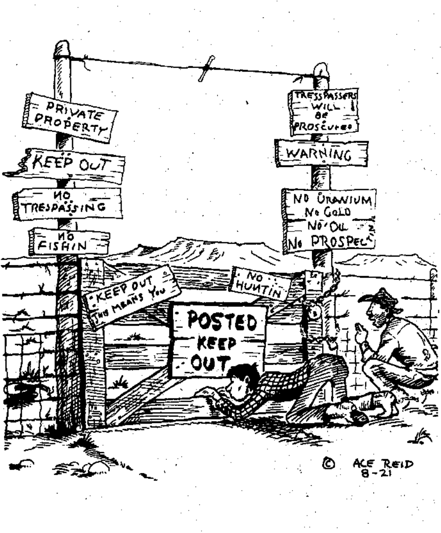
I've never been in Austin, Texas although my mother was born there and her father built the first circular staircase in Texas—I believe it was in Austin. His name was Henry Brown. Enjoyed the whole magazine!—Mrs. Harry Burcher, Route 2, Box 12A, Urbana, Missouri 65767

To California In a "T"

After reading in the August-September FRONTIER TIMES the story of Ruth Heart of Oroville, California and the story of Roosevelt, I thought I'd tell of our experience there in the winter of 1921.

A friend of mine was given $2,100 when he became twenty-one and made up his mind to buy a Model "T" coupe and drive to California. He asked me to go with him and although I didn't care much for the trip, I went along anyway. Both of us had been in the first war and got home in the early summer of 1919. I had a Franklin four-door touring car at the time but I wouldn't have taken the trip with it—besides, no one had given me $2,100 to blow. I owned and ran a threshing machine with a steam engine and was making good. It was just a bit before Christmas when I got through with it and agreed to go along in his new "T" model and we started out just a week before Christmas. We were in Kansas City on Christmas day.

We crossed the river in St. Louis and if the Missouri hadn't been frozen I don't think we'd ever made it across. The ice was already coming down the river and we crossed on a cable boat with some cattle and started on again. There just weren't any good roads anywhere back then.



"Wul, there ain't no sign agin gettin' yore hat!"

Hit Arizona and drove down to Douglas to visit a friend there, then through Tucson to Phoenix, both of which were only about a quarter of the size they are now, I guess. Crossed the Arizona desert at night. We were told not to try it, but who were they to tell us, who had been through a war! It had rained a few days before and the sand was just swell to travel on. We didn't meet a soul all the way which was a God-send. If we had gotten out of that snake trail in the sand, I think we'd have been stuck for good. What an experience! Isn't it great to be young and stupid.

From Phoenix we started north to Flagstaff and the Canyon where we stayed a few days. Took the mule trip down to the canyon floor. That river was tearing down through the canyon with a roar on account of high water from snow. Before we got back up on the rim I found out I wasn't sitting on an automobile cushion anymore and at home I was used to sitting on a horse bareback and thought nothing of it.

The highlight of the trip came when we started for Roosevelt Dam, which had been built only a few years before on the Salt River. Again, we were told not to drive there, but did anyway like you do when you're young. If you met a car coming down the road you had to back up to a turn-out place which didn't give us any thrills either.

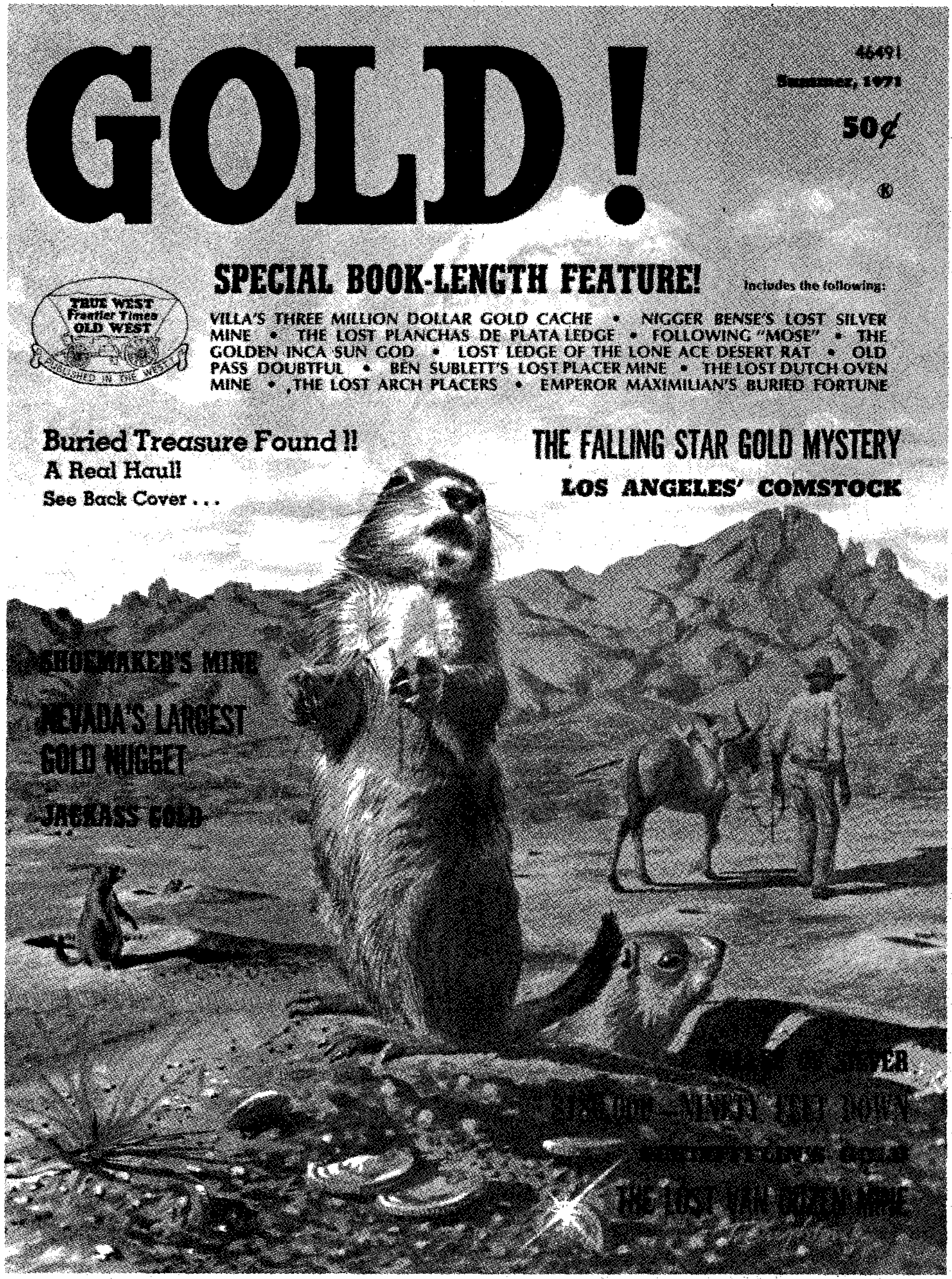
If I remember right, we had to cross the river three times. The first had a bridge; the other times we had to drive through the river. I was driving on the first one and used speed to get over. We changed driving a lot and as we got to the last crossing my partner was driving and it was just about dark. He asked me what we should do as the crossing was quite wide there. I said I'd back up quite a bit and make a run for it but he said he was afraid of rocks. He eased it in slow and hardly left the bank and there we sat in the sand.

The river was about a foot deep and cold, cold. We thought maybe we could put chains on and then make it across, but it was no use—we were stuck good. We figured it must be about nine miles to the dam—all uphill. We both had six-shooters with us, so reached in the car and stuck them in our pockets and started walking. We reached the dam about 11:30. We were hungry and really had to beg to get a sandwich, coffee and a bed. It cost us fifteen dollars each for the night and breakfast! What seems funny now is that we went all through the hotel that night and a breakfast the next morning with guns in our hip pockets and thought nothing of it. How'd one like to try that today?

Got pulled out the next morning and it was done with a Model T tow truck. They used seven-passenger Cadillac touring cars at that time for taxi work and one had to wait for us to get our T model out of the way. When he got ready to come across he backed up about a good block and cleared his motor good, started in low, stuck it in second and poured it on, with the water flying way out on both sides, and kept going. We started

(Continued on page 40)

GOLD! #5



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THE FALLING STAR GOLD MYSTERY
SHOEMAKER'S MINE
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NOW ON SALE

GHOST RIDERS in the SKY

flick of their ketch
opes could raise
e hair on the
ack of your neck!

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photo Above Courtesy Author

THE TORNADO hit before Ben Long and I got the seventeen steers to the drift fence gate. The roar of it lasted only a few deafening seconds but during that time hardwood trees a hundred feet tall were twisted out of the ground. Brush, grass and weeds lifted clear of roots as though by magic, leaving the soil surface bare. Fence posts came straight out of their holes with barbed wire intact, flying high through the air over our heads.

Most of that day had been muggy and cloudy. When we approached the drift fence about one o'clock, clouds were low and very dark in the northwest. Then for a few moments the sun shone through clear behind them. Long, a somewhat superstitious cowboy, suddenly cried, "Ghost riders!"

What he referred to was a common phenomenon in the Midwest. With the sun behind them, whirling clouds, moving fast and gyrating around, often form grotesque shapes. In this particular instance the silhouettes between us and the sun looked like nothing more than a line of riders racing across the sky. They were outlined in yellow and sun-red. The darker moving clouds accentuated them into gigantic proportions.

"Ghost riders!" Long had shouted in dismay. "Something

Courtesy U.S. Weather Bureau

When terror struck from the sky near Minot City, South Dakota on August 28, 1884 (above), a local shutterbug snapped what may be the first photograph ever made of a tornado. At left, the author in a photo taken in Arizona some years after the time of the story.

terrible is going to happen. Never mind them steers. Let's get the hell gone!"

It was a good idea, but we didn't get the chance. In less than a second a mass of dark clouds boomed out of the sky and the storm was upon us. After the first tremendous boom there existed no sound. We couldn't hear the rending and crashing of timber and brush. We couldn't even breathe. My limbs lost all powers of movement in the terrible vacuum behind the mighty blast. The twister then shifted into a diagonal course approximately 300 yards wide and vanished upward into the sky as quickly as it appeared. Neither our horses, the steers nor we were harmed in the least. No debris hit us. How we escaped at least being knocked down I will never understand.

With the danger gone, Long drove spurs to his horse and raced away down the county lane, deserting me completely. "We're going to get killed!" he yelled. And I'll have to admit that the dead calm was spooky. Even the cattle were quiet. Except for the torn out timber and denuded ground for the space of half a mile, the Red Hills range where Father ran his cattle in Coal, Johnston and Pontotoc Counties of old Oklahoma, no evidence of the terrible tornado existed.

Driving the steers through the broken fence and deep into the hills, I went on to Jug Humphrey's cabin. He was one of several hillbilly squatters on our range. By then the sun was breaking through the clouds.

Humphrey and his wife, whom he called the "bar-in" woman because they had no children, were huddled in a very small root cellar dug into yellow clay. It was no more than a dirt-covered hole in the ground. They were not down there because of the tornado, which they knew nothing about, but because of ghost riders that were long gone.

"Makes no difference if they are," the hookworm-thin Mrs. Humphrey declared positively. "Somebody is going to die. We're going to roost here until after dark."

"I got a keg of ripe choc," Jug mourned. "Maybe I'd best get it." Choctaw Indian type beer was referred to as "choc."

"You'll keep squatting here!" his wife ordered sharply.

Knowing where he kept the keg I volunteered my services, and we were soon sitting together, drinking from tin cups. When told of the tornado hitting the ground briefly, Mrs. Humphrey said, "That's part of it! Somewhere folks are dying in that storm. Flatlanders. It also means a bad year for this part of Oklahoma. Ghost riders are always bad omens."

And even though assured that the storm had passed over, they still refused to leave the cellar. The longer Mrs. Humphrey talked about supernatural evil, the more gloomy Jug became. The choc didn't restore his usual good spirits, even after I got him a second bucketful.

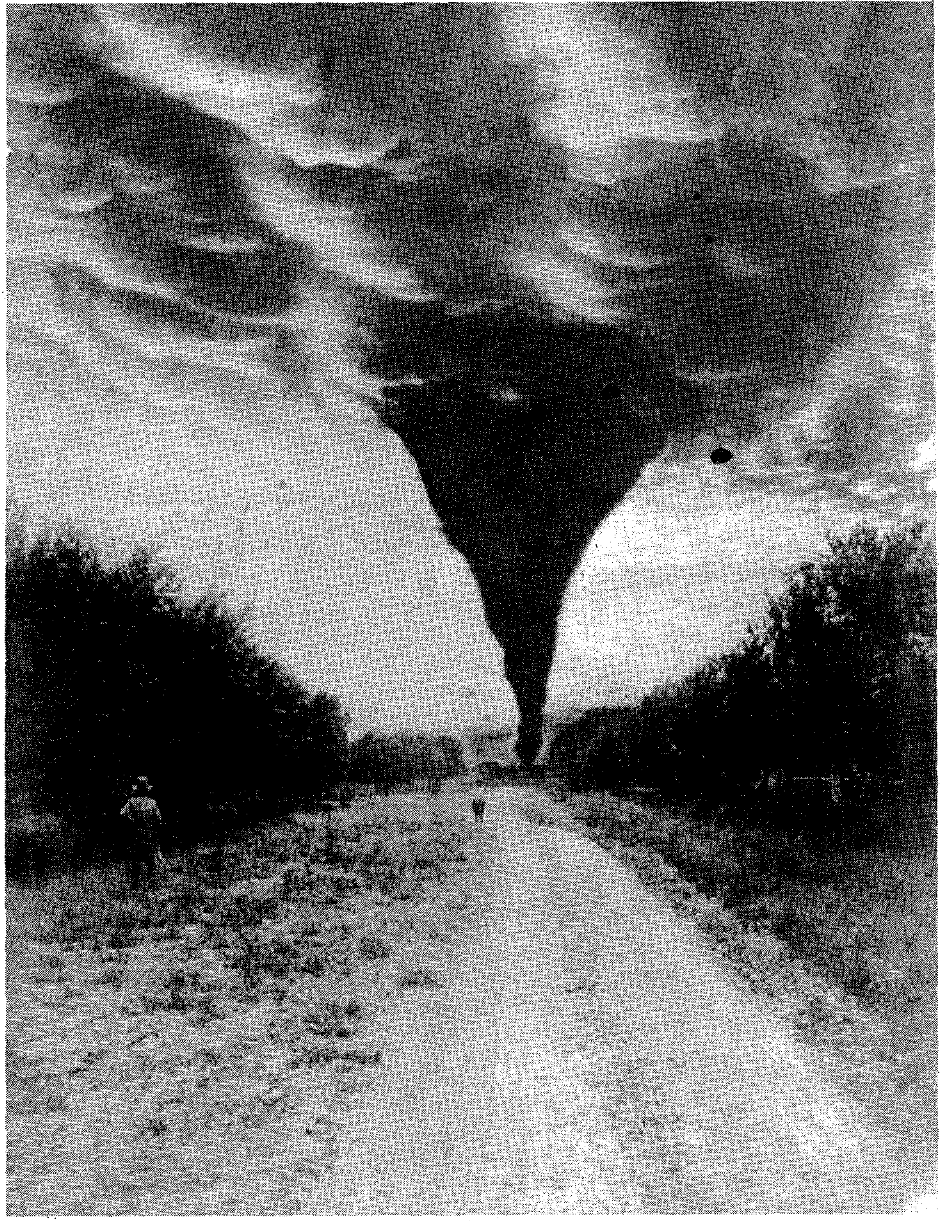
Mere coincidence, perhaps, but Mrs. Humphrey proved right all the way. After hitting the ground so briefly the funnel clouds lifted into the sky for nearly twenty miles before letting down again. It hit one residential area of Coalgate, the county seat. A third of the city was churned into rubble. Hundreds of people were made homeless and a good many killed.

A FEW DAYS after the storm, in the middle of the afternoon, I was riding a trail about three-quarters of a mile from the big swimming hole. One of the Davis girls, twelve

(Continued on page 64)

DEVIL WIND O

Five first-hand accounts from the days when the only radar was



Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society

From about two miles away, North Losey, a commercial photographer in Oklahoma City, took this view of a cyclone which passed through Waynoka, Woods County, Oklahoma about 6 p.m. on May 18, 1898, destroying eighteen homes and other property.

The Savoy Cyclone in 1879

AFTER a residence of five years in Denison, I moved to Savoy, Texas, a station on the transcontinental line, eleven miles from Bonham, and I was in the mercantile business there when the cyclone struck in 1879 or 1880. I retired early on the night of the cyclone, which came at about 10 o'clock. Before I dropped off to sleep, I cautioned my wife, who was going about the room with a little glass oil lamp in her hand, looking for something. I told her she was liable to set the house on fire. The next thing I knew I went out of bed as if by a force not my own, and fell sprawling on the floor. What appeared to be a terrific hailstorm was raging. Hailstones weighing ten pounds each were bombarding the house. I opened the door to look around, and at once realized that tremendous mischief was afoot.

By the incessant flashes of lightning, which made a continuous light, I saw the railroad station vanish, perceived that the business district of the town was bare of houses and realized that what I took to be hailstones striking the house were the flying shreds and fragments of demolished buildings. The wind was so strong that I could not shut the door, and I called Harry Naylor, my nephew, to assist me. The blow was all over in a minute or two. Then came a veritable deluge of rain, a regular waterspout. We could hear on all sides the cries of men, women and children in distress.

Going to the rescue, Harry and I found the cyclone had made a path about 250

the PRAIRIES

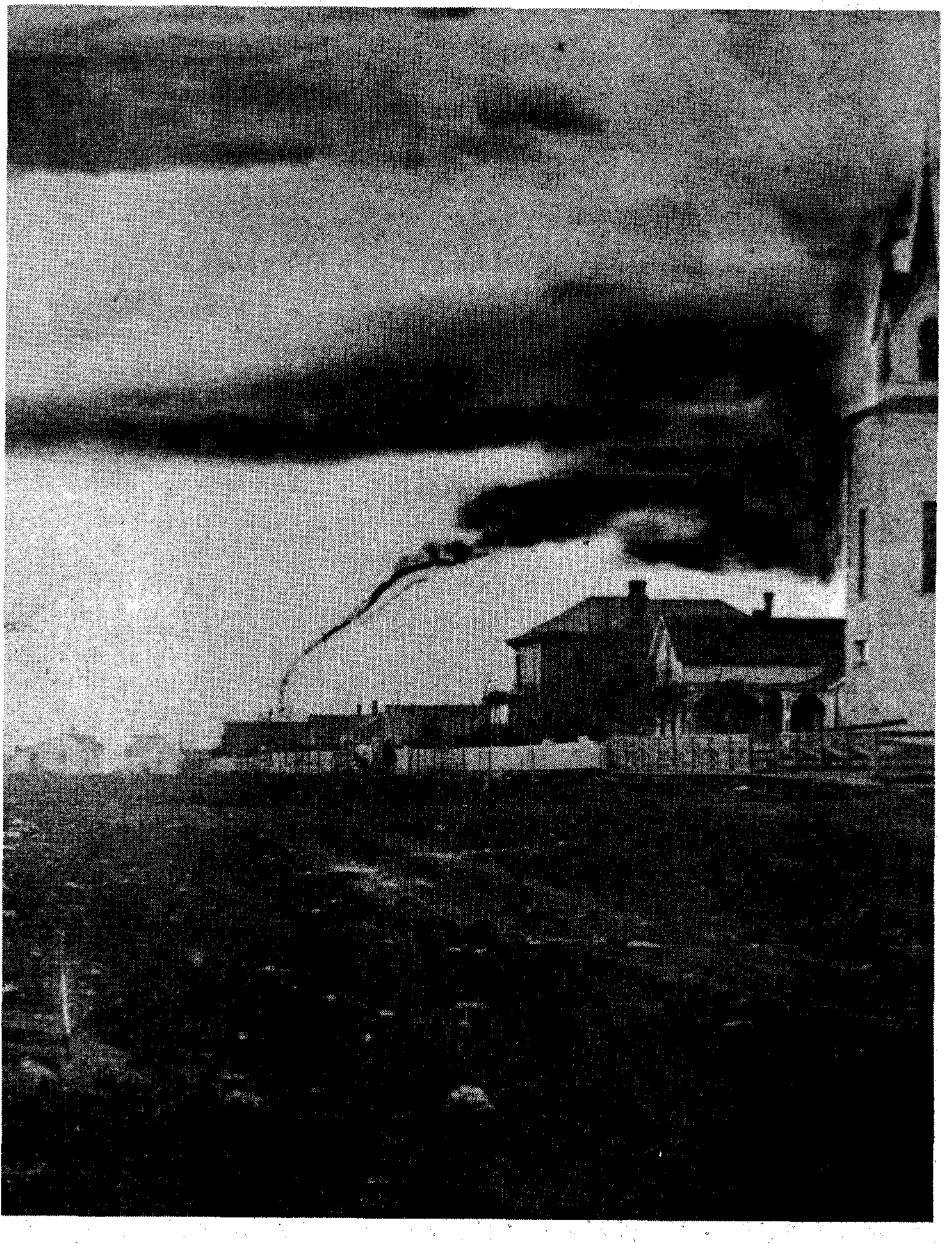
premonition, and the only protection a hole in the ground!

yards in width through the town, carrying away every business house and every dwelling in its path except mine. We began to pick up the injured and to carry them into my house. Before long people of the town living outside the path of the storm came to our assistance. We worked all night, but were unable to afford much relief. There were two physicians in the town, and one of them was so old and feeble he was of little use. It was not until next day that relief trains came from Sherman, Denison and Bonham, bringing surgeons and supplies. Men, women and children with fractured limbs and ribs and other injuries went all that time without surgical attention.

Eleven persons were killed outright by the cyclone, and five others died later of injuries, making a total of sixteen. I do not remember how many were injured. The population of the town was about 300. Of the dead and injured, not one had a stitch of clothing on, and many who escaped injury found themselves naked in the street. The rescuers wrapped the injured in bed sheets or quilts as they picked them up. Strange as it may seem, I have no recollection of the funeral services that must have been held during the two or three days following the calamity. A situation such as we had that night is calculated to open new founts of emotion in a man. If you ever go through a cyclone the fear of another one goes ghosting through your head every time the wind begins to blow hard.—*By J. M. Naylor as told to W. S. Adair, reprinted from Frontier Times, June 1927*

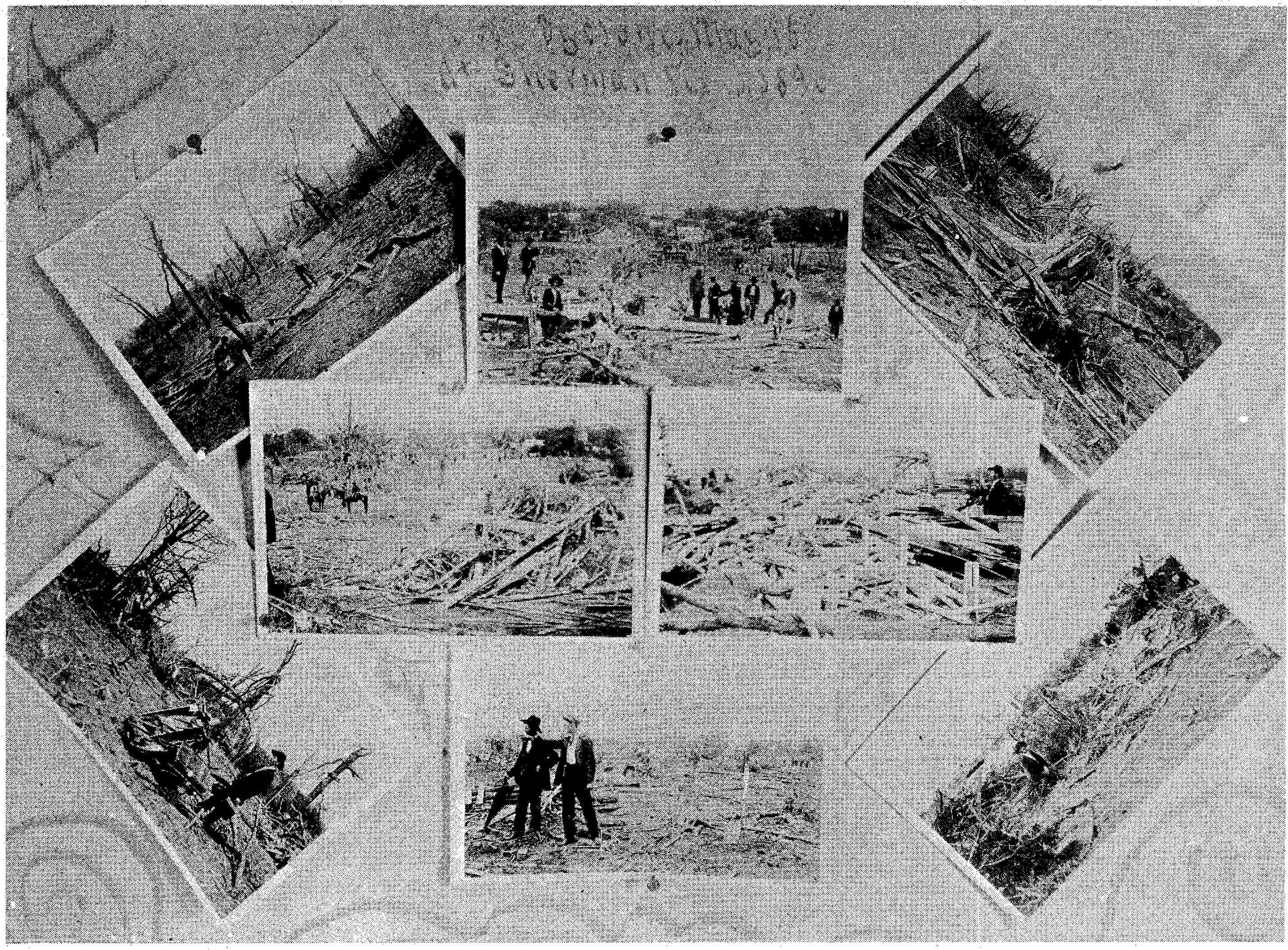
A Waterspout in Coleman County in 1874

ON the 23rd of September, 1874, Company E of the Frontier Battalion of



Courtesy Kansas Historical Society, Topeka

Tornado funnel approaches Garnett, Anderson County, Kansas in 1884.



Courtesy Grayson County Historical Survey Committee

Scenes of destruction in Sherman, Texas following the great cyclone of May 15, 1896. Photos show (top row from left) remains of a grove of trees on Gray's Hill just south of the ruins of Capt. L. F. Ely's home; twisted piers of the Houston Street bridge, a heavy iron structure, where many persons were killed; the location of L. H. Montgomery's house, which stood near the roots of the tree in the foreground, also the site of many fatalities; (center row) view from a point southeast of Houston Street bridge; ruins of the Bridge home, a frame structure which was carried some distance in the air before it went to pieces; (bottom row) remains of a grove north of the Ely residence—the badly twisted tree in the center was a large oak more than two feet in diameter; another view of damage southeast of Houston Street bridge; and ruins of Capt. Ely's home, a two-story brick in which three family members saved themselves by crouching beneath the wardrobe seen in the center of the picture.

Texas Rangers encamped on Home Creek, about eight miles south of where the city of Coleman, in Coleman County, now stands. About one o'clock in the morning it began to rain. We had had no rain for three months and everything was very dry. Home Creek was almost dry, and near our camp was a dry slough or lake at the foot of the hill, near which stood a large pecan tree. Our camp was on the west bank of the creek and the foothills were about a quarter of a mile away. The bottom land was covered with mesquite bushes.

A few minutes after it began raining the horse guard came to my tent and called me to wake up the men, as the creek was rising fast. I dressed and started out to look at the creek and stepped off a little rise into water up to my knees. I yelled to all of the boys to get up and run for a bluff nearby. Jim Paulk and a man named Cliff were sleeping in my tent and got up when I did. We secured our horses and mounted them without bridles or saddles, and started for the high ground, but when we had gone about half way a wall of water fully six feet high struck us and rolled our horses over before they could get the swing of the current. We were washed against mesquite bushes and carried for some distance.

The lightning played in one continual flash and the thunder was awful. The raging waters made great whirlpools that screeched and roared like a locomotive. I saw the above mentioned pecan tree not far away and Paulk and I succeeded in getting to it and I helped him climb up into the branches, turning our horses loose to battle with the raging stream as best they could. When we were safe in the tree I asked Paulk what had become of Cliff and he said the last time he saw him a wall of water was carrying him down. We stayed in that tree for perhaps an hour and were almost frozen, so we swam out and reached safer ground. The other boys in camp had also taken to trees, but we did not know where they were or how they fared. As we had flint and steel we soon started a fire, and the other boys, in trees, saw the light and began to shoot their guns to let us know where they were. But Cliff was drowned.

When daylight came and the water had subsided, we crossed the creek, found our horses and went back to camp. Our sergeant wanted to send a man to Brownwood to report the flood to Captain Maltby. I volunteered to go, but he did not think I could cross Home Creek nor Clear Creek either. I laughed at him, and saddled my horse for the trip. When I swam the creek I waved my hat to them, and by twelve o'clock I was in Brownwood.

I have been in many tight places, and have had many narrow escapes; at one time I fought single-handed and alone twenty-two Comanches in open ground where they tried to run their horses over me; but that waterspout on Home Creek seemed to me to be the most desperate situation I was ever in. But I have always believed that you can't kill a man until his time comes, neither can you scare him to death; if you could I would not be able to write this. I am now eighty years old and still able to stand a big scare.—*By Curley Hatcher, from Frontier Times, June 1927*

Sherman Cyclone Wrought Havoc

A tornado, in many respects unparalleled in cyclonic history, swept through Sherman, Texas in 1896, killing fifty-six persons outright, fatally mangling ten others, sending fifty-eight more to hospitals and maiming scores who were cared for in private homes.

For several days the meteorological conditions had been favorable to cyclonic development—unusual humidity, variable winds of freaky fickleness and force, very high daily temperatures, remarkably cool nights and a persistently low barometer. From noon until 4:15 p.m., when the storm struck Sherman, there was a stifling atmospheric condition that made breathing difficult. At the signal station the barometer stood at the danger point. Immediately preceding the onslaught of the tornado there was a heavy downpour of rain.

The tornado originated in a cloud about twenty miles southwest of Sherman. The tornado funnel wormed its way out of the lower edge of this cloud and began to descend to the earth, apparently feeling its way, reminding the observer of a huge elephant's trunk in search of food.

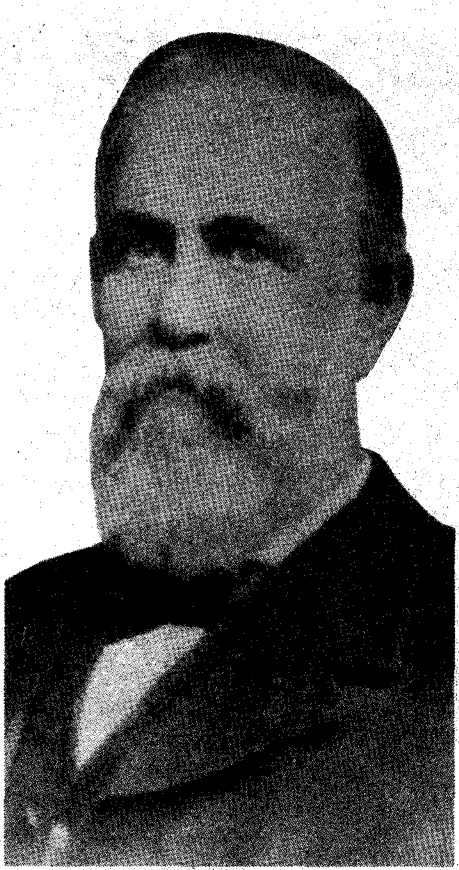
During the formation of the parent cloud in the southwest another cloud was moving toward it from the northwest. Between these two clouds there was a magnificent electrical display in a greenish cloudbank along the western horizon. With spectacular vividness sheet lightning kept the heavens illuminated, during which time frequent fiery zigzag bolts of intense brightness flashed down into the earth.

About five miles southwest of the city the second cloud dashed into the tornado's face as if it would devour the aerial monster. For one minute there was an absolute pause in the funnel's movement. The two colossal wind-demons were in a contest for supremacy. Two hundred yards above the earth, clouds rolled upon clouds with appalling hisses and groanings. Long ghoulish arms of sooty blackness shot out into the surrounding atmosphere, their ragged fingers seeming to clutch at everything within their reach. Objects that had been sucked into the vortex now whirled and tumbled and spun as if a dozen voices were juggling in them.

It is easy to exaggerate the force and velocity of a storm that is shaking the life out of you over an open grave. Various estimates gave the progressive movement of the storm a velocity of 70 to 100 miles per hour. The vortical velocity, determined by the regular recurrence of certain sounds in the whirl of the funnel, was estimated at 500 miles per hour. These estimates were only opinions without positive and definite means of proof. But the tremendous force made obvious from objects driven through trees or lifted through the air indicate an inconceivable velocity. An hour after leaving Sherman and rising into the air the funnel dipped and reappeared as a tornado in Oklahoma.

South of Sherman a stone weighing 500 pounds was carried 225 feet. A piece

(Continued on page 36)

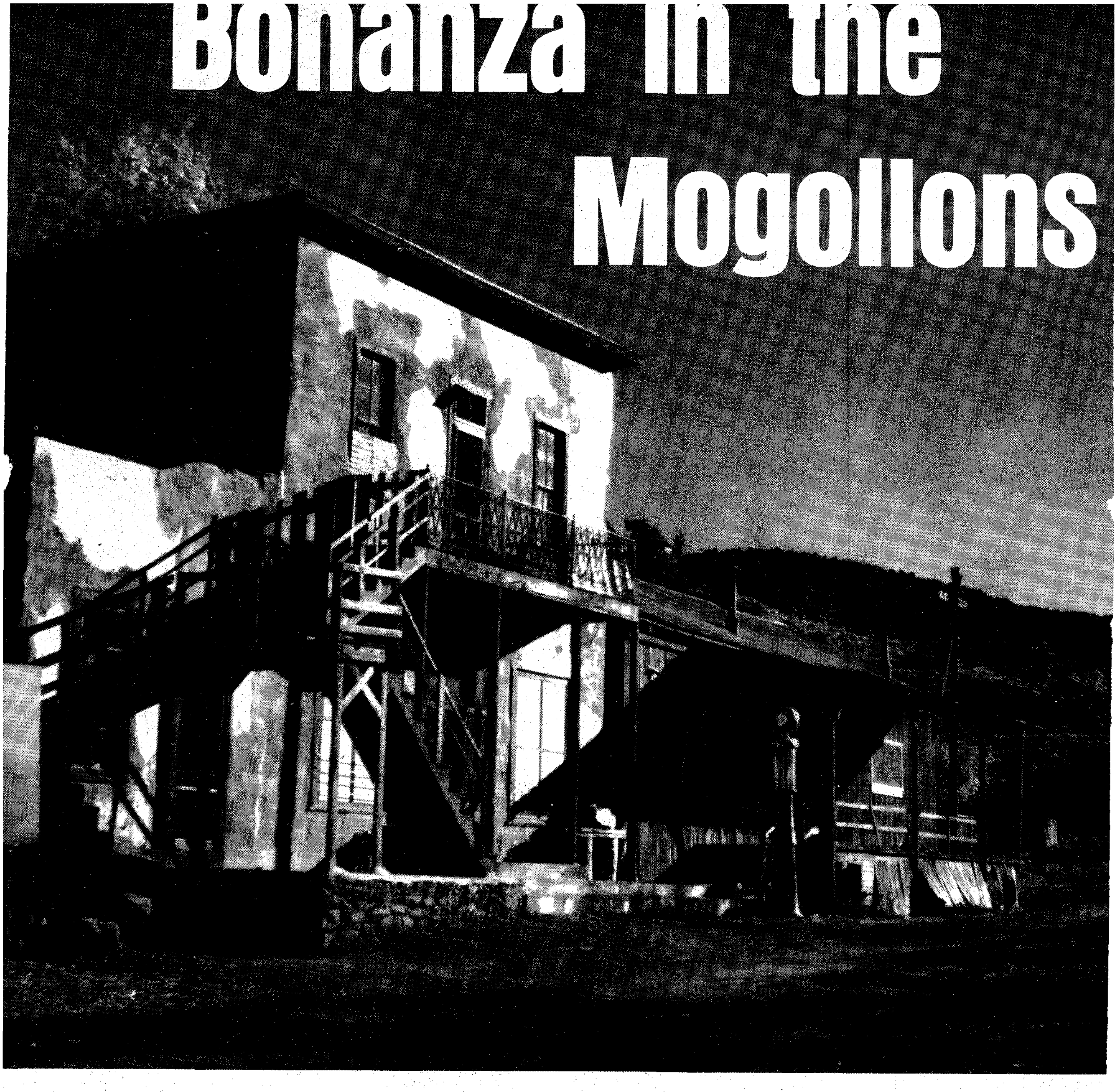


A. H. "Shanghai" Pierce, flamboyant Texas cattleman who sat through the great storm at Ogallala, Nebraska in 1882.

Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society

John Oliver, eighty-nine, whose wife was killed, and W. L. Scott, his son-in-law, lean against an oak tree at the site of John Mullenix's home which was destroyed by a cyclone April 25, 1893 about three miles northwest of Perkins, Oklahoma. Although seven relatives escaped, Mullenix lost a daughter, mother-in-law, and brother-in-law. The winds carried a shovel from a crib sixty-five yards through the air and buried it halfway into the oak tree. The section of tree bearing the shovel was exhibited at the St. Louis World's Fair in 1894.

Bonanza in the Mogollons



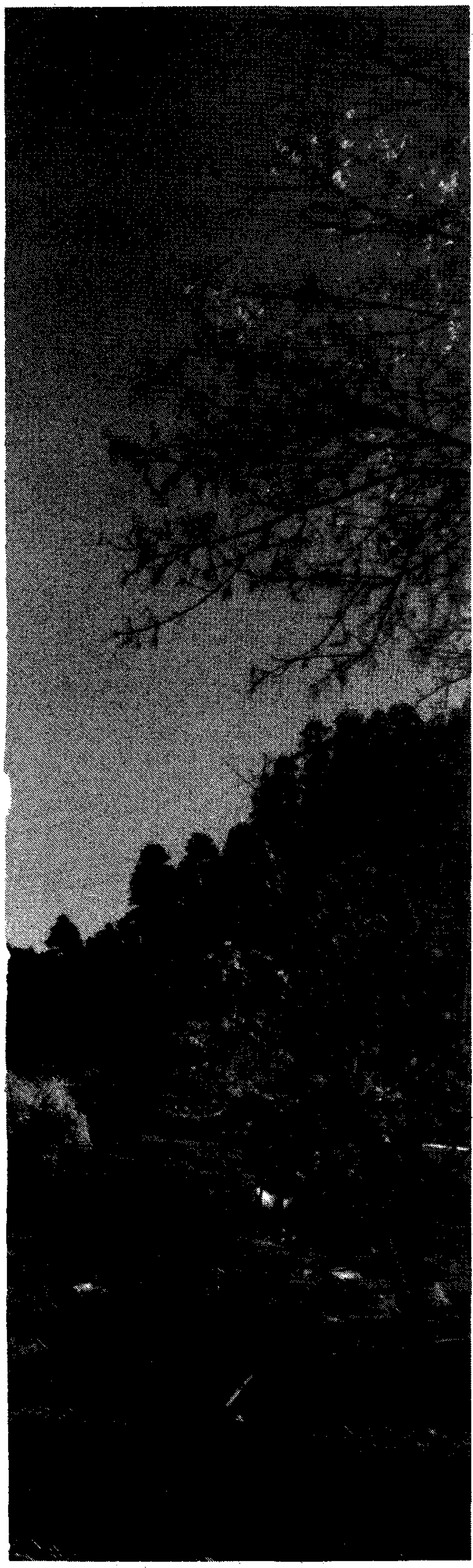
By MICHAEL JENKINSON

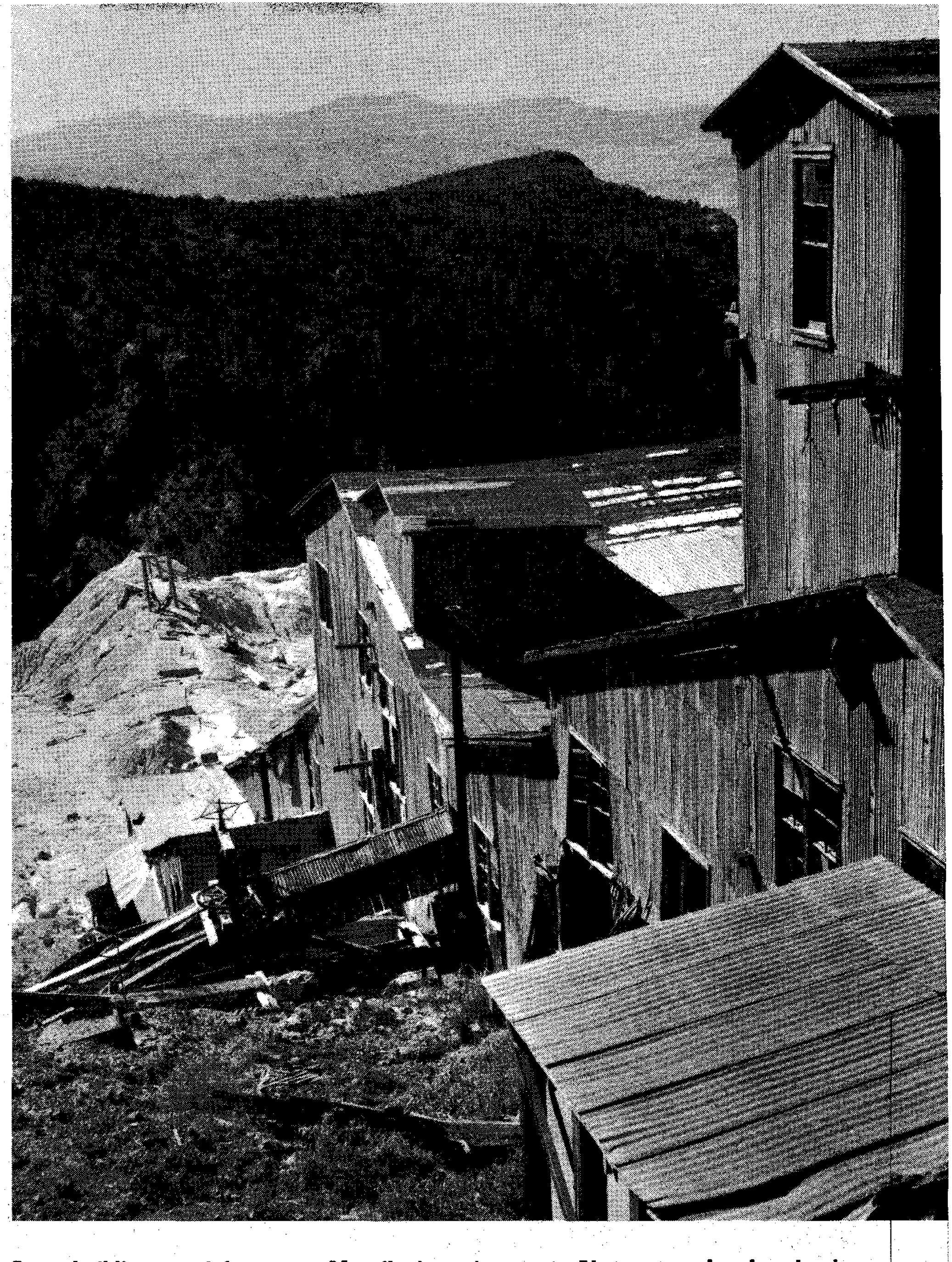
Photos by Karl Kernberger

From **Ghost Towns of New Mexico,** University of New Mexico Press, Copyright 1968

IN THE early 1850s an explorer by the name of Aubrey stumbled out of the rugged Mogollon Mountains of New Mexico with a remarkable tale. He claimed to have come across a group of Apaches who hunted with golden bullets, which they offered to trade for trinkets. His story stimulated several expeditions into the little-known range—enthusiastic gold-hounds who found only bullets of lead, and these usually well-aimed, for the Apaches strongly resented intrusions into their game-filled wilderness.

Whether Aubrey actually saw the golden missiles with his eyes or with his imagination is a question blurred by time—fodder for yarn spinners. But a mere thirty years later men burrowed into the Mogollons and tore out enough gold and silver to cast ammunition for an entire army. Mines like the Peacock, Little Fanny, Silver Queen, Last Chance





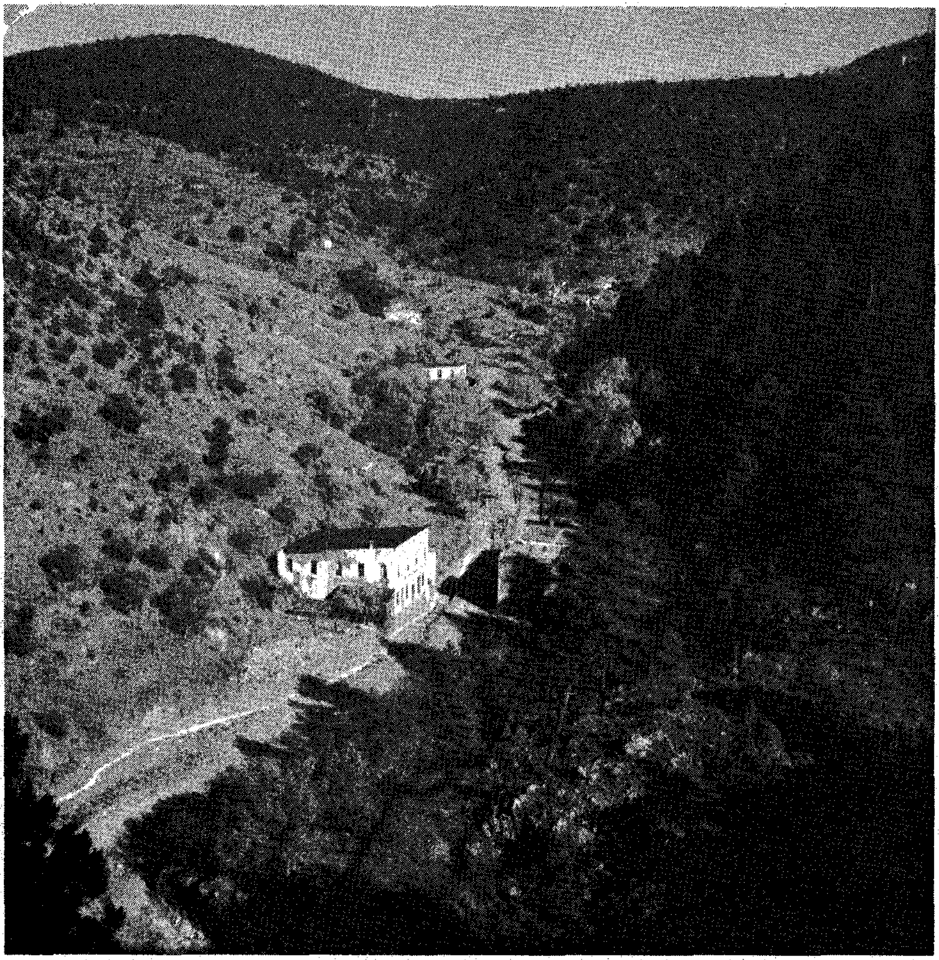
Store buildings at left are on Mogollon's main street. Above are abandoned mine workings around Mogollon.

and Confidence were eventually to yield over twenty million dollars to the fortune seekers. One aged freighter recalls taking eighty thousand dollars' worth of gold bullion from the Mogollons to Silver City in a single load.

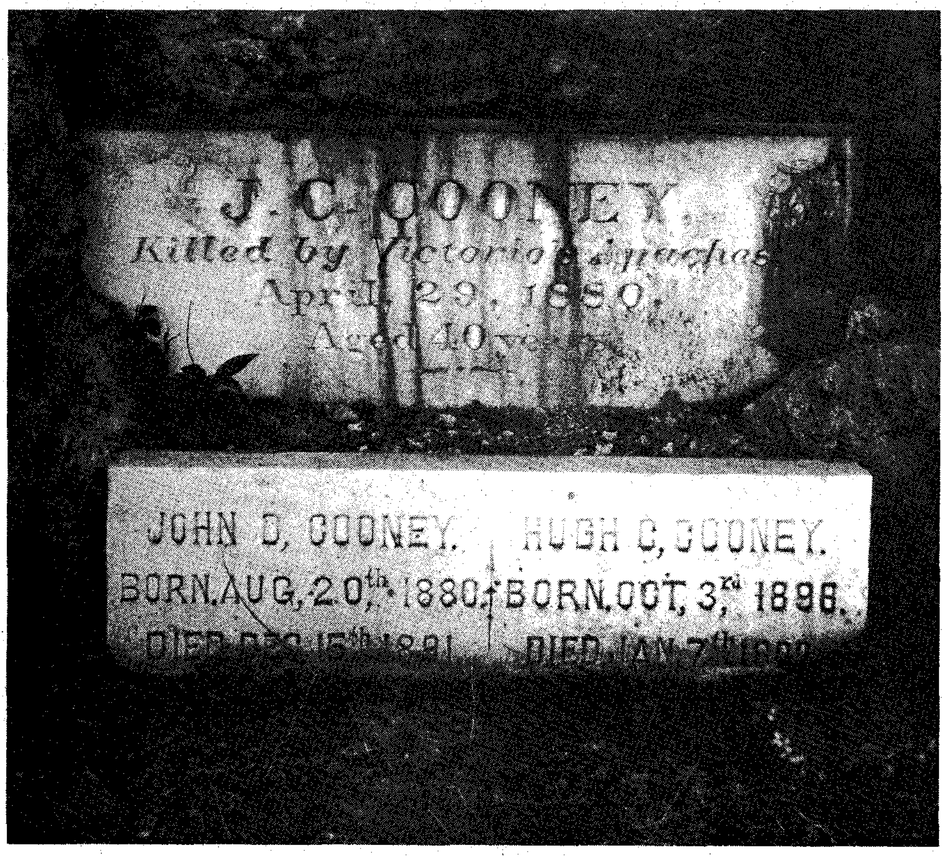
Tent camps sprang up in the narrow canyons of the steep western scarp of the mountains, soon to vanish or to develop into roaring mining towns. Almost overnight, Clairmont was a cluster of log buildings beneath Bear Wallow Mountain, and Cooney strung itself along Mineral Creek. Straining twelve-horse teams creaked machinery and supply wagons into the almost inaccessible towns. Wild turkey and bear meat lay side by side with beef in the butcher shops, where steaks were sometimes purchased for less than five cents per pound. As miners began chewing into the mountains' ribs, camp followers of all descriptions stormed into the towns, bringing quick professional card hands, girlish laughter, and the tinny gaiety of honky-*tonk pianos.*

When mines like the Maud S and the Deep Down began to whisper of rich veins on neighboring Silver Creek, the earlier towns soon drained into the new community, named Mogollon after the mountains. By 1911, Mogollon had an estimated two thousand people, seven restaurants, five stores, two hotels, a sawmill, a newspaper, and fourteen saloons. Regular stages ran to Silver City, then often referred to as a "railhead for Mogollon." In the evenings the hills surrounding the town would glow red from the campfires of miners bivouacking or living in caves.

Today, Clairmont and Cooney have been erased from the maps. Mogollon is a quiet town of about fifteen people, a single store which sells sardines and soda pop to an occasional outdoorsman heading through to the Gila Wilderness Area, and a host of deserted buildings. Mogollon is most easily reached by an eight-mile gravel road which turns off U. S. Highway 260 near Glenwood; a road which was first chopped out of the mountain with pick and shovel convict labor in 1897. From the flat top of treeless Whitewater Mesa, the road twists up



Mogollon, New Mexico (above), built along Silver Creek, as seen from the west. Below is the marker over the grave of James C. Cooney, who first discovered gold in the Mogollon Mountains in 1870 and was killed by Apaches ten years later.



the steep mountainside through cactus, mesquite, and rabbit bush, all the while affording panoramic views of the Frisco Valley. As the road approaches the shoulder of the ridge, yellow pine and juniper replace the cactus, and the buildings of the abandoned Pacific Mine can be seen far below on a forested shelf.

The first view of Mogollon is a row of deserted mine structures across the canyon, and the Little Fanny mine dump, a wide column of white tailings extending down the hillside to the creek. Originally the tailings were neatly lodged against the canyon slope, but a cloudburst undercut the rocky rubble, and it cascaded into the gorge, burying alive the watchman in his shack at the Maud S mine below. The road drops sharply from the crest of the ridge, passing mine tunnels, rusted machinery, and mill foundations.

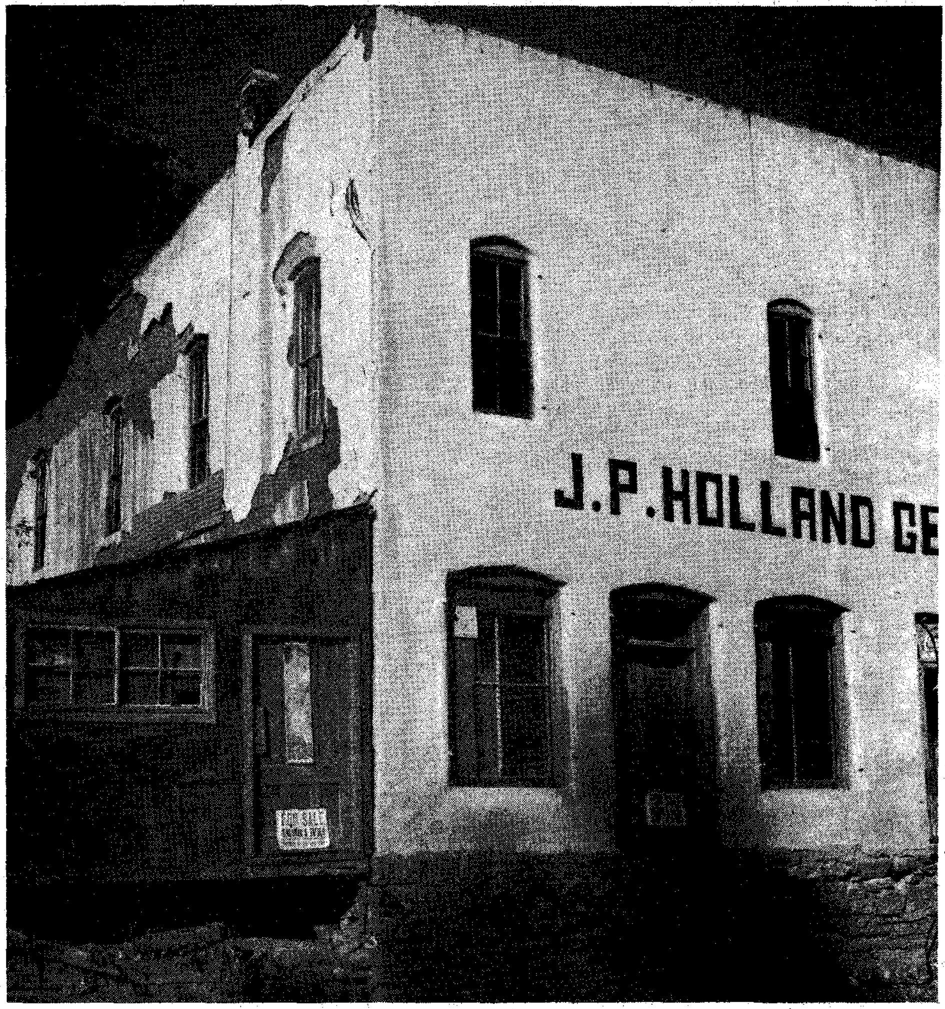
In the bottom of the canyon the remains of the business district stand silent along Silver Creek. Two weathering stone buildings, "Holland's Furniture and Notions" and "J. P. Holland, General Store," face each other at the lower end of town. Beyond these lie an old saloon with a sagging boardwalk, an abandoned Catholic church, and the small post office which is still in operation. North of the creek, the steep bulk of Fanny Hill is terraced with cracked foundations and several windowless, wooden shells of houses whose roofs are often level with the hillside behind.

The drowsy town began to spring to phantom life as we talked to some of its few remaining inhabitants. Returning for coffee in Glenwood, we asked the cafe cook if there was presently much mining activity in Mogollon. The sun-basted man on the stool next to us looked up from the book he was reading. "Not very busy. I'm not." He introduced himself as Jim Wrey, owner of the only mining operation still going in Mogollon. While not an old-timer himself, Jim read all the available literature on the area and had collected innumerable early-day anecdotes along with his ore samples. "Everyone over forty in this country has worked in Mogollon at one time or another," he told us. "All drifted away now, but if the mines ever reopened they'd soon be back."

Mogollon's story really began in 1870, the year Sergeant James Cooney rode north into Apache country from Ft. Bayard with a mapping expedition. Cooney returned to the fort with sketches of watering holes and trails on his charts, and the location of a ledge of gold ore on Mineral Creek stored in his memory. However, unlike many a rueful strike discoverer, he did not spill his story at the first bar he walked into, thus starting a gold rush. For the remaining years of his enlistment he kept his secret well. Upon discharge, he returned to the ledge. Repeated Indian attacks soon drove the miners back to Silver City.

In 1878 the determined Cooney again entered the Mogollons, this time with two ox-drawn wagons of equipment and supplies and a company of miners who established Clairmont on Copper Creek. The settlers built a stockade for defense

Abandoned mine workings (above) and Holland's General Store (below) at Mogollon.



and for three years worked the Silver Bar claim and prospected nearby Mineral and Silver Creeks without serious Indian troubles.

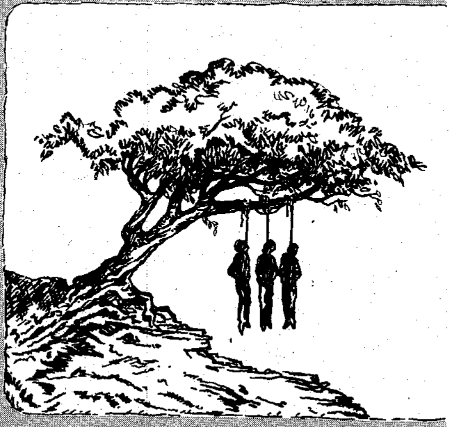
IN MAY of the following year Apaches fired upon men plowing in a field near Alma, a ranching community in the Frisco Valley. The aroused ranchers gave chase, killing three of the Indians at the present site of Glenwood. One of the dead braves was Torribeo, son-in-law of Victorio. Lusting for vengeance, Victorio took to the warpath, killing four men in an attack on the Cooney mines and burning the cabins. The remaining miners and several settlers from Alma retreated to the Roberts' cabin on the west side of the San Francisco River, which was the scene of a furious battle that lasted all the following day and night.

As dawn broke over the beseiged cabin, the shooting ceased and Cooney and William Chick rashly decided to return to the mines to determine the damage and look for survivors. As Cooney swung into the saddle he told the sleepless defenders, half in jest, that he "would probably never see them again." Late that afternoon the riderless horses returned. The two men had been shot and mutilated near the entrance to Cooney Canyon, and today the body of James Cooney is entombed in a rock of gold-bearing ore close to the site of the ambush. Chick's unmarked burial plot lies nearby.

Before his death, James Cooney had

(Continued on page 58)

Photos Courtesy Eddleman Pickard



By JEAN EHLY

Photos Courtesy Author

DOMINATING the square in awesome prominence, the Weatherford Courthouse in Parker County, Texas seems to watch the town in all directions. The building marker describes it as "the 4th courthouse erected in Parker County, built for $55,555.55 in 1878, it was the scene of noted trials. Here, S. W. T. Lanham, Governor of Texas (1902-1906) practiced." Not on the marker is the fact that here also, James Cason, a pioneer, was found guilty of the most atrocious crime ever committed in this part of the state.

Today the gleaming sand-colored edifice crowds the busy town of more than 12,000, and the highway passing through circles the building; no matter where you go, you go around the courthouse first!

The current justice of the peace, Eddleman Pickard is devoted to early history and has records of early-day hangings and accounts of Indian depredations and hostilities which can scarcely be matched for sheer savagery. Parker County was named for Isaac Parker who served under Sam Houston in the Creek Indian war and the Battle of San Jacinto. In Turner Cemetery six miles northeast of town, this pioneer

A COUNTY, A COURTHOUSE, A HANGING

—all it took for the most oft-acted drama of the West: a place to sin, plead, and pay . . .

sleeps beside his second wife. Nearby is the grave of his second child, who died young. On the monuments are dates showing that Isaac Parker was eighty-four when this child was born! Isaac was the uncle of Cynthia Ann Parker, famous as the white girl who was kidnapped by the Indians, married Chief Nocona and was the mother of the famous Comanche Chief Quanah Parker.

Looking at the area today, with its productive fields and civilized appearance, one would little suspect that Parker County was the center of Indian raids from 1846-1874; that hundreds of persons were killed or captured and an untold amount of property destroyed.

Weatherford was the last settlement on the Western frontier and was on the wagontrain route between Fort Worth and Fort Belknap. Traffic flowed from Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Iowa, Arkansas and other States, down the Texas Road, crossing the Red River and fanning out over the prairies.

Much of the early-day drama took place near the courthouse square. The first court (1856) was held under an oak tree on a prong of Willow Creek. The "town" consisted of a dugout, a well and a stage stand corral, and was known as "Fort Beeman." It was a stopping place for freighters carrying supplies to Fort Belknap and other outposts.

Photos at left, taken at the hanging of convicted murderer James Cason in Weatherford, Texas in 1908, show the service being held just before the execution and the placing of the noose around the condemned man's neck. Man leading the prayer probably is the Rev. Morgan mentioned in the story; his left hand rests on Cason's shoulder.

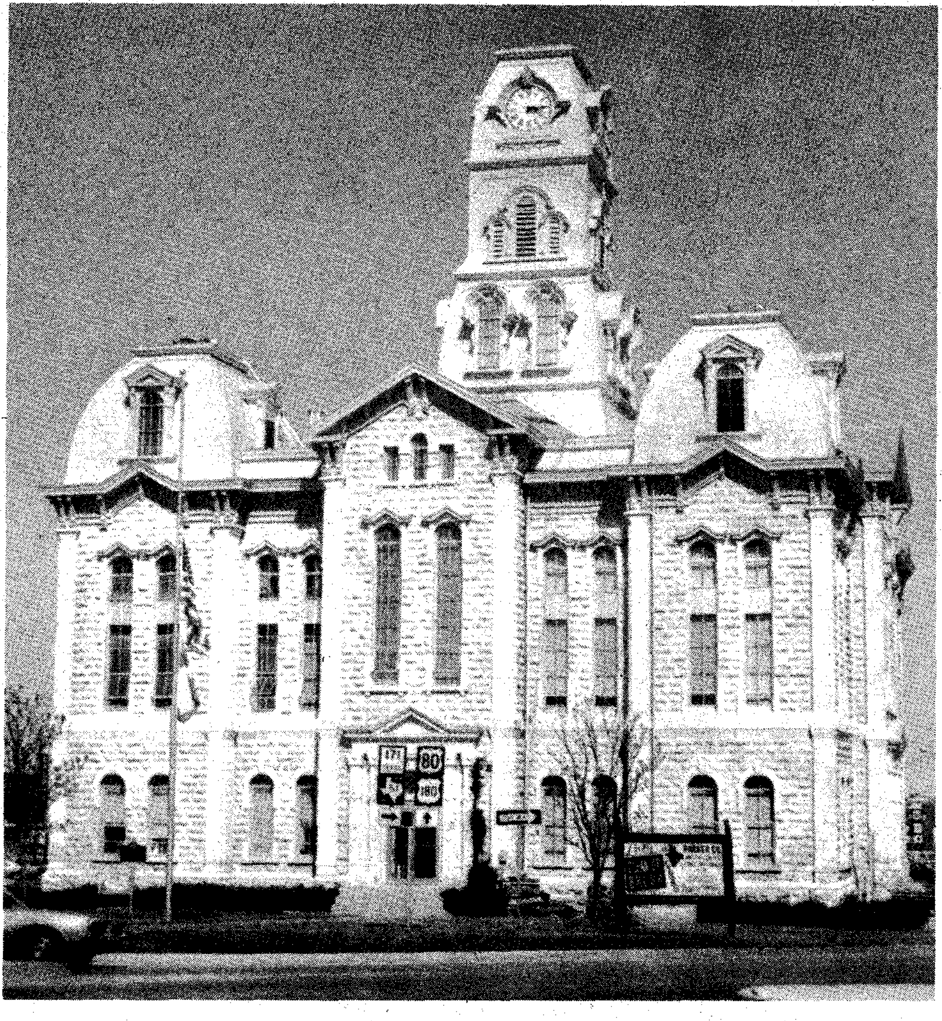
The first courthouse erected on the 500-foot square was of rough pine lumber hauled by ox teams from Red River County. Then in 1858, a second courthouse was erected of brick at the cost of $6,700. A dance celebrating its opening lasted until morning. This building was destroyed by fire in 1874 and Weatherford's third courthouse was established in a public hall. Then in 1878, a contract was let for the present structure, which was built at a cost of $55,555.55 by two contractors, Milliken and Lee.

Eddleman Pickard shook his head when relating this fact. "After the courthouse was finished, Milliken shot Lee and some say it was over fifty-five cents."

EDDLEMAN has records of the hangings which preceded *the hanging*—that of James Cason.

In 1861, four Negro men were hanged, one right after the other, from a wooden frame over the well situated on the courthouse square. They were found guilty of thievery and molestation and were rounded up by a posse. The first legal execution was in 1869. A Negro named Joe Williams was hanged for murdering a peddler. Quoting H. Smythe in his historical sketch of Parker County: "For lack of a better conveyance, a farm wagon was pressed into service, to which was hitched a mule and a gray horse. The Negro was placed atop his own coffin, beside the Sheriff and they drove to the place of execution, followed by a long procession of curious men and boys. A scaffold was devised out of logs, and the wagon team driven under it. At the command of the Sheriff, 'Get up, Gray,' the Negro was suspended in the breeze."

Also in Eddleman's files is this episode involving the courthouse square in 1878: The Rev. Pleasant Tackett had established the Church of Goshen, one of the earliest churches, and he was preaching in Weatherford. This is the newspaper account, as written up in the Weatherford *Times*: "In response to the startling announcement of 'the Indians are on the square' . . . the Rev. Tackett exclaimed, 'The hell they are,' grabbed his six-shooter, jumped from the pulpit and ran from the church, up the street, and killed an Indian on the west side of the courthouse square."



Parker County Courthouse in Weatherford, Texas.

But the event which caused the most furor was the James B. Cason hanging. Eddleman Pickard said, "It was like a county fair; they brought picnic lunches; lemonade and souvenirs were sold."

Here are excerpts from the May 29, 1908 issue of the Weatherford *Democrat.*

Jas. B. Cason Hanged
Pays Penalty for Murder of L. F. McLemore In Eddleman Pasture South Of Town

History of the Crime

"The crime for which J. B. Cason was executed today was one of the most atrocious ever committed in Parker County. Cason, and the man L. F. McLemore for whose murder he today paid the extreme penalty of the law, were bachelor neighbors in Kaufman county.

"In the winter of 1907, McLemore sold out his farm, purchased a wagon and team and camping outfit, and Cason accompanying him, the pair started through to New Mexico, to invest and settle in that land of promise to the homeseeker, McLemore having on his person $1500 in bills.

"They were seen in Dallas and Ft. Worth. Late one evening they left Ft. Worth and camped in the Trinity river bottom for the night. The next day, traveling towards Parker county, they reached a point about 6 miles from Pecos, from where Cason wrote a letter to friends in Kaufman county, in which he stated that McLemore had become dissatisfied and had returned home; inquiring if he had reached home. McLemore was never seen alive again.

"From Pecos he went back to Ft. Worth, then to Hot Springs, Ark. Then to Texarkana, thence back to Terrell, Texas, where he was arrested for the crime.

"During this time, friends of McLemore, not hearing from him, began to grow uneasy and suspect foul play.

"Meanwhile after the lapse of three weeks, the young son of Mr. Eddleman, hunting cattle in the pasture, was attracted by the circling of buzzards over a certain spot, southwest of Weatherford, where they camped for the night in the Eddleman pasture. With a boy's curiosity, young Eddleman proceeded to investigate and was horrified to find the dead body of a man, partly concealed with loose earth.

"Filled with horror, he ran home and reported the gruesome find. Officers were notified, who disinterred the body, which was identified by a brother, who came on from Kaufman county.

"SUSPICION at once fell upon Cason, as being the last person seen with the deceased and a warrant was issued for his arrest. As it happened, two days after leaving Ft. Worth, Cason again appeared in that city, but alone this time driving the wagon and team belonging to McLemore. He remained there two days, during which time he disposed of all the outfit, some at a nominal price, exhibiting great anxiety and making contradictory statements.

"From there he had gone to Amarillo, Texas, where he was known to be in possession of a large amount of money. From Amarillo he went to Texico, and represented himself as a dealer in mules. From this place he returned to Ft. Worth, then to Terrell thence to be arrested for the murder of his friend.

"This was in March, 1907, and at the spring term of court in May the grand jury returned an indictment against Cason, charging him with the murder of L. F. McLemore.

"Cason had no means to employ counsel, so the court appointed Preston Martin and Sam Shadle to defend the accused, the State being represented by county attorney J. C. Wilson, and assistant County Attorney J. W. Moyers, and Ben S. Baldwin of Fort Worth.

"When the case was called to trial, counsel for the defendant moved to quash the venire, because of irregularities in selecting the same, which motion was sustained and the case reset and a new venire ordered. When the case again was called to trial, objections were urged to the special venire, which were overruled by the court for a change of venue, alleging great prejudice against the defendant, which was contested by the State, and evidence introduced pro and con arguments. This motion was refused. Counsel then moved for a continuance, which was overruled and the case proceeded to trial.

"THE EVIDENCE disclosed a murder which for brutality and fiendishness, has scarcely a parallel in the history of crime. The evidence showed that the two men had camped for the night near a little creek where the body was found—the murder occurred by the side of the road, in the early hours of the night, and that sand been carefully sprinkled over the blood stains in the path's highway; that the body had been stripped of its clothing and the clothes burned in the campfire, as was shown by the buckles and buttons unconsumed by the fire.

"McLemore had been shot twice, once in the head and once in the breast, then the body had been carried to a draw or small declivity about 100 yards from the scene of the murder.

"The bones of the face were broken in, to prevent identification, and the body cut in two, with the feet turned back over the head and partly covered by earth, dug down from the side of the draw. When discovered the body was partly uncovered by wolves and buz-

(Continued on page 34)

THE CASE OF THE BRASS NUGGETS

By S. K. ATKINSON JR.

Photo Courtesy Author

MY high school summers were spent working as a roustabout on a large, bucketline gold dredge back in the rough and tough, glorious, booming days of mining and logging in old Boise Basin in Idaho. During the summer of 1928 I was turned in to company officials by a group of stockholders for stealing gold nuggets (high-grading) from the dredge's sluices. High-grading was a very serious offense, punishable by years in prison, and certainly could be the end of a young man's aspirations for a college education.

Our dredge master had been advised over the cranking wall-phone in the dredge camp cook house that a group of the company's Eastern stockholders was arriving in Boise, combining a pleasure trip into the wild, wild West with an inspection of the operation in which they had an interest. For the crew this visit would be a break in the monotonous, year-'round grind of dredging. We had the floating, groaning gold-digger all slicked up and looked forward to their coming with pleasure—especially I, even with glee, as I'd concocted an idea that should cause some excitement.

With the welding torch I melted a piece of brazing rod, letting the molten drops fall into the tempering tub at the forge. Upon hitting the tepid water, the drops would splatter a little and take on the

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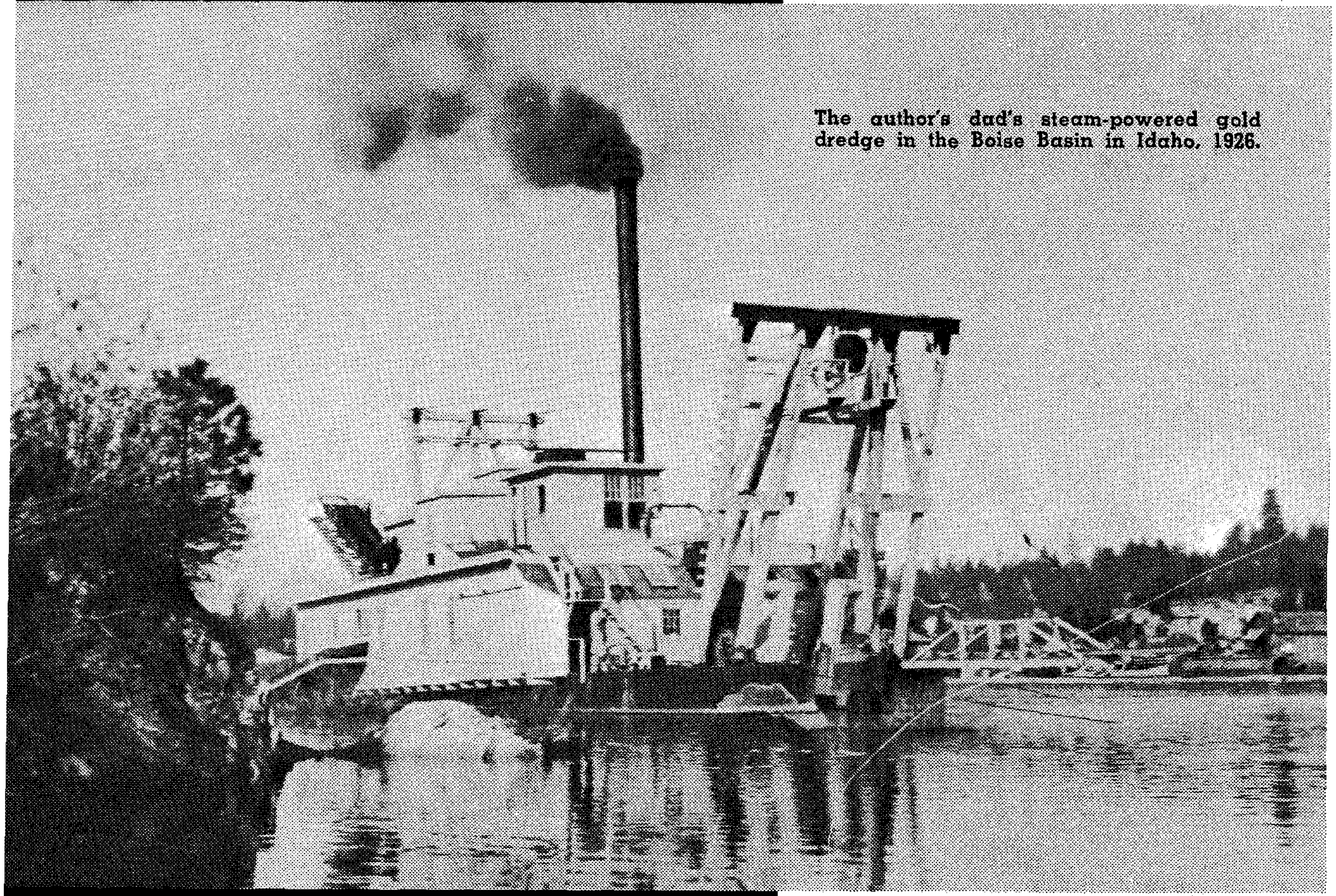


The author's dad's steam-powered gold dredge in the Boise Basin in Idaho, 1926.

Stockholders are notorious for their poor sense of humor!

KIT

Illustration by Al Martin Napoletano

THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC churned its way west from Deming, New Mexico that chilly afternoon of November 28, 1883. Engineer Webster consulted his watch. Gage Station, five miles ahead, was the next stop, and the train was right on schedule. Webster gave a winking nod to the fireman standing near him. For two years they'd made this run together and not once had they been late. It appeared that this day would be no exception.

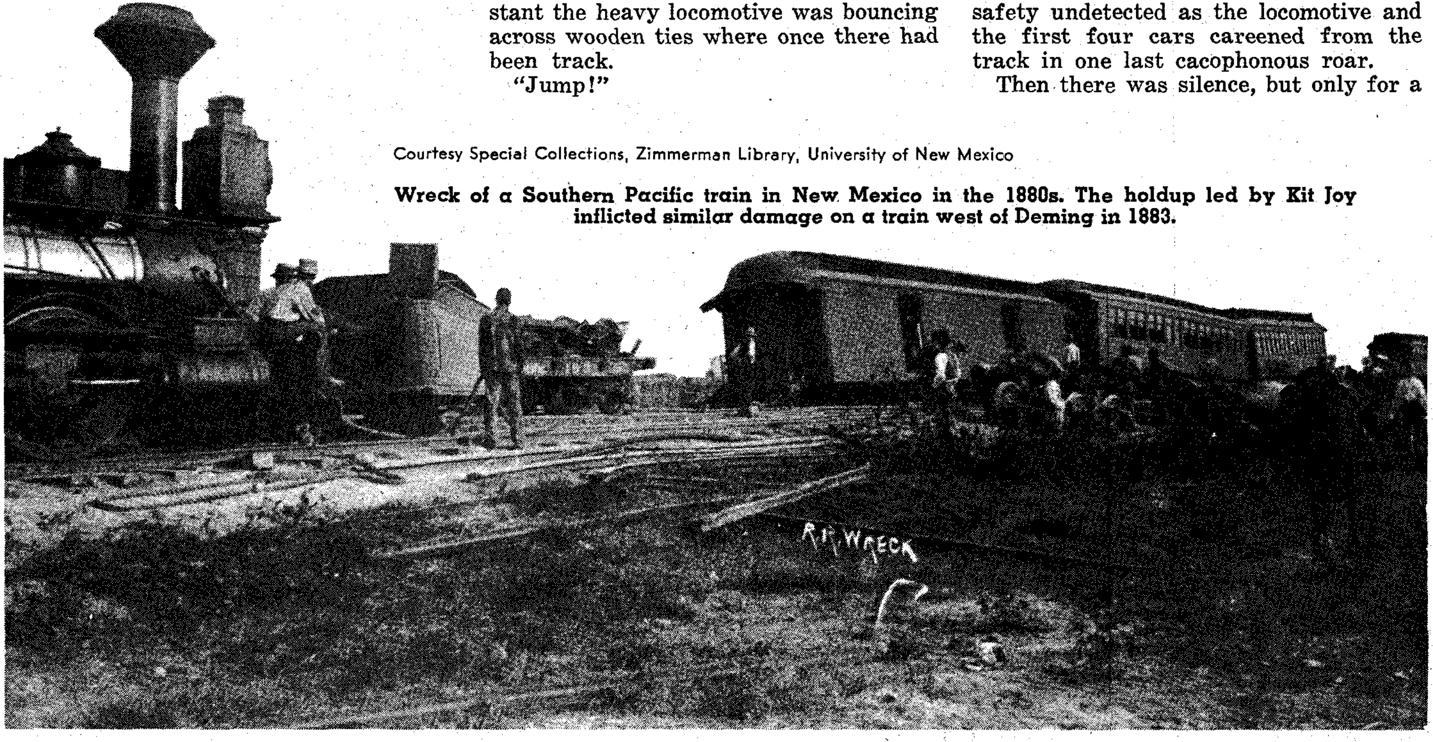
But fate had other plans which were revealed to the fireman just seconds after Webster's shiny watch slipped back into its pocket. "My God! There's a hole in the track!" the fireman cried. The panicked words echoed through the cab as the two men went into action. Webster lunged for the controls—brakes on—engine reversed—but the iron wheels screamed "T-O-O L-A-T-E!" In an instant the heavy locomotive was bouncing across wooden ties where once there had been track.

"Jump!"

The fireman tumbled safely to the ground, but just as Webster prepared to follow, gunfire joined the sounds of the runaway engine. The engineer lurched backward as lead slugs from invisible weapons tore the life from his body and then sent it sprawling to the tracks below.

The fireman managed to crawl to safety undetected as the locomotive and the first four cars careened from the track in one last cacophonous roar.

Then there was silence, but only for a



Courtesy Special Collections, Zimmerman Library, University of New Mexico

Wreck of a Southern Pacific train in New Mexico in the 1880s. The holdup led by Kit Joy inflicted similar damage on a train west of Deming in 1883.

JOY'S GANG

By RICHARD E. HOLBEN

Photos Courtesy Author

One Commandment should have been written expressly for amateur badmen in the West—Thou shalt not covet trains!

moment. The calm was disturbed once again as four men burst from cover shooting wildly into the closed door of the mail car and shouting orders for the clerk to open up. "This is a holdup!" one of the men cried, and in that instant the Kit Joy Gang was born.

THE FOUR MEN, Kit Joy, Mitch Lee, Frank Taggart and George Washington Cleveland, had been drifters the day before. By chance they had been thrown together and had recognized their common desire for easy money, coupled with a casual regard for the law. It was probably Kit Joy who first suggested hitting the Southern Pacific. In emulation of great train robbers before them, they had lain in wait that day for what they expected would yield considerable wealth. This, their first holdup, would leave them less than satisfied. As highwaymen they would prove to be complete flops and their hastily formed "gang" would soon disintegrate.

But that day and that hour they were "trying their wings." The train was stopped and the mail car—mistaken for the express car—was rifled for valuables. Recognizing their mistake and disregarding the registered mail pouch on the floor, the gang stormed back to the express car where they forced the messenger to open the safe. The contents were disappointing to men who had dreamed big—$800! Enraged over this paltry sum, one of the men, Mitch Lee, shot and wounded the messenger. The others berated him. They hadn't teamed up for that sort of thing they complained. But it was too late, their bedfellows had been chosen!

Meanwhile, the passengers were frantic. It was pretty clear what was going on up front and they could only expect that the passenger cars would be next. Valuables—rings, watches, jewelry and money—were stashed in water coolers, behind pipes and in crevices of seats where they might be overlooked by the bandits. One man from New York secreted $1,000 in the soles of his shoes. The passengers would later find that

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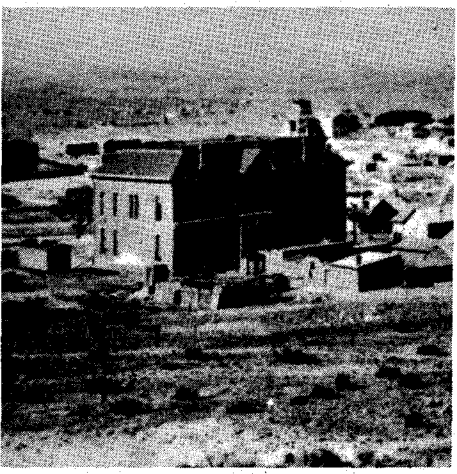
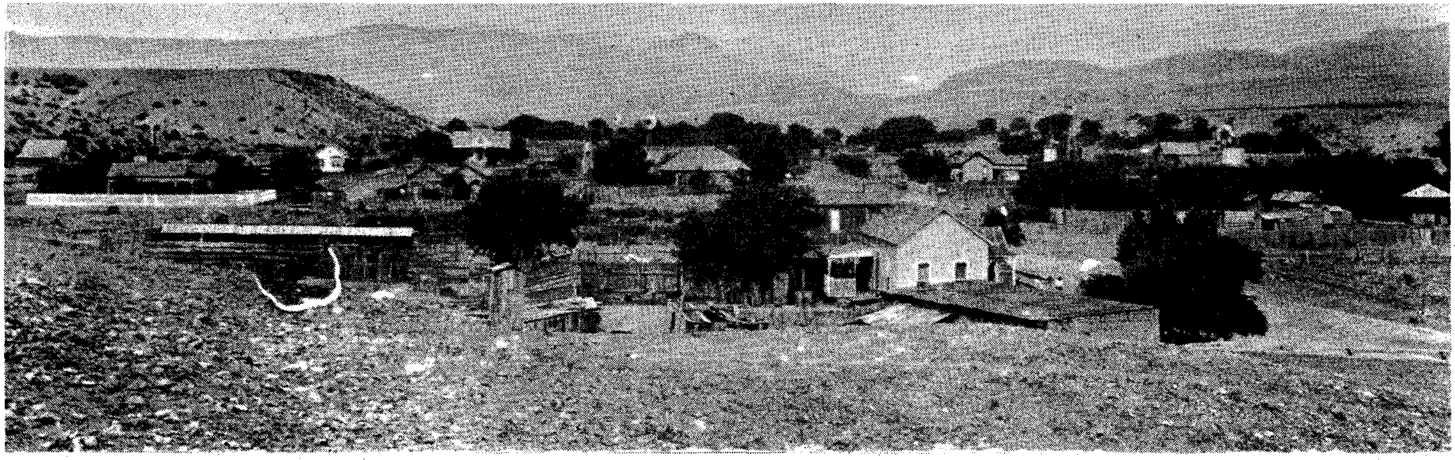


Photos Courtesy Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe

Hillsboro, New Mexico about 1880 where Kit Joy was tried and convicted in 1884. Earlier that same year, the gang had broken out of Silver City's courthouse jail (at right).



Finding a HIDEOUT

—not so easy to do after seventy years,

ANNIE HOOD CARTER of Rifle, Colorado, was a girl of six when her father took squatter's rights on Cold Springs in the Oklahoma panhandle of no-man's-land in 1894. Mrs. Carter had sent Western Publications a reminiscence about a cave she and a friend had found near the spring in the late 1890s.

Old Hosstail Joe (publisher of Western Publications) is a lot more comfortable if the stories he runs have definite locations, so Hosstail suggested that she write to me.

"Ike, can you help me?" Now just how would you answer a question like that from a person living 500 miles away? But having been born and raised in the dust bowl area of southeastern Colorado and not too far removed from the pioneer homesteading days, whenever anyone asks me if I will help them I am pretty apt to say, "I'll try."

Mrs. Carter sent me a copy of her cave story, along with a map drawn from memory of the spot she was at over seventy years ago. Here is what I found and I hope it solves the mystery.

Cold Springs is seven miles north out of Boise City, Oklahoma on Highway 287, and approximately six miles west. It is on land owned by Andy Gorman and his wife. The run-off from Cold Springs arroyo empties into the Cimarron River just below the headgate of the Kohler ranch irrigation system. This is the same Cold Springs location where I spent two years searching for the site of a lost wagontrain (see TRUE WEST, April 1969 issue) "Lost Wagon Train of the Cimarron." Cold Springs is about five miles, as the water runs, from Flag Springs. Flag Springs is where six Spanish ox carts of gold bars (500 bars each weighing 7¼ pounds) are supposed to be buried. Thus, Mrs. Carter's cave is in an area where stories of outlaws and hidden treasure are not unknown to the local ranchers.

I am also known by most of the ranchers in the area, but I don't try to take advantage of their friendship. If I want to go on their land for any reason I still look them up and ask permission. I tell them just when and where I want to go and what I am going for. I even ask them to go with me, but most of them don't want their neighbors to see

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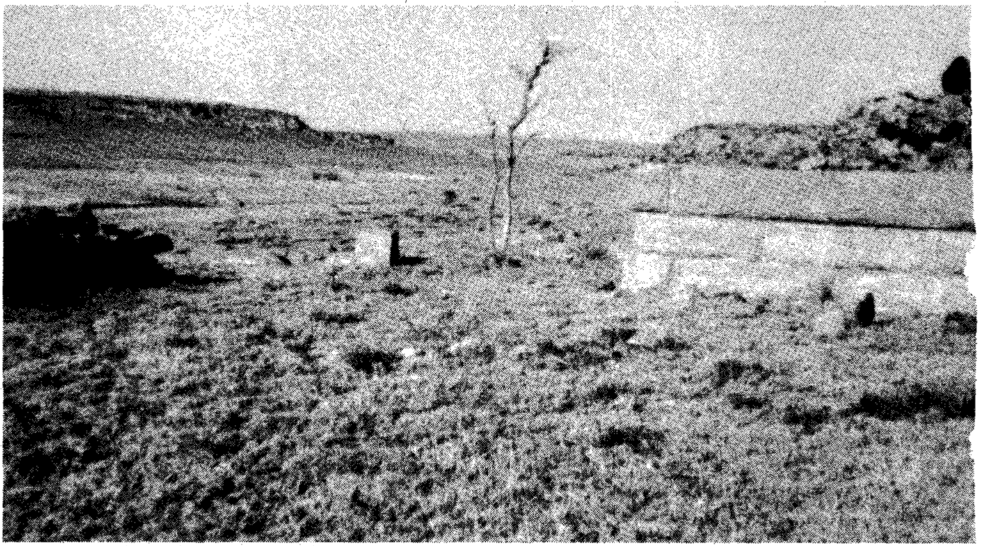
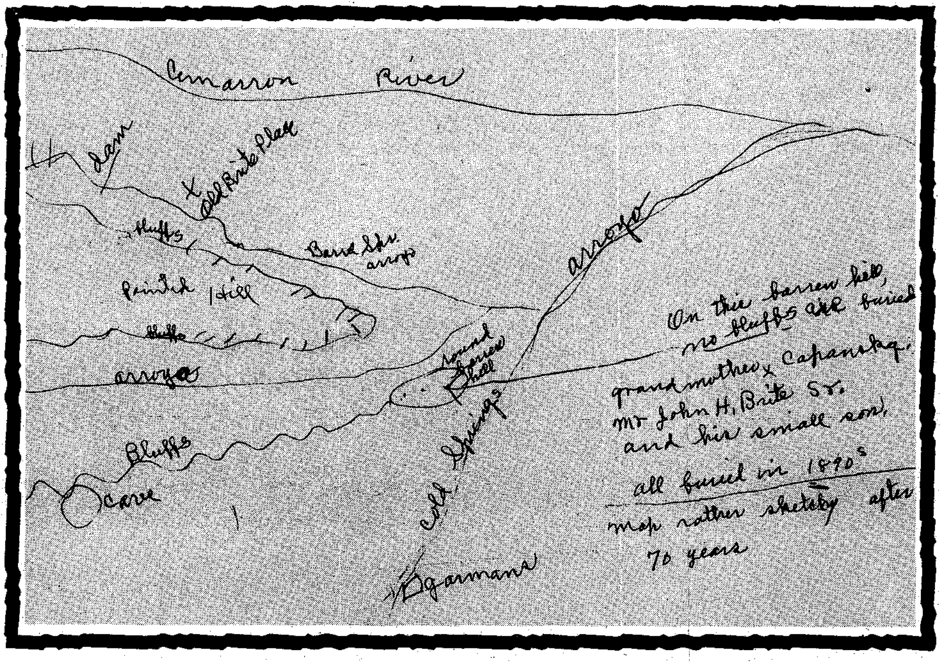


Small hill above with six graves was the starting point for the search; view down the hill is of Cold Springs arroyo. Below is the map Mrs. Carter sent Ike (actual size is 11x8 inches). The search came to a sudden and successful end with discovery of the cave (right) on the side of Cold Springs arroyo. View below right is from the same arroyo looking back toward the spring, which is covered by the small rock building (left arrow). The larger rock house (middle arrow) was where Mrs. Carter lived when she first found the cave. Both structures were erected by Jesse Hood in 1895-96. Mostly out of the photo (right arrow) is the Andy Gorman ranch house.

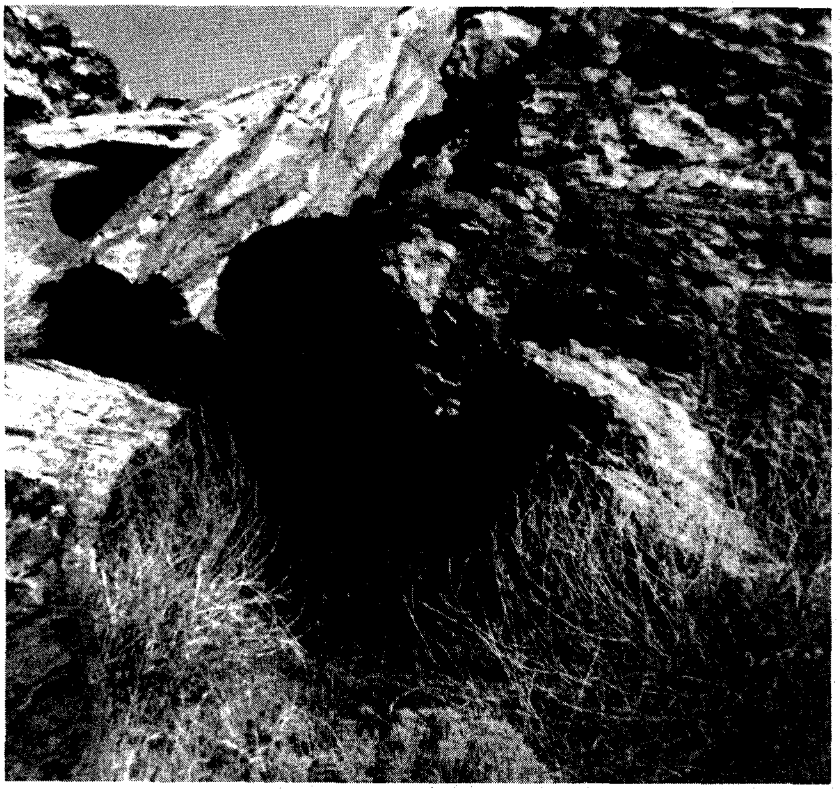


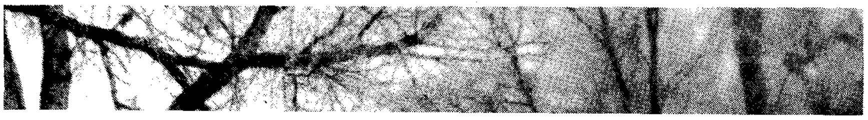
CAVE

but it happened!

By IKE OSTEEN

Photos Courtesy Author





Here's the Actual Story That Launched Ike's Search!

By ANNIE HOOD CARTER

NO, we were not looking for hidden treasure or buried gold along the Santa Fe Trail under the hot no-man's-land sun that day in the 1890s. We were looking for Indian relics, wild fruit or just recreation, for we were the only two girls of our age, twelve and thirteen, living in our neighborhood at that early date.

We lived a couple of miles apart but our horses covered that distance in no time at all, and we would set out on our mission either by horseback or just walking along the sandstone bluffs that ringed Cold Springs arroyo.

On this particular day we were looking for wild currants, but as we pushed the dense bushes back under one of the bluffs, we were amazed to see an opening to a cave, a gloomy cavern with not too large an opening.

As our eyes grew accustomed to the gloom we could see that at one time this cave had been used, not by a wild animal but by a man, probably an outlaw.

We slowly entered and could see in the center the remains of a campfire, a rusty coffee pot, tin cup and other camping utensils scattered about, all covered with rust produced by time rather than dampness. In the cave's roof we noticed a very narrow oblong crack which allowed a little light to enter and smoke to escape.

In one corner a fence built of rock enclosed a small manger, with old decaying hay strewn about, showing a horse had been kept there for some time several years before. In another corner was what was left of a bunk bed made of hay, probably covered by blankets when in use. We did not tarry long in this cave.

Horseplay Was Often FATAL

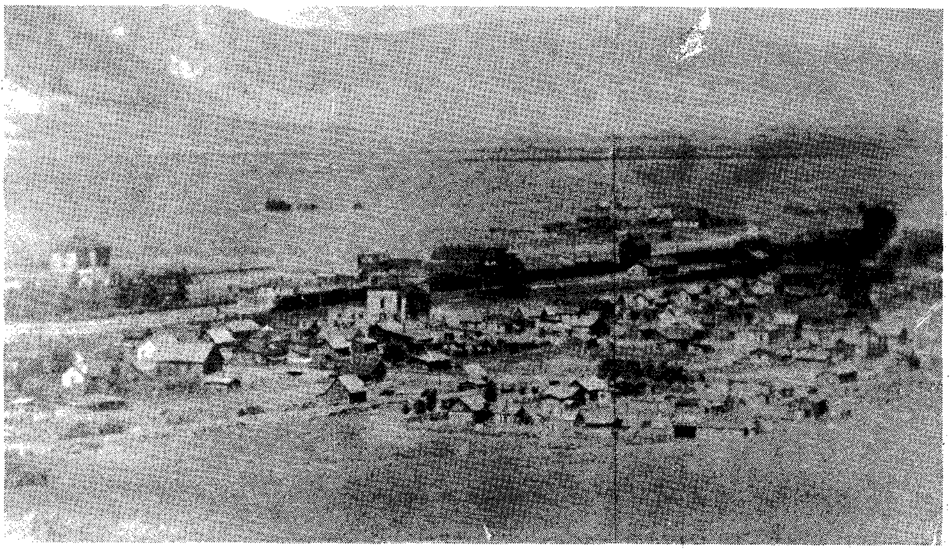
For it to work, *both* men have to be laughing. This time *one* wasn't!

By 'TANA MAC
Photos Courtesy Author

IT WAS a dark day for dashing Anthony Innes when he indulged in horseplay with a former soldier of the Union Army, Colonel William H. Boule. It was a day that had its ending in eternity for Innes, a day that stretched into a night filled with the weeping of women in red spangles and scarlet plumes.

Tony Innes was the darling of the Lima, Montana, redlight district. He was young, handsome, but indolent, his creed "the easy buck," and women liked to serve him. He had come to the railroad town of Lima in the summer of 1908, a town about 115 miles from Butte, the richest hill on earth, where Innes had earlier played around until he was reported to have been served a floater.

He had been served another floater out of Dillon, a cowtown about fifty-five miles north of Lima, and with him was ousted a woman who "supported him," or



Early-day Lima in southwest Montana. Above is Adda Wilson, an authority on Lima and Colonel William Boule.

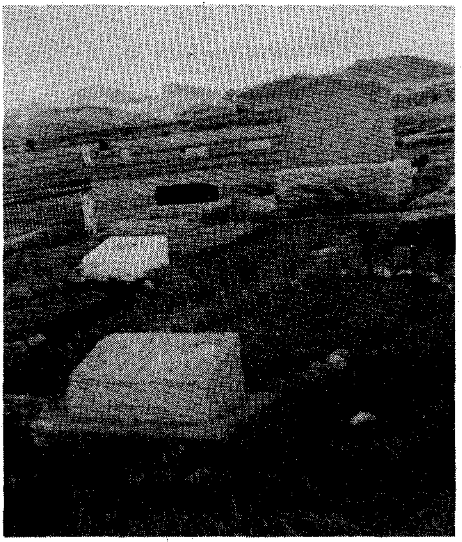
Colonel William H. Boule in front of his home in Lima, Montana on a Fourth of July. This is the only known existing photograph of Colonel Boule. The flag on the porch appears to bear forty-five stars—three rows of eight and three rows of seven; if so, then the photo was taken between 1896 (Utah admitted) and 1907 (Oklahoma admitted). Below is Boule's grave in Lima's cemetery.

so the Dillon *Tribune* reported. There was also the printed newspaper report by Attorney C. W. Robinson that Innes had figured in gun play at Salmon, Idaho earlier in the summer.

Old-timers living today in Lima recall Anthony Innes very clearly. "He was a handsome man," said Adda Wilson, a Lima native in her seventies and an authority on its history. "He had dark wavy hair, brown eyes, sparkling white teeth. He wore a small mustache and long sideburns, and he dressed immaculately. But his nonchalance and indifference to what society thought of him was his undoing.

"Everyone in town knew Anthony Innes wasn't his real name, but none of us found out his true identity or, if a few of us did know, we kept it a secret. I knew he was from a very respectable family, but not wanting to disgrace his own, had assumed an alias. He was a rascal, but everyone liked him just the same. He had that kind of a way about him. He was the sinner you could forgive."

But there were those who didn't speak as tolerantly as did Adda Wilson, daughter of Lima's first physician. Said Fred H. Kohl, well-known Butte politician of that day who had moved to Dillon: "I knew of Innes in Butte, saw him a number of times up there. He was the lowest and meanest of redlight characters. He was a man who took a particular pride in his work as redlight 'secretary.' I consider the world much better off with him dead. It is a good riddance. I am not acquainted with Mr. Boule and know nothing of the circumstances surrounding the shooting, but Mr. Boule, as an officer, no doubt had provocation to shoot him. While in Dillon, Innes often came into the Centennial Saloon which I have been conducting. When he got a drink or two in him he was the most quarrelsome and impudent fellow I ever saw."



Chief of Police Fred L. Stone of Dillon backed up Mr. Kohl's opinion, for Stone, too, stated he had been compelled to run Innes and his woman companion out of town because the former was the worst customer in the redlight 'secretary' line he ever had to deal with, and that he repeatedly defied the Dillon police force to make him leave town but after he had been thrown in the city jail "no less than four times," he had agreed to quit the locality.

Yet, old-timers of Lima recall that at all their social functions, at their dances and theatrical presentations in their fine big opera house, at their then fashionable race track, Tony Innes was always on hand and accepted.

"At a dance all the belles waltzed with Anthony Innes," recalled Adda. "None of them ever went with him, but all treated him sociably. I cannot recall one affair where a husband or escort became irked

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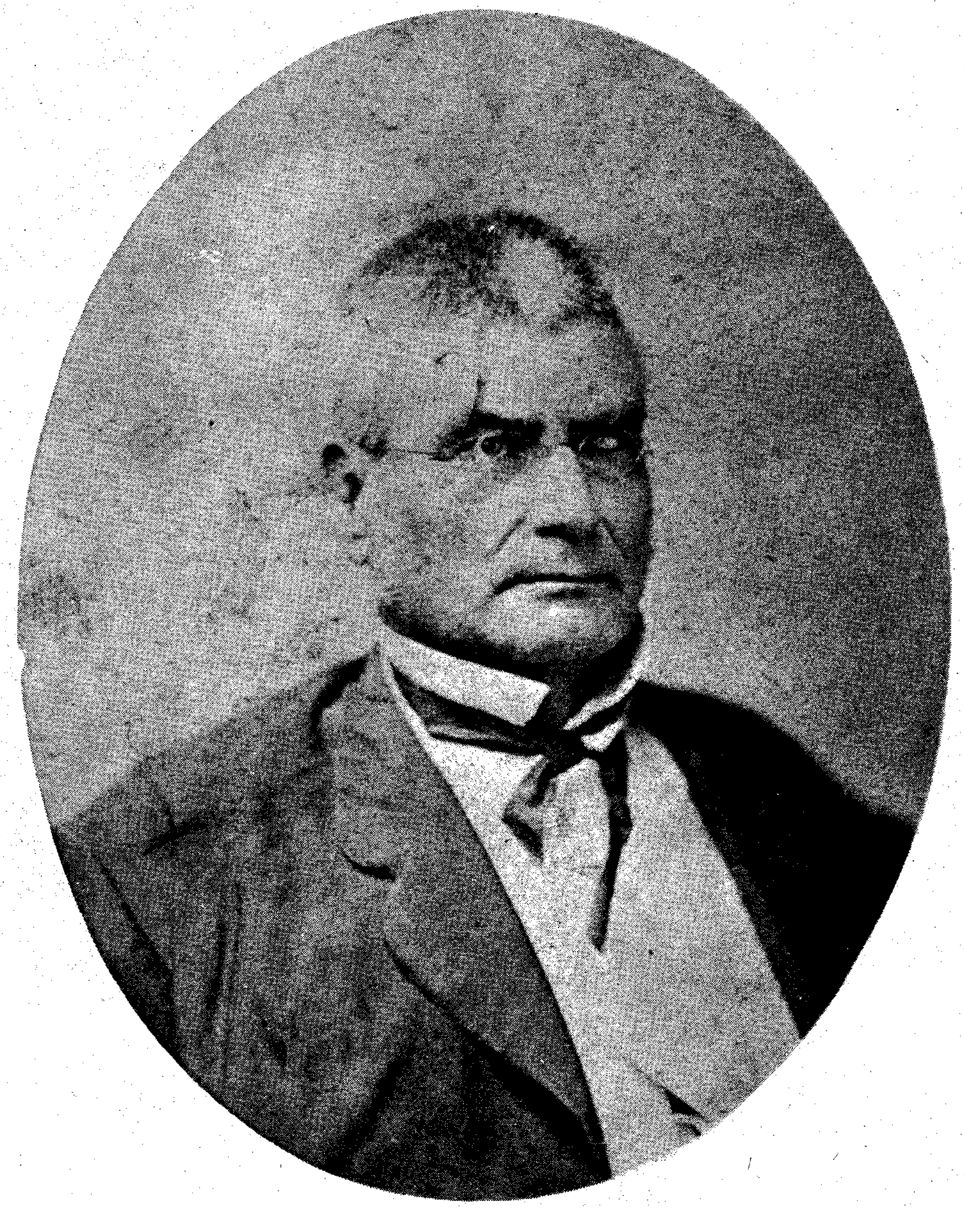
The Like



Robert M. Jones of Rose Hill, Indian Territory.

By FRANCES IMON

Oklahoma Historical Society Photos
Courtesy Author

"MARK the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace"—those words of the Psalmist David are inscribed on the tall white marble shaft which has stood for nearly a century over the remains of Robert McDonald Jones. Few in Oklahoma ask, "Who was Robert M. Jones?" for he still is widely known as the wealthiest of the Choctaws in the old Territory days.

He is remembered as the owner of 500 slaves who tilled thousands of acres on six plantations in the lush Red River Valley. Worth more than a million dollars, he owned stores in many communities, most of them, like Jones, now long dead — Doaksville — Lukfata — Shawneetown—Boggy Depot—Skullyville. He owned stores, too, in Paris, Texas, across Red River from the Territory, and had business investments in New Orleans, hundreds of miles down Red River on which Jones' several cargo boats made regular trips. Much is known of his wealth, but little of his ancestry.

Robert M. Jones was a quarter-breed Choctaw Indian, born in Mississippi, where he was reared and where he received above average education. When he was nineteen years old he was sent to the Choctaw Academy in Kentucky from which, at the age of twenty-two, he received a certificate for completion of courses.

Perhaps more directly valuable was a letter signed by two teachers and an Academy trustee, Richard M. Johnson who later became vice-president of the United States. In this letter was contained perhaps the key to the character of the tall and spare young Choctaw, a portent of the road he would travel to become his Nation's wealthiest member.

Jones was described as "a young man of sterling worth, strictly honest and just in all his dealings with mankind; of a fine mind, well cultivated and improved; entertaining a high and dignified sense of honor; well qualified with a good English education for any ordinary business; and in whom the utmost confidence may be placed as to integrity and ability on his part to discharge faithfully any duty he would undertake."

That and a windfall of $1,800 was the foundation of the career which ended with his death on February 22, 1873, and his burial in the family cemetery on Rose Hill Plantation, a spot now marked by the Oklahoma Historical Society, located four and one-half miles southeast of Hugo.

THE $1,800 was given him by his guardian. It had been saved from the young man's Indian annuity payments. That was in 1830, the year of Dancing Rabbit Creek Treaty whereby the Choctaw Nation was to be moved to the land now known as the State of Oklahoma. In this mass removal Robert McDonald Jones and others saw a future—a future on which a young man with his qualities might build a fortune.

The now long-dead community of Doaksville in the Indian Territory was being born. It took its name from the old Doaks Stand on the Natchez Trace in Mississippi and was established in southeast Oklahoma by the enterprising Doaks brothers. Doaksville is where Robert Jones chose to stop for his first good look around the Territory.

There is no detailed, chronological account of his first years and achievements in the raw country of the West. His first business venture was as a peddler. He would buy necessities and a

Photo at right of Robert Jones' Rose Hill plantation home in Choctaw County, Oklahoma may have been made about 1890 to 1900. Visitors on the lawn are unknown.

Choctaw Who Lived a King —but left an uneasy throne when he died...

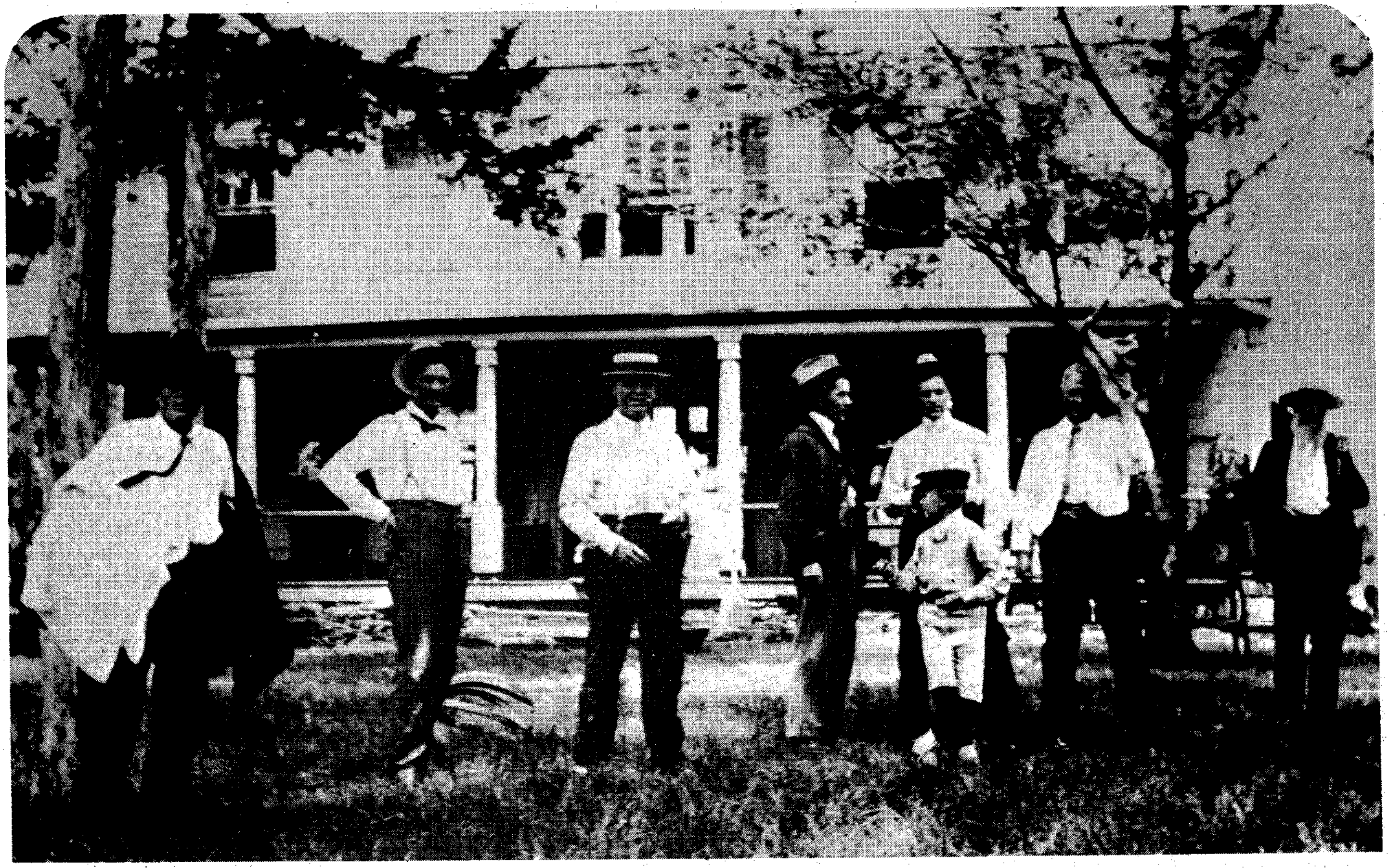
few luxuries in New Orleans, bring them upstream by boat and trade them for hides, furs and other raw products for which New Orleans buyers would pay premium prices. Then he would make another trip, bartering at each end of the river.

A sideline business was described in later years by his daughter, who quoted her noted father as telling how, as he gained the friendship and confidence of his customers, he made additional money recovering children stolen by wilder Indian tribesmen. "He did not charge for this service," the daughter explained, "but the grateful parents nearly always rewarded him with cash gifts or prime furs and hides which he could convert to cash."

As he prospered, Robert Jones invested in slaves, sometimes buying one, sometimes buying an entire lot, depending on prices. These men and women were put to work clearing land which could be had simply by settling on it and beginning clearing.

In those years everything Jones touched seemed to turn to money—money which soon was invested in something else to

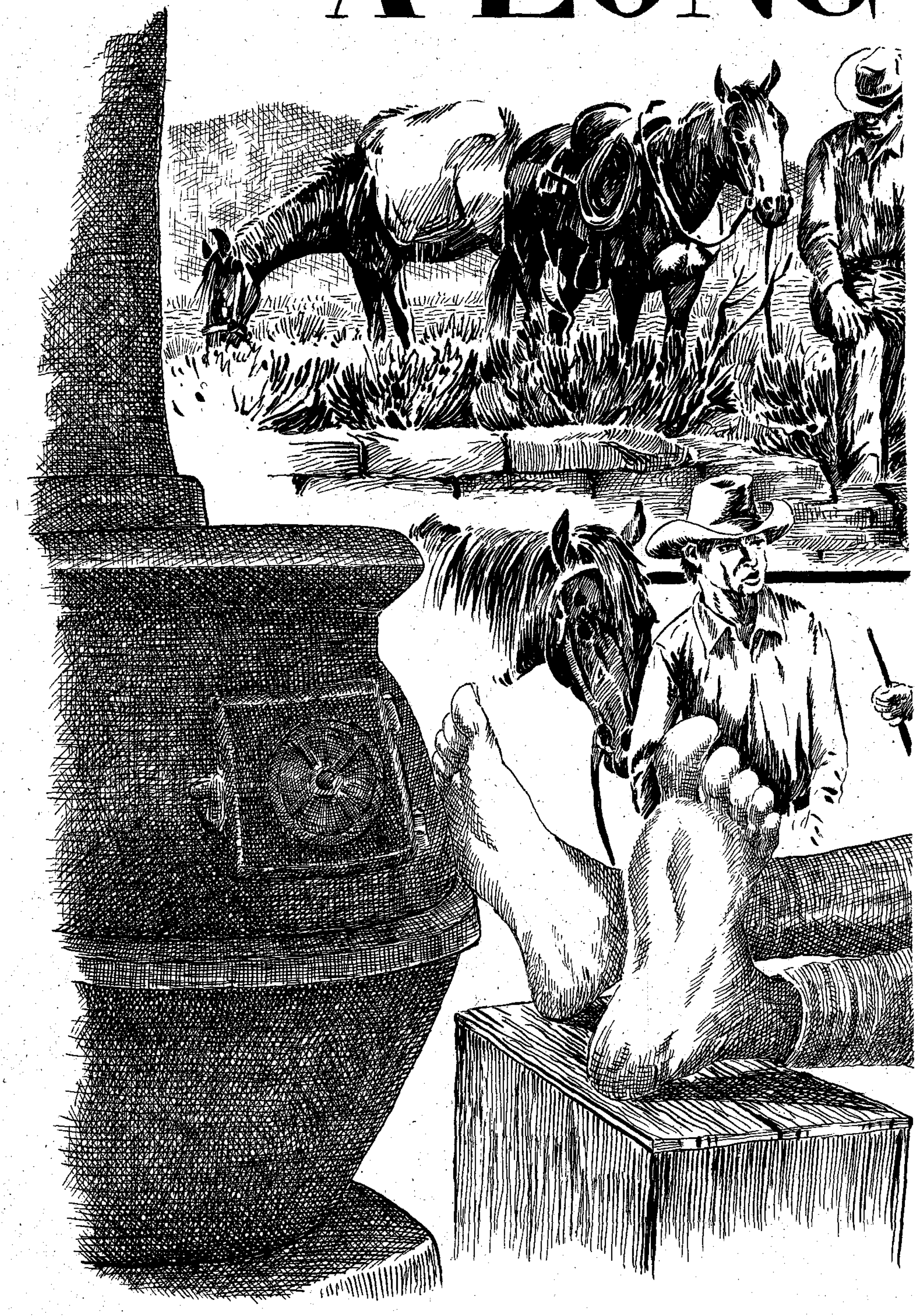
(Continued on page 44)



A LONG

By J. E. TOMPKINS

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano



He spent many years on the track

IT WAS a beautiful moonlight night, but being the latter part of December, a cool breeze was blowing. It made one move up a little closer to the wood-burning stove. I had just met Old Chuckawalla Wilson. We were sitting in his dugout at the base of one of the tall palm trees at the now well-known Twentynine Palms, California. In 1910, the time I am writing of, there was only Mr. Wilson and an Indian and his wife living at Twentynine Palms. At least that is all I knew of. Wilson told me he had lived there over forty years.

He was a real old man at this time. I had come into this part of the desert with a Mr. Roach to help on assessment work on a group of mining claims up a wash about nine miles from Twentynine Palms, known as the Gold Park Consolidated Mines. We had stopped at the little adobe, close to where the museum now stands. Mr. Roach told me about Old Chuckawalla and I was curious to meet him.

So here I was, seated on a box while the old man sat in a homemade easy chair. I can see him now sitting there with nothing on but his long underwear, bare feet propped up towards the stove. His old dog lay on the other side of the stove. The dugout was part cave and part shack. Made up of odds and ends with a dirt floor.

I had introduced myself to Wilson, and we sat back for a long talk. I was just sixteen years old then, but had made my own way since I was twelve. Mr. Wilson asked me where I came from and what was going on outside the desert. As we talked I spoke of working a while in Ventura County.

Wilson said, "I know the county myself. When I was only seventeen, I delivered mail up the coast from the little village of Los Angeles to Santa Barbara twice a month by horseback." He paused a minute and we both listened to the galvanized roof rattle. "Wind's coming up," he said. His old dog grunted and rolled over closer to the stove.

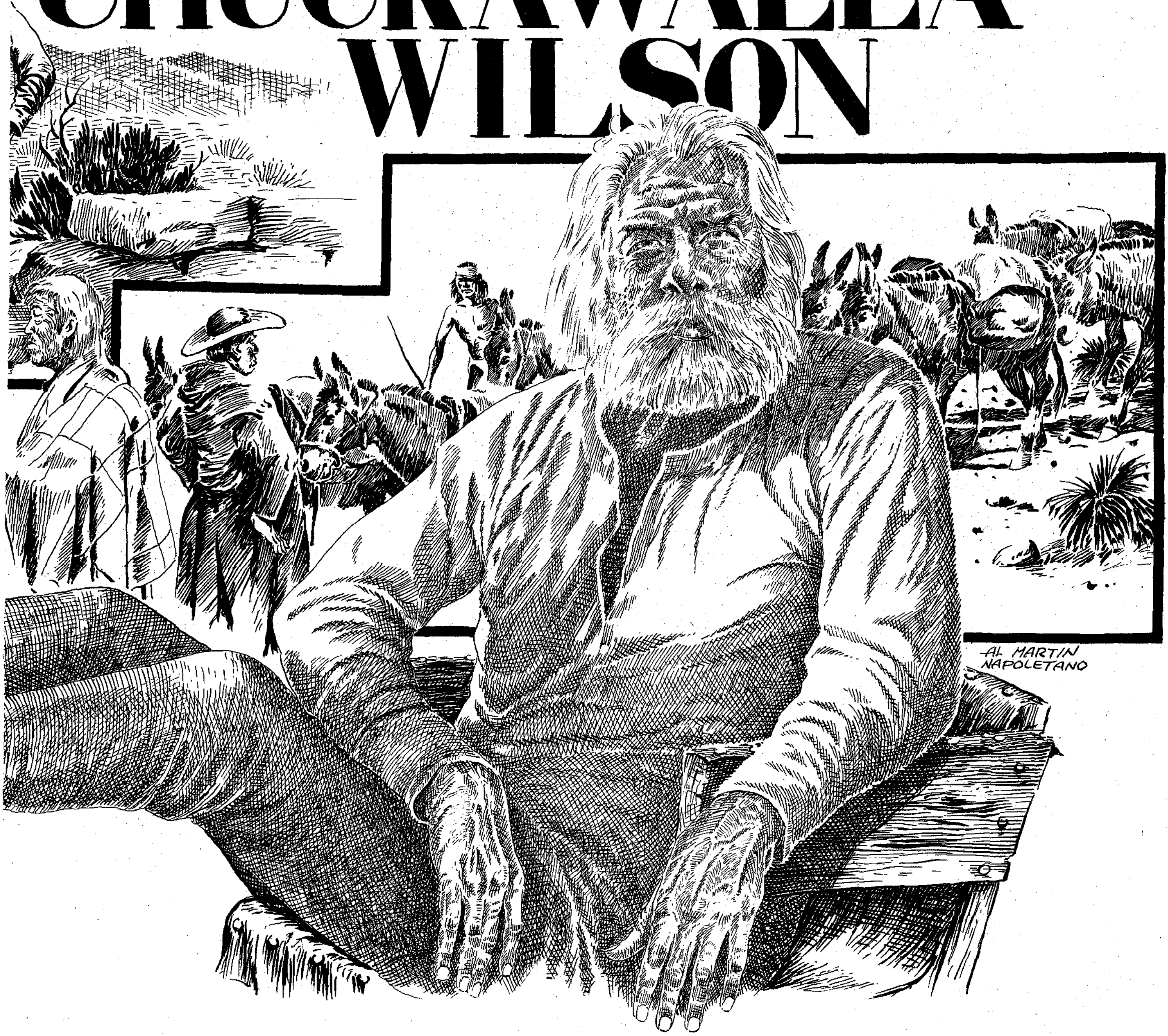
In a little while Wilson asked, "Would you like to hear about the lost Padre Silver Mine?"

I replied, "I surely would." What follows is the substance of Chuckawalla's story.

WELL, like I say, when I was a boy of seventeen—you were considered a man at that age in those days—I rode the mail route up the coast. I used to stop over, going and coming, at San Buena Ventura, and I camped down by the river. One evening while sipping wine and eating food at a Mexican adobe, the bar of which ran the length of the building on one side with tables on the other side, behind me sat two young Mexican men. I could hear them talking while they sat there drinking, and they were talking about going back into the mountains and looking for a lost silver mine. The more they drank, the louder they talked, and the more I listened. Before they had drunk a couple of bottles of wine, I had heard enough to want to go and look for this mine myself. After they had gone I sat there thinking how I could find out more about it without causing suspicion, for what I heard was a guarded secret.

So I just stayed around town the next day, as my horse needed the rest. At the bar I bought an old native a couple of drinks and tried to get a little information out of him concerning the lost

TALK WITH CHUCKAWALLA WILSON



of the Lost Padre Mine . . .

silver mine. He talked of everything else but. On the mine he clammed up and said, "*Gracias, Señor, pala la vina,*" and he left. When he got to the door he turned around and gave me an odd look, and I knew then I had to be careful.

All the way back to Los Angeles I kept thinking how I could get to know more details concerning the mine. Then I hit on an idea. I would get acquainted with the oldest Indian in the village and get his confidence and then try to find out what he knew. On my next run, I asked around and found an Indian woman who was called "The Old One." She was almost blind and lived in a little one-room adobe. Next to the adobe was a lean-to and a corral for my horse. I could bunk in the lean-to and that was a whole lot better than camping down by the river—it was shelter from the rain.

It wasn't hard to make a deal with her for all she lived on was what friends brought in to her. The little money I paid her helped out. She was a grand old lady and each time I came up from

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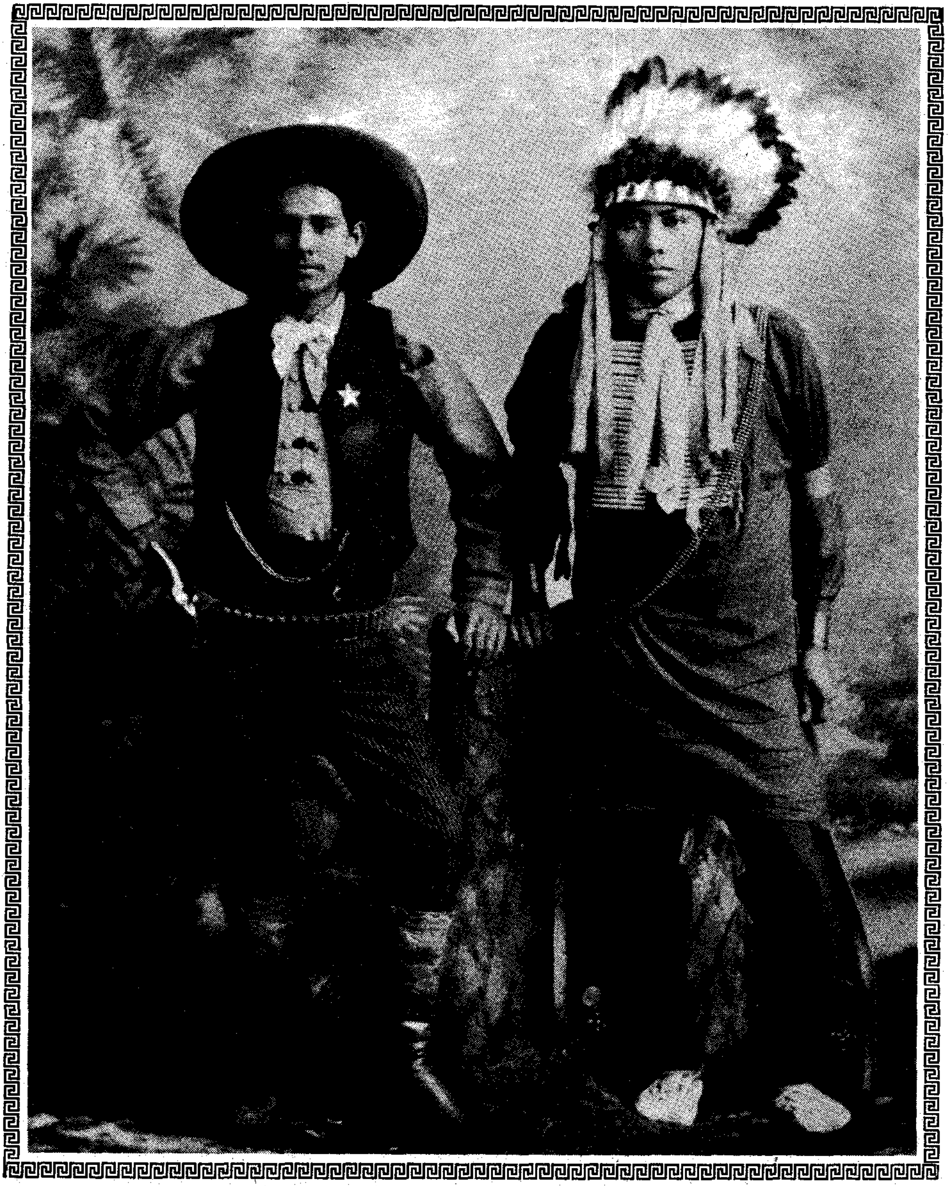


THE WANDERING

By ED
SHANNON

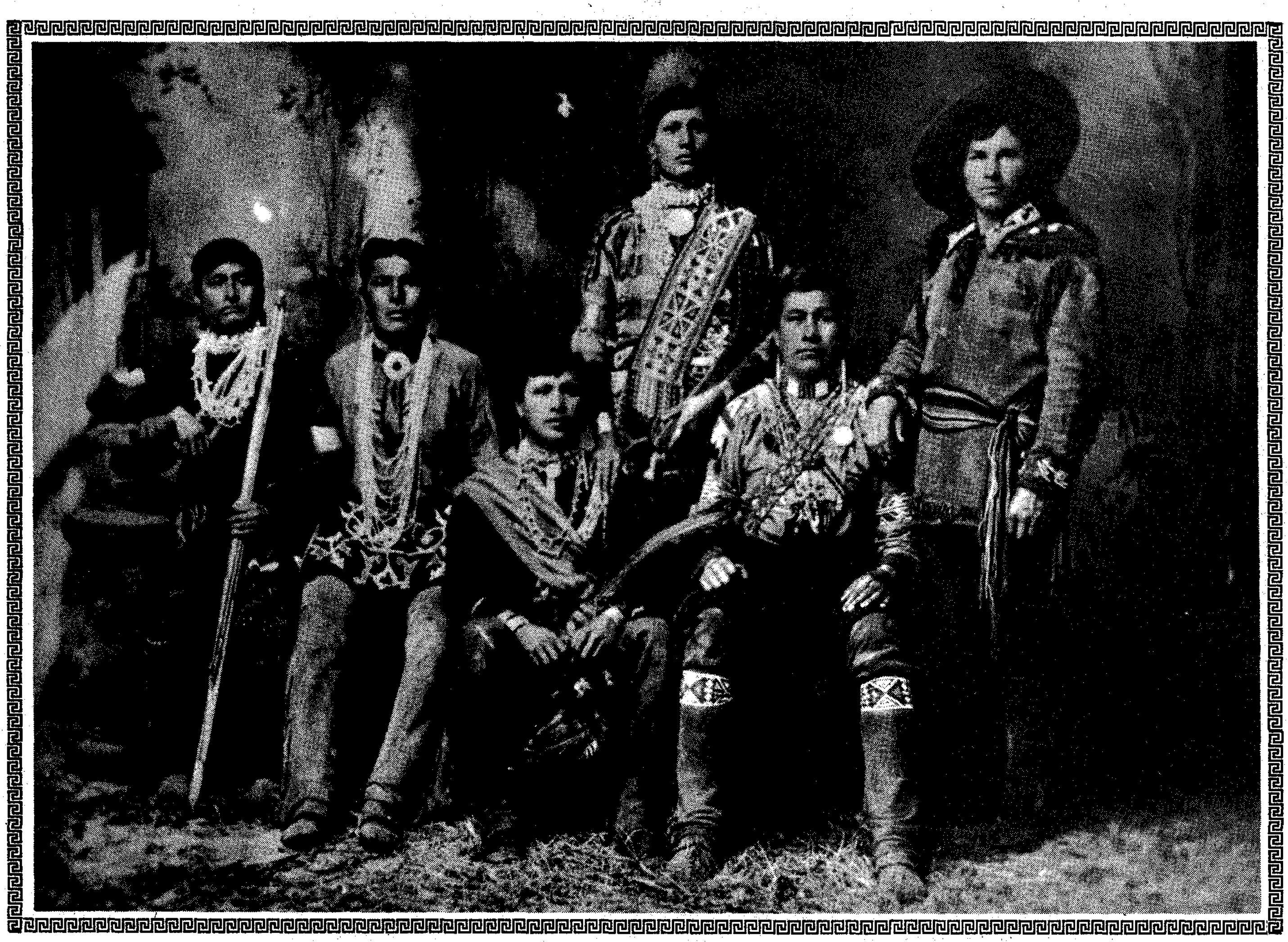
Photos Courtesy Museum of the
American Indian, Heye Foundation

Author's Note: It took two wars, four forced migrations, a strange secret society, and a disastrous winter journey to move the Winnebago Indians from their original home in Wisconsin to a final refuge in Nebraska. The Winnebago as a tribe never fought against the United States, and yet set a record for being forced to move from place to place. This is the little-known story of the thirty-two years of wandering prior to 1864 when the tribe became a part of the history of five Midwestern states.

IN 1832 the Winnebago Indians lived in a large area of southern Wisconsin centered upon the four lakes region of present-day Madison. The tribesmen had gradually moved into this area from a still older known habitat located to the north and east around Green Bay. It was at Green Bay in 1634 where the first contact had been made with a white man, the French explorer Jean Nicolet. In the intervening years the tribe had been eased out of the old hunting grounds by disease, warfare with other tribes, and a famine brought about by the over-population of the Green Bay area by other Indian tribes and the French.

Since 1634 the Winnebago had managed also to be on the wrong side when a change in government was imminent. First they sided with the French against the British, then with the British against the Americans in the War of 1812. Now, in 1832, the Americans were in full control of the entire region, and this was

Above left, Emma Shining Wing, a Winnebago woman with her child in Nebraska. Above, Winnebago braves Great Bear and Yellow Dog.



Above is a group of Winnebago Indians photographed about 1870 at Black River Falls, Wisconsin.

Theirs, too, was a trail of tears. . .

WINNEBAGO

soon to bring the start of a series of unhappy events for the Winnebago.

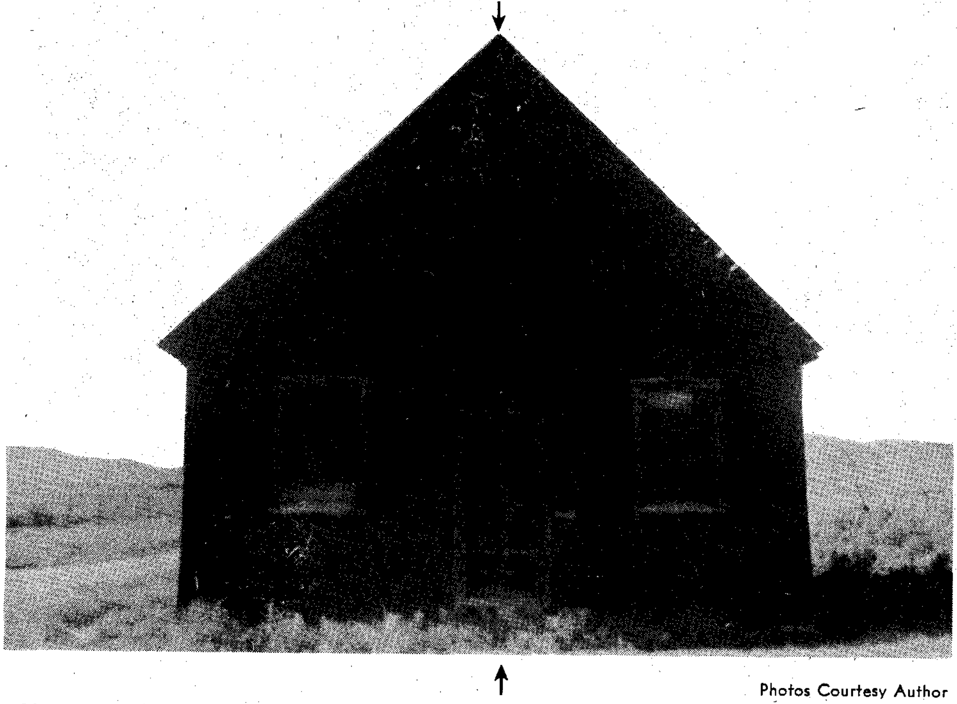
Neighbors, both white and Indians, were to bring trouble to the tribe time after time from 1832 to 1864, the first being one of the most famous of all Indian chiefs, Black Hawk. Chief Black Hawk and his Sauk and Fox followers had never been happy about the treaties and pressures which forced them to leave the Rock River of Illinois and live in Iowa after the War of 1812. In 1832 Black Hawk decided to move back to Illinois and drive the whites from the sites of former Indian villages. To do this he would need help, and among the tribes he asked to join in with this venture was the Winnebago, but its chiefs decided not to take part in Black Hawk's proposed crusade against the whites.

The Black Hawk War became a sudden reality without Winnebago help. Chief Black Hawk led a series of raids through northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin and fought several battles with the pursuing American forces. Within a few months this particular war was over and Black Hawk sadly surrendered to the Winnebago. The Winnebago in turn quickly handed the defeated chieftain over to the United States Army.

Yet, despite the Winnebago policy of strict neutrality during the Black Hawk War, the United States Government decided to move the tribe from Wisconsin because of their close association with the Sauk and Fox. In the unsettled period after the war the government arranged to set up new tribal living areas and open up most of Wisconsin for settlement. The new home selected for the Winnebago was located in the northeastern corner of Iowa around what is

(Continued on page 68)

NUGGETS



Photos Courtesy Author

Old Stateline Schoolhouse. The state boundary runs the length of the building precisely along the peak of the roof. In the photo above, the boundary bisects the schoolhouse, running from the roof peak down through the center of the doorway. The left half is in Utah; the right half in Wyoming. Three side windows below look out over Utah.

THE OLD STATELINE SCHOOLHOUSE

By Kerry Ross Boren

MANY ingenious arrangements were made for the education of pioneer children, but none was stranger than that of the Old Stateline Schoolhouse.

A unique situation existed in the northeastern section of Utah and in the southwestern section of Wyoming in 1904. The settlers of Lucerne Valley, for the most part having migrated from southern Utah in 1896-98, were isolated from the remainder of the state by the Uintah Mountains, highest in the state.

The settlers from Henry's Fork Valley in Wyoming, most of whom were ranchers, were just as isolated from their parent state by the vast and desolate badlands to the north.

It was not feasible for these two districts to construct and operate separate facilities for the education of as few children as were living on each side of the state line; neither was it reasonable to allow the students from Wyoming to attend a school in Utah—or vice versa—for the question of jurisdiction would arise. What was to be done? The answer was obvious. They would construct a school exactly on the state line, the one half being in Utah, the other in Wyoming. In that way, both states could share in the cost of the building and in its supervision.

Construction began in the fall of 1904, materials and labor being donated by residents of both states. The ridgepole of the school was laid exactly along the state line, the north half of the building then being in Wyoming, the south half in Utah. The school itself was one large room, 35 by 23 feet, of frame construction with an outside covering of metal sheeting, painted red as were most schools of the period.

The interior of the school was done nicely in wallboard and with a pine floor (all previous schools having been dirt roof and dirt floor). The structure was heated by a large wood stove and lighted by coal oil lamps placed upon shelves. On the west wall was a blackboard—one half in each state—and slates were used instead of paper.

In 1905 twenty students were enrolled; in 1907, forty. Among those who taught at the old school were Dr. F. W. Tinker; Mary E. Tinker, his wife; Mr. Pinckney; and Gerald Thorn. The school was composed of a certain number of rowdies, husky ranch-bred youths who created no end of problems. Gerald Thorn, who taught at the school in 1912-13, was forced to resort to a long rubber hose as a defense when the students threatened to drag him through the nearby creek.

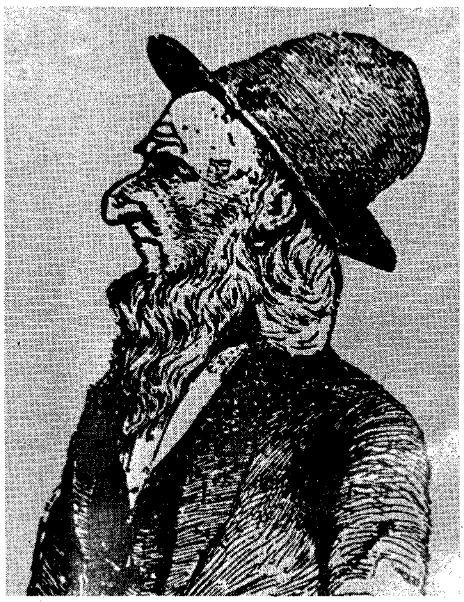
Punishment of the unruly was another problem confronting teachers at this school. Utah enforced strict rules forbidding a teacher to strike a student, while Wyoming was much more liberal concerning this. Therefore, it was not long until wise teachers discovered that they merely had to drag an obstreperous student from the Utah side into Wyoming across the room and there reprimand him by physical means, and return him to his seat in Utah.

The school also caused problems for law enforcement. In 1908 one of the Wade boys ran away from home and Deputy Tom Welch was called upon to return the lad to his father's ranch in Wyoming. Welch overtook the youth just about dark entering the Stateline School. When the deputy came into the building, young Wade was just building up a fire in the heating stove. However, he was now in Utah where Welch had no jurisdiction.

Deputy Welch pulled up a chair and began to chat with the young man until the night grew long. Near morning, young Wade, with his feet propped against the stove, began to succumb to the effects of the heat, and soon fell asleep. Seeing his opportunity, Welch stepped across the room, grabbed the youth by the ear and dragged him back into Wyoming where he was duly arrested and returned home.

In later years the old school was used as a dancehall, and baseball games were common on its grounds. Many fights occurred between rival teams. One big expense of the two school boards was the replacement of coal oil lamps shot out during dances by drunken cowboys. The interior of the old school became a veritable seive of bullet holes. On one occasion, a man armed with a .30-30 rifle walked up to the door of the school on a dance night and emptied the rifle into the back wall. Fortunately, a dance set had just ended and the dancers had seated themselves; the bullets entered the wall above their heads.

The Old Stateline Schoolhouse was in operation until about 1918 when enrollment of its students at other and newer schools caused its closing. Today it no longer stands at its original site on the state line, but has been moved to a new location in nearby Wyoming. There it is used as a granary, but in its day it appeared in the "Believe It Or Not" column of Ripley as the only schoolhouse in the United States constructed exactly upon the state line of two states, with students from two states in attendance, and run cooperatively by two school boards.



Elisha Stevens, from a woodcut illustration appearing originally in a San Francisco newspaper and provided to the author by Ralph Kreiser of the Bakersfield *Californian.*

FORGOTTEN TRAILBLAZER

By Jan S. Paul

ELISHA STEVENS was a plainsman and wagoner, possibly without equal, yet outside his native Georgia or adopted California many people have never heard of him. It is unfortunate when an able and deserving person misses his rightful place in history due to some quirk of time or circumstance. This was Stevens' fate.

Born in 1804, he was apprenticed to a blacksmith in South Carolina at an early age. The settled life, however, was not for him. He became a hunter and trapper, working his way from Carolina to California and from the Upper Missouri to New Orleans. In 1844 he joined a California-bound wagontrain at Council Bluffs.

Members of the train elected Stevens their captain. This company, known as the Murphy-Townsand train, was the first to cross the Sierra Nevada from the present site of Reno into California over a trail pioneered by Stevens, arriving at Sutter's Fort early in 1845. The feat seems mundane until it is remembered that the next party to use the route was the ill-advised and inexperienced Donner party of 1846-'47 and the whole world knows how it fared.

During that first and later trips across the plains leading wagontrains, Stevens never lost a follower to either death or dissent—a singular accomplishment.

During the Mexican War he served as an armorer under Commodore Robert Stockton; after its close he went prospecting in the Valley of California, Stevens also made another attempt at the settled life on a ranch near San Jose. Surprisingly, he proved to be a very able horticulturalist but again became bored and moved on. His sole lasting claim to fame in that area is Stevens Creek.

STEVENS, by then middle-aged, prospected for gold down the San Joaquin Valley until he reached the Kern River where he lived on the flats occupied today by several businesses and the Greater Bakersfield Memorial Hospital.

In 1867 the family of Colonel Thomas Baker settled near Stevens' home. Although Stevens was the first white resident of what later became Bakersfield, it is Colonel Baker, not Stevens, who is credited with the founding of the city.

Stevens formed a fast friendship with Tom Baker, Jr., and it was to this young man that he related his many adventures. Baker, in his own old age, set down what he recalled of Stevens' stories. From these accounts it seems probable that Stevens was a better leader than Frémont, and a better woodsman than either Carson or Godey. Frémont, however, had the advantage of a command of flowery prose and an adoring wife who was quick to point up his successful accomplishments. Nor was Stevens as flamboyant as Godey or Carson. He considered common sense and caution essential qualities, so he ended his days on the banks of the Kern River, an irritable, reserved, bitter old man who had lived to see others reap fame and gain for deeds he felt he had equaled if not surpassed.

Stevens died on September 9, 1887. His rewards? A tombstone in Bakersfield's Union Cemetery, and a bronze plaque designated California registered historical landmark #732, which stands near the location of his last home.

STEAMBOAT AUCTION SENT BUYERS AROUND THE BEND

By Lester A. Halpin

IT WAS ONE of the strangest funeral corteges ever seen on the streets of Portland, Oregon—a horse-drawn hearse and a single mourner, the owner of Mitchell's Grocery Store on First Street.

Slowly the team of black horses, dark panaches waving above harnessed heads, pulled the curtained vehicle aboard the river ferry that would carry the hearse across the Willamette toward Lone Fir Cemetery just beyond the east bank.

Mitchell's "bereavement" had begun the day he visited an "old horse auction," one of the sales of miscellaneous items held periodically by companies which owned many steamboats plying on the Willamette and Columbia Rivers. At such sales it was not until a purchase was made that the bidder discovered what he had bought.

At the auction that day a long wooden case was an object of speculation as it went under the hammer. After spirited bidding it went to Mitchell who had listened eagerly as the auctioneer had explained that the case had lain unclaimed for some time on a dock at Umatilla Landing and possibly contained a

(Continued on page 45)

A County, A Courthouse, A Hanging

(Continued from page 18)

zards.

"Cason's defense was that late in the day, while traveling in Parker county a man overtook them, who said his name was Charles Boynton, and that after supper, while the defendant was feeding the horse, Boynton picked up Cason's gun and shot Mac in the head, and as he fell, again shot him in the breast. That he, Cason, was all stricken down, saying nothing. That Boynton stripped the body and burned the clothes, and then took the body away, returned and threw him down a small amount of money, saying, 'Here is your share,' telling him to take the team and sell it, and if ever he told of the circumstances, he would be killed. . . .

"The trial lasted eight days, and the jury after being out five hours brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree and assessed the penalty of death.

"A motion for a new trial was made, which set up many alleged errors, the principal one being the giving in of important evidence, which in this case consisted of a dictionary, bearing the name of McLemore.

"In the absence of the accused from the courtroom, the motion was overruled by the trial court. An appeal was taken to the court of criminal appeals but the appeal was denied. A motion for a rehearing was also overruled. Cason was sentenced at the spring term of court, 1908.

"Shortly after the death sentence was passed upon him by Judge Patterson, Cason professed religion and was immersed at the Baptist church by the Rev. Morgan, in the presence of a vast crowd of spectators. Cason has never made any confession of the crime, and there are those who will always doubt his guilt, notwithstanding the evidence which, although most conclusive, was entirely circumstantial.

"A brother of Cason's circulated a petition for a pardon, to which he obtained over 400 signatures, but the governor declined to interfere with the due course of the law.

"Cason's counsel as will be seen by the foregoing history of the case, stubbornly contested every inch of the ground for the defense, and this without any expectation of a fee, for Cason when arrested had only six dollars on his person.

At the Jail

"At a few minutes after 1 o'clock, Sheriff Pope went to the cell and read the death warrant to Cason, who seemed not the least moved or affected by it. Rev. R. B. Morgan attended the condemned man, and talked to him. He read John III. Also I John and I Peter 12.

"Sheriff Pope was just as good to Cason as he could be. Cason told the Democrat reporter that he had been treated as kindly as he could ask or expect. Church people had brought him fruit and flowers. The Democrat reporter was present at 11 o'clock today when Cason's dinner was brought to the cell to him.

"His last meal was one that would tempt the appetite of anybody. It was as follows:

Cabbage
Onions
Coconut custard
Ice Sweet Milk
Slice of roast pork
Cucumber pickles
Lemon pie
Fresh blackberries and cream
Lemonade
Beet pickles
Lettuce
Chocolate cake

"Promptly at 1:30 Sheriff Pope opened the cell door and announced ready. Cason stepped out of the cell as glibly as if he were going to his liberty. As he went out friends wept as he bade them goodbye. He was conducted to the wagonette, which was waiting, and climbed into it unaided.

"With him in the wagonette rode Sheriff Pope, Sheriff Crane of Kaufman county, Sheriff Ledbetter of Dallas, Sheriff Branch of Decatur, Capt. Johnson of the Ranger force, Deputy Sheriff Gilbert, ex-Sheriff Bratton, Elder Morgan, R. B. Hood, Elijah Putnam, Cason's brother and a representative of the Democrat newspaper.

"AS THE wagonette started off, Cason spoke to the 900 or 1,000 people in the street, saying 'Goodby' to the whole crowd, "Serve God from the heart, and not from the lips.'

"But the crowd had no thought of being left, for they started and filled all the streets leading to the scaffold, and when the official party reached there, there were about 3,000 people assembled and surged to get near.

"Although full notification had been given through the newspapers, a large crowd of people from all sections of the county were in town to try, hook or crook, to witness the hanging of Cason. An immense throng crowded the sheriff's office seeking tickets of admission, and Sheriff Pope was besieged from every side, but as he only had limited number of passes to give out, not many were accommodated. The reason for this was that the space enclosed at the scaffold was too small to accommodate many and the sheriff was obliged to limit the size of the crowd. Sheriff Pope did everything in his power to meet the desires of the public, and no blame is, nor could possibly be attached to the fairness of the proceedings on his part. As it was, the area around the scaffold was too small to be comfortable to those who were present.

At the Scaffold

"A wagon was procured and Cason mounted the same without assistance. Rev. Morgan also got into the wagon and offered a prayer. A quartette consisting of Turrentine, Gilmore, Rawlins and Downs, sang by request.

"Rev. Morgan read the 23rd Psalm. At 2:01 Cason began talking and for 10 minutes talked along lines of duty of the crowd to live right. He spoke in most complimentary terms of the treatment he had received at the hands of Sheriff Pope and his wife, and deputies. He said he would go to meet God with pleasure; that he had been wronged and persecuted wrongfully, but that he holds no malice toward the twelve jurors or anyone else. He admonished his hearers to real Christian living and warned against hypocrisy.

"He was helped down from the wagon and walked steadily to the door of the room where the scaffold was. He appeared as cool as anyone in the crowd, and said he felt better than he had for some time. His actions and looks told the same story.

"THE PRISONER and officers entered the scaffold enclosure about 2 o'clock and Cason shook hands with those surrounding him and bid his brother and close friends farewell. Bro. Morgan then stated that the condemned man requested that the song 'Death is Only a Dream' be sung which was done by the quartette of singers present. A short prayer was then offered by Rev. Morgan and the prisoner ascended the scaffold accompanied by Sheriff Pope and his deputies. The noose was carefully adjusted by the sheriff, and Deputy S. S. Gilbert adjusted the bands to his hands and legs. Sheriff Pope then asked him if he was ready and Cason stopped a moment, then uttered in a clear voice, 'The Lord Giveth and the Lord Taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord.' Sheriff Pope asked again if he was ready and Cason answered 'yes.' The drop then fell and Cason's soul was ushered into Eternity. The drop fell at 2:31 and he was pronounced dead in four and a half minutes. His neck was completely broken.

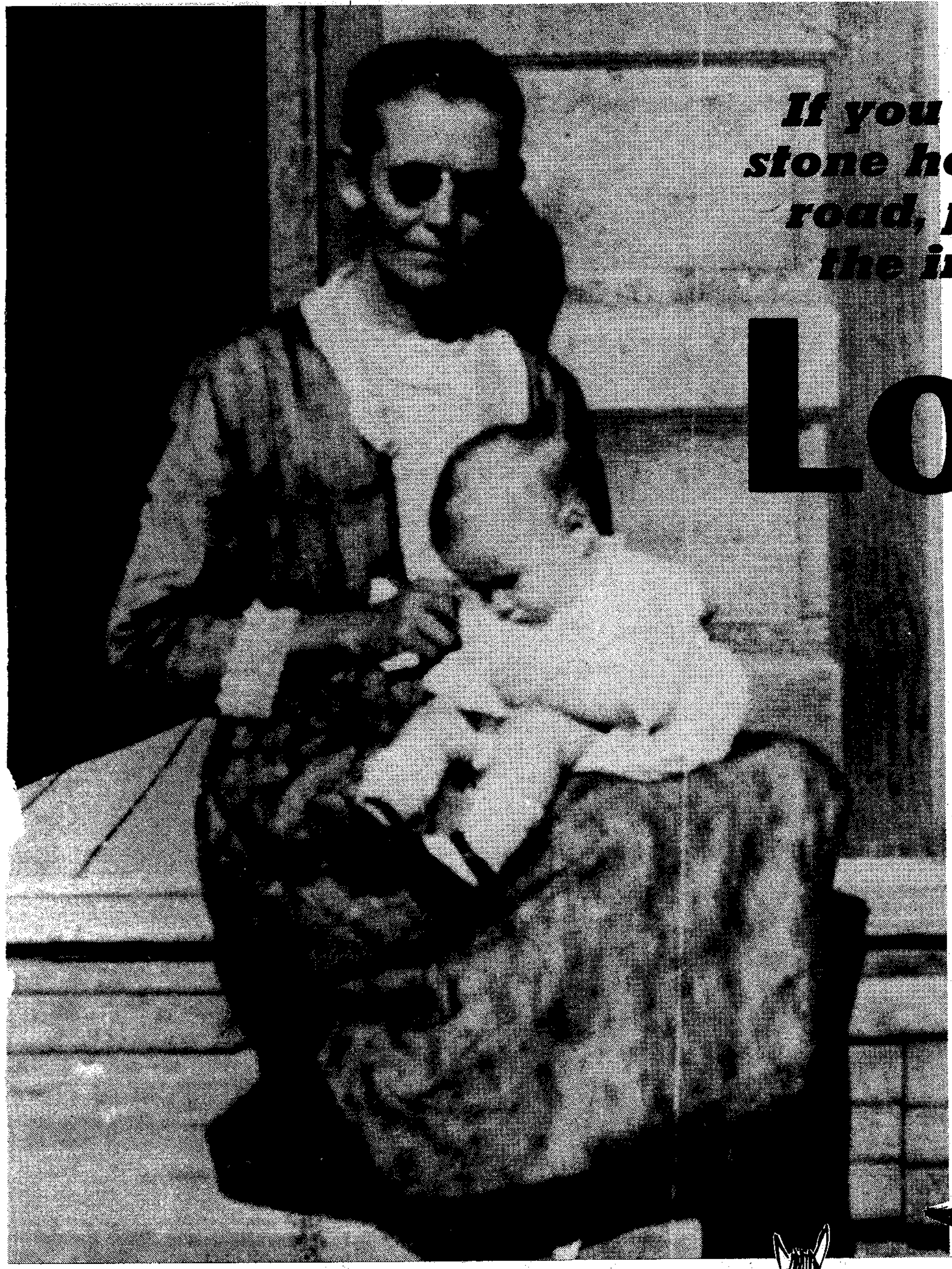
Jim Cason Made Partial Confession

"FROM M. J. F. SENTELL, who served as death watch after Cason was condemned, we got the following: 'On the night of the 14th, while Cason was asleep, he seemed restless and murmured and talked in his sleep, and Mr. Sentell heard him make the following remarks:

" 'If I had thought I would have been caught I would not have done it.'

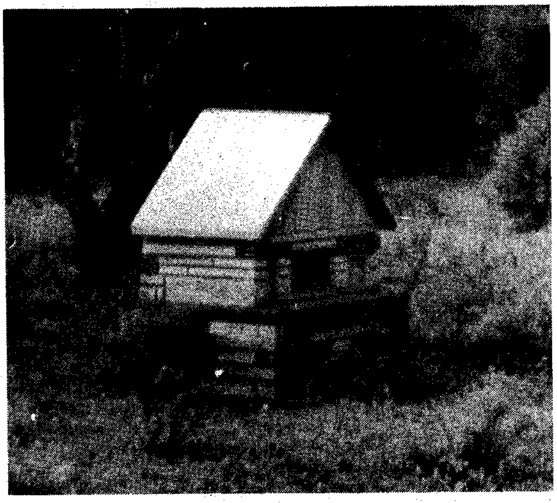
"Mr. Sentell told Cason the next morning that he talked in his sleep the night before, but Cason did not ask what he said in his sleep, but remarked that 'What is on a man's mind is what he will say in his sleep, and when the Devil tempts a man and gets him grabbed he lets him alone and goes after another man, for the Devil don't care any more for those he has already got.' He also said to Mr. Sentell, 'There will be lots get left in the dark when I am dead.'

"On the night of the 21st Mr. Sentell was talking to him about the many tales he had told about the murder and asked if he intended to make a statement whether he was guilty or not. Cason remarked: 'I will not deny it any more nor say whether I am guilty or not.' And he never did."



If you notice a little stone house beside the road, pause to read the inscription to

LOTTIE



Charlotte M. Webb—"Aunt Lottie"—with Edward M. Thomas, a grandson. Above right is the stone house at the site of Lottie's home near Heber, Arizona.

By LAURA ROBERTSON

Photos Courtesy Author

Illustrations by Gary Robertson

A TINY STONE HOUSE sits beneath the protective limbs of a gnarled oak tree at the edge of a roadside clearing. It blends quietly with the scenery along highway 160 between Pinedale and Clay Springs—near Heber in eastern Arizona. Even today this area is sparsely settled, and no human habitation is nearby. The little monument arouses the traveler's curiosity. On closer examination, one sees a bronze plaque set into the carefully laid stones. It reads in part:

AUNT LOTTIE

The flame of life burned brightly in her veins
She loved the World, its creatures both large and small,
And loving, shared their burdens and their pain,
And in their service, gladly gave her all.

(Continued on page 54)

Devil Wind of the Prairies

(Continued from page 11)

of marble two feet long from a monument was found a mile north of the shaft from which it was broken. A sawed scantling was driven through the heart of a tree. A reliable citizen declares that stones weighing 250 pounds each were lifted out of the creeks and hurled into his farm. These stones contained iron ore. A piece of iron weighing 200 pounds was found more than 200 feet south of the place where it had lain. A piece of iron from the Houston Street bridge weighing 200 pounds was carried 250 feet and driven several feet into the ground. The massive irons from the Houston Street bridge were snatched from their supporting columns and twisted into fantastic shapes as if they had been straws.

From a side view of the cloud it was smoky black. From a front view it was a bright copper color that shadowed into black at the sides. A young woman who was caught up and carried several hundred feet described the interior of the funnel as a hollow cylinder whose walls were of the dazzling brightness of polished copper in intense illumination.

Mary Nash Institute and North Texas Female College, just across the street from each other, were in direct line with the path of the storm. A rumor had gone abroad that these institutions had been demolished. In these colleges were at least 400 girls. Throughout the night after the tornado and all next day parents from a distance thronged each campus seeking information. When it was found that all were safe, strong men stood in speechless gratitude while their daughters clung to them and wept for joy.

EVERY TORNADO has its freak incidents, many of which test the credulity of persons who only hear about them but never see them. This one perpetrated its share to hold its own with all others. A ball of fire was seen in the wake of the funnel. Vegetation seemed to have been scorched. Leaves crumbled in the fingers like those of December, in some instances when rubbed between the hands.

The storm manifested a peculiar fondness for metallic substances. Circular iron bands around flower pots were taken away while the flowers were not damaged. Wagontires were wrung from wheels and twisted into odd shapes. The funnel bounded from a bluff over a valley, leaving a field of young corn unhurt in the creek bottom.

A splinter was driven through six cans of concentrated lye. A piano was found covered with a carpet and still in good tune. A dead snake was wrapped many times around the limb of a surviving tree.

A trunk top was found thirty-five miles north of Sherman bearing the owner's name. A cabinet phonograph was picked up thirty miles away. A platform scales was drawn out of its bearings and strewn along the ground. A doctor was caught up and whirled in the storm. When he went up he had silver in his pockets. When he came down he had neither silver nor pockets. Next day a friend brought in a vehicle wheel. It was all that was left of the doctor's buggy. His horse was found half a mile away stripped of his harness.

A rural teacher's voucher was picked up thirty miles north. A woman had two metallic milk coolers at the end of twenty-foot ropes in a well. The coolers were drawn out and carried away, while the ropes were beaten to a frazzle on the ground at the well.

The tornado vortex that drew everything within its reach into its greedy maw blew the hearts of men together. That one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin elicited sympathies that were swiftly translated into helpful action. The living suffered the agonies of the dying. Merchants forgot their merchandise. Clerks abandoned their counters. Professional men rushed from their offices. Into the scene of death and devastation swift moving feet carried willing hands. Caste and class disappeared.

For almost a week, with hasty meals and little sleep, every physician in the city was ceaselessly active. Physicians from other towns came nobly to the aid of local doctors and surgeons. A Sherman citizen received from the Weather Bureau in Washington a blank containing many questions concerning the storm and these were supplemented by a special request for a report of his own personal observations. In reply he stated that at the time for making observations he was running so fast that he had no opportunity for making observations of scientific value.—*By H. L. Piner, from Frontier Times, August 1932*

The Daddy of All Hail Storms

ON THE evening of May 19, 1868, the most violent and destructive hailstorm that ever fell upon this country struck San Antonio and portions of the surrounding territory. I was then in my thirteenth year, and was a student of St. Mary's College, and I very distinctly remember the havoc it wrought. After supper on the date mentioned, about seven p.m., the students were all playing on the campus, and we noticed a greenish looking cloud coming up from the northwest, with a terrible roaring sound. In about fifteen minutes the storm hit the town.

Its first approach was a terrific windstorm, which filled the air with dust and rubbish until you could not see anything. The Brother in charge on the campus ordered everyone inside, and we had hardly entered the building before the bombardment began. Hailstones, or chunks of ice weighing from one-fourth pound to over two pounds each, fell fast and literally destroyed every living plant exposed to them.

Luckily the scope of country in the path of the storm was small. It started northwest of the city about Helotes, took in a stretch of country four or five miles wide, and spent its force about three miles below the city. There was absolutely nothing left in its wake. Fields of corn, waist high, were cut down, and all of the fruit trees were trimmed of leaves and fruit, and the beautiful gardens were beaten into the ground. Thousands of chicken, turkeys, and birds were killed, dogs, calves, sheep and goats were also killed, and there wasn't a roof, door or window left on the north side of the buildings. You can imagine the predicament the people found themselves in. After the hail had ceased, rain fell in torrents for about thirty minutes and the damaged roofs leaked like sieves. Every business sign which hung suspended in the city was destroyed.

During the hailstorm the Brother in charge of us was badly frightened. He thought the world was coming to an end, and got down on his knees and prayed like a good fellow, and asked us boys to do likewise. We were all so frightened and seeking a place of refuge under the desks to keep from being struck by the chunks of hail that were coming through the broken windows and doors we couldn't think of praying. Next morning we could see the destruction in its worst form. There were some large cottonwood trees standing in the adjoining lot to the school campus, and we could see where the hail had knocked the bark off them on the north side. There wasn't a green vestige of anything to be seen, and the whole region looked as if it had been swept by a fire.

This happened long before the railroad had arrived, and all the lumber and glass and tin had to be freighted from New Orleans by boat to Indianola and from there to San Antonio in ox carts and wagons. It took from two to three weeks to make a round trip to Indianola, provided the roads were dry. There was only one lumber yard here then, that of Ed Stevens, the father of the present owner of the Stevens lumber yards, and he had a very limited supply of glass and tin on hand. This supply did not last long the next morning after the hailstorm and the majority of the people had to wait to have their windows and their roofs repaired until the new supply arrived.

Fortunately, in the matter of shingles, the country up and down the Medina and Guadalupe Rivers had a goodly supply on hand, as the shingle-making industry on those two streams was at its peak about that time, and proved to be a Godsend to the poor old pioneers living in these regions. They would cut down the choicest cypress trees and saw them to the required length and then make a split shingle and pack in bundles of a thousand, which made a bundle almost as large as a bale of cotton. They would use young saplings, two and a half to three inches in diameter as binders, and haul them to market on old ox-wagons, receiving from $3.50 to $4.00 per thousand for their shingles.

The old saying, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," is here illustrated in two instances, namely: Ed Stevens, the lumberman, showed his keen ability by sending two men, one up the Medina River and the other up the Guadalupe, right after the storm, on the best mounts he could secure so they would be on hand bright and early the next morning before news of the disaster could reach there. He bought up every available shingle he could get hold of at the normal price, which proved to be a very profitable investment since the demand for shingles was so pressing people were willing to pay almost any price to have their roofs recovered. In the second instance, the saloon-keepers were benefitted for a week or two by having the luxury of serving ice cold drinks to their customers since there was no artificial ice made at that time. The hail the next morning after the storm was found drifted against walls and fences from two to three feet in depth, so they all got busy and laid in a supply which boosted their business for the time being.

The nearest approach to the storm, in my experience, fell on the head of the Medina River about May 15, 1885, I think it was. There was a tremendous rain after that storm also. As the flood waters rushed down past Bandera we could see the surface of the water literally covered with hailstones, some as large as hen's eggs, so the reader can imagine what size they must have been when they fell. Then we could see thousands of dead fish, large and small, floating along with the hail. The fish had been chilled to death. On the 4th of July, fifty days after the storm, a picnic party near the head of the river found quite a chunk of ice under a large drift which had protected it from the sun, and thus they were unexpectedly treated to ice lemonade and water.

In conclusion I will say that the storm in San Antonio on May 19, 1868, made such a lasting impression on my memory that never does an anniversary of the storm come around but what I am reminded of it, and I venture to say that many of the old-timers who were in it remember it as well, and I hope and pray that I will never live to see a recurrence of it.—*By A. Huffmeyer, from Frontier Times, June 1926*

The Great Storm at Ogallala in 1882

FROM that highly interesting book *Reminiscences of a Ranchman*, by Edgar Beecher Bronson (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, 1910), we copy a chapter which describes a flood that occurred at Ogallala, Nebraska which is still remembered by many of the old trail drivers. The narrator was a prominent cowman and trail driver. Here follows his story:

At the end of the spring roundup, I was able to cut fifteen hundred beef steers that, after being grazed under close herd, for a few weeks on the better-cured, stronger feed on the divide between the Niobrara and Snake Creek, were fit for market, and with them we arrived at our shipping point—Ogallala—July 2, 1882.

Leaving the outfit camped, luckily on a bench twenty feet above the main valley of the Platte, I rode two miles into town to make shipping arrangements. A wonderful sight was the Platte Valley about Ogallala in those days, for it was the northern terminus of the great Texas trail of the late '70s and early '80s, where trail drivers brought their herds to sell, and northern ranchmen came to bargain.

That day, far as the eye could see up, down, and across the broad level valley were cattle by the thousands—thirty or forty thousand at least—a dozen or more separate outfits, grazing in loose, open order so near each other that at a distance the valley appeared carpeted with a vast Persian rug of intricate design and infinite variety of colors. Approached nearer, where individual riders and cattle began to take form, it was a topsy-turvy scene I looked down upon.

The day was unusually, tremendously hot—probably 112 degrees in the shade—so hot the shimmering heat-waves developed a mirage that turned towns, herds, and riders upside down—all sprung in an instant to gigantic height, the squat frame houses tall as modern skyscrapers, cattle and riders big as elephants, while here and there deep blue lakes lay placidly over broad expanses that a few moments before were a solid field of variegated colors.

Arrived at the Spofford House, the one hotel of the town, I found a familiar bunch of famous Texas cattle kings—Seth Mayberry, Dillard Fant, Shanghai Pierce, Jim Ellison, John Lytle, Dave Hunter, Jess Presnall, etc.—each with a string of longhorns for sale.

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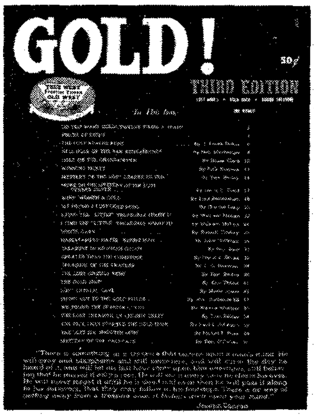

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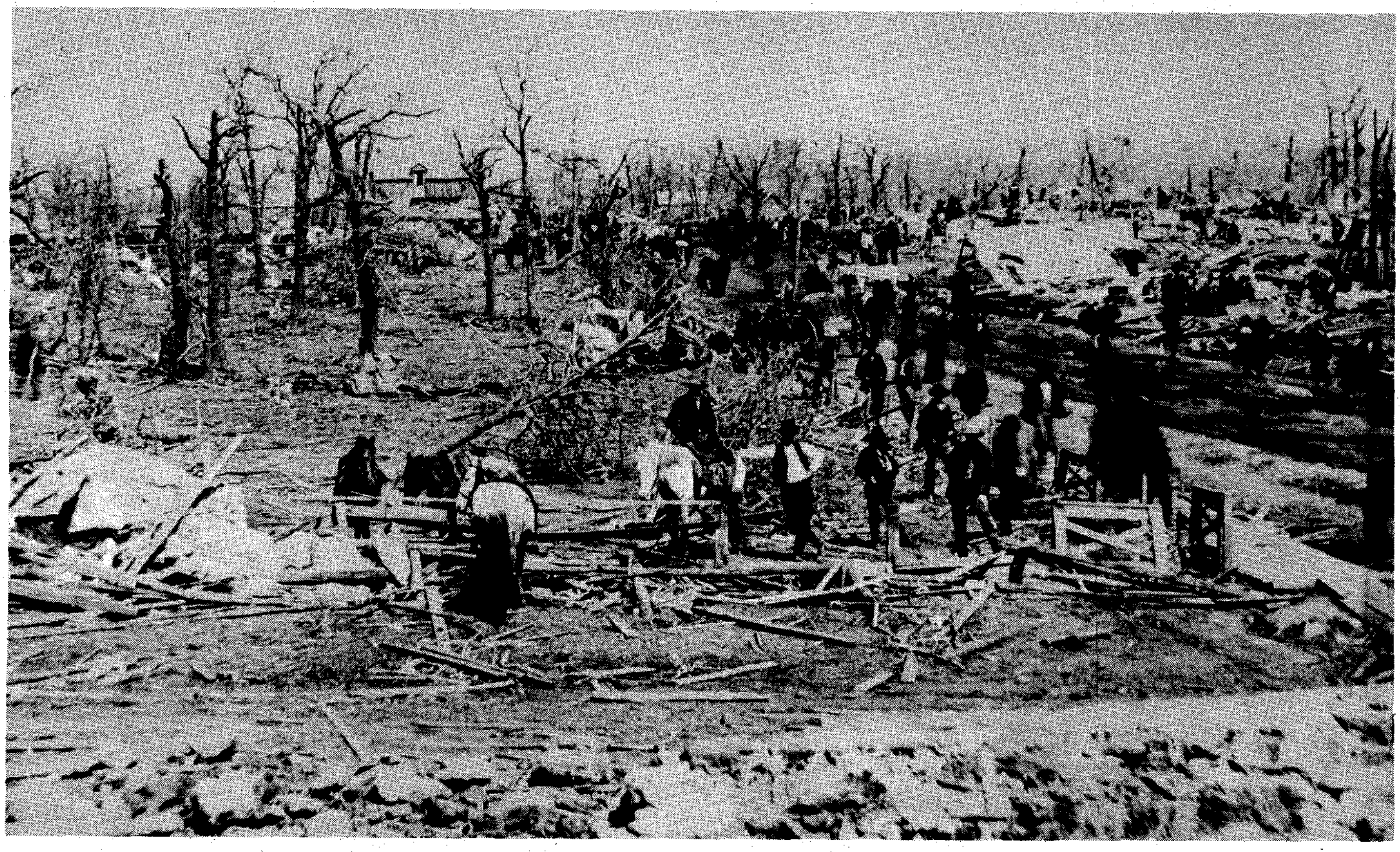


Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society

Destruction at Chandler, Oklahoma after the cyclone of March 30, 1897.

The one store and the score of saloons, dance halls, and gambling joints that lined up south of the railway track and formed the only street Ogallala could boast, were packed with wild and woolly, long-haired and bearded, red-sashed brush-splitters in from the trail outfits for a frolic.

And every now and then a chorus of wild, shrill yells and a fusillade of shots rent the air that would make a tenderfoot think a battle royal was on. But there was nothing serious doing, then; it was only a cowboy frolic.

THE afternoon's fierce heat proved a weather breeder, as some had predicted. Shortly after supper, but long before sundown, a dense black cloud suddenly rose in the north, swept swiftly above and around us till it filled the whole zenith—an ominous low-hanging pall that brought upon us in a few minutes the utter darkness of a starless night.

Quite as suddenly as the coming of the cloud, the temperatures fell forty or fifty degrees, and drove us into the hotel. And we were little more than sheltered behind closed doors before torrents of rain descended, borne on gusts of hurricane force that blew open the north door of the dining room, picked up a great pin-pool board standing across a biscuit-shooting opening in the partition, swept it across the breadth of the office, narrowly missing Mayberry and Fant, and dashed it to splinters against the opposite wall.

Ten minutes later the violence of the rain and downpour slackened, almost stopped. Shanghai went to the door and looked out, shivered and shut it with the remarks: "By cripes, Fellers! 'Pears like Ol' Mahster plumb emptied His tanks that clatter; the hull flat's under water."

"Maybe so He's stackin' us up agin a swimmin' match," was Fant's cheerful comment.

And within another ten minutes it certainly seemed Fant had called the turn. A tremendous crash of thunder came with lightning flashes that illuminated the room till our oil lamps looked like fireflies, followed by another tornado-driven downpour which it seemed hopeless to expect the house could survive.

And while our ears were still stunned by its first roar, suddenly there came flood waters pouring in over door-sills and through floor cracks, rising at a rate that instantly drove us all to refuge on the second floor of the hotel. We were certainly in the track, if not the center, of a waterspout.

But barely were we upstairs before the aerial flood-gates closed, till no more than an ordinary heavy soaking rain was falling, and the wind slackened sufficiently to take stock of the situation. Our case looked grave enough—grave past hope of escape, or even help.

"Fellers," quietly remarked Shanghai, "here's a game where passin' don't go—leastwise till it's cash in an' pass out o' existence. Here's where I'd sell my chances o' seein tomorrow's sun at a dollar a head, an' agree not to tally more'n five head. I've been up agin Yankee charges, where the air was full o' lead and the cold steel 'peared to hide all the rest of the scenery; I've laid in a buffalo wallow two days and nights surrounded by Comanches, and been bushwhacked by Kiowas on the Palo Pinto, but never till now has Shanghai been up agin a game he couldn't figure out a way to beat."

And so, in truth, it looked. The whole world was afloat, a raging, tossing flood—our world at least. To us a universal flood could mean no more. Far as the eye could see rolled waters. And the waters were rising all the time, ever rising, higher and higher; not creeping, but rising, leaping up the pillars of the porch!

It seemed only a matter of seconds before the hotel must collapse, or be swept from its foundations. Already the flood beneath us was dotted thick with drifting flotsam—wrecks of houses, fences, stables, sidewalks. Men, women and children were afloat upon the wreckage, drifting they knew not where, safe they knew not how long, shrieking for aid no one could lend. Dumb beasts and fowls drifted by us, their inarticulate terror cries rising above the piping of the wind—cattle bawling, pigs squealing, dogs howling, horses neighing, chickens clucking madly, and even the ducks and geese quacking notes of alarm.

IT seemed the end of the world, no less—at least of our little corner of it. How the old Spofford House ever held to her foundations was a mystery, unless she stood without the line of the strongest current. But hold she stoutly did until perhaps fifteen minutes after we were driven upstairs, word was passed out to us by watchers upon the staircase within that the rise had stopped—stopped just about half-way between the floor and ceiling of the first story.

And right then, just as we were catching our breath to exchange congratulations, new terror menaced us—a terror even more appalling than the remorseless flood that still held us in its grip.

An inky-black pall of cloud still shut out the stars and shrouded all the earth, but a pall so riven and torn by constantly recurring flashes of sheet lightning that our entire field of view was lit almost as bright as by a midday sun.

Suddenly, off in the south, over the divide line between the Platte and the Republican, an ominous shape rose like magic from below the horizon—a balloon-shaped cloud of an ashen-gray that, from reflection of the lightning or other cause, had a sort of phosphorescent glow which outlined its form against the inky background and made plain to our eyes, as the hand held to one's face, that we confronted an approaching cyclone.

Nearing us it certainly was at terrific speed, for it grew and grew as we looked till its broad dome stood half way up to the zenith, while its narrow tail was lashing violently about near and often apparently upon the earth.

On it came, head-on for us, for a space of perhaps four minutes—until, I am sure, any onlooker who had a prayer loose about him was not idle. And perhaps (who knows?) one or another such appeal prevailed, for just as it seemed no earthly power could save us, off eastward it switched and sped swiftly out of our sight.

It was near midnight before the waters began to fall, and morning before the house was free of them. And when about eight o'clock horses were brought us, we had to wade and swim them about a quarter of a mile to reach the dry upland.

From the roof of the hotel we could see that even the trail herds were badly scattered and commingled, and it was the general opinion my herd of untrail-broke wild beef steers were probably running yet, somewhere. But when I got out to the benchland where I had left them, there they were, not a single one missing. This to my infinite surprise, for usually an ordinary thunderstorm will drift beef herds more or less, if not actually stampede them.

The reason was quickly explained. The storm had descended upon them so suddenly and with such extraordinary violence that they were stunned into immobility. Apparently they had been directly beneath the very center of the waterspout, for the boys told me the rain fell in such solid sheets that they nearly smothered, drowned while mounted and sitting their saddles about the trembling, bellowing herd; it came down in such torrents that they had to hold their hands in shape of an inverted cup above nose and mouth to get their breath! Miles of the U.P. track were destroyed that laid us up for three days, awaiting repairs.

THE first two days the little village was quiet. Trail men were out bunching and separating their herds, townsmen taking stock of their losses. But the third day hell popped good and plenty. Tempers were fiery and feelings so tindery that it seemed the recent violence of the very elements themselves had got into men's veins and made them bent to destroy and kill.

All day long street and saloon swarmed with shouting, quarreling, shooting punchers. Owners and peace officers were alike powerless to control. About noon the town marshal and several deputies made a bold try to quell the turmoil —and then had to mount and ride for their lives, leaving two of Hunter & Evans' men dead in front of The Cowboy's Rest, and a string of wounded along the street.

This incident stilled the worst of the tumult for two or three hours, for many took up the pursuit of the marshal, while the rest were for a time to quietly walk over the virtues of the departed in the intervals between quadrille sets—for, of course, the dancing went on uninterrupted.

Toward evening, notwithstanding the orgy had again resumed a fast and furious pace, Fant, Mayberry, and myself were tempted to join the crowd in The Cowboy Rest, tempted by glimpses of a scene caught from our perch on a corner of the depot platform opposite.

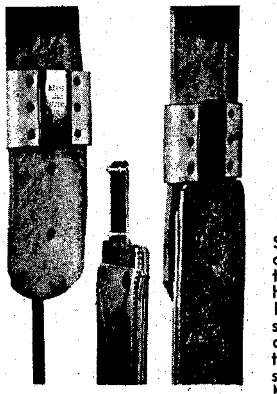
"That is blamed funny!" remarked Mayberry. "Come along over and let's see her good. We're no more liable to get leaded there than anywhere else." So over we went.

"The Rest" belied its name sadly, for rest was about the only thing Jim Tucker was not prepared to furnish his wild and woolly patrons. Who entered there left coin behind—and was lucky if he left no more.

Stepped within the door, a rude pine "bar" on the right invited the thirsty; on the left, noisy "tinhorns," whirring wheels, clicking faro "cases," and rattling chips lured the gamblers, while away to the rear of the room stretched a hundred feet or more of dance hall. On each of the rough benches sat enthroned a temptress—hard of eye, deep-lined of face, decked with cheap gauds, sad wrecks of the sea of vice here lurching and tossing for a time.

As we entered, Mayberry's foreman met us and whispered to his boss. "You-all better stan' back a little, Colonel, out o' line o' th' door. Ol' One-Eyed John Graham o' the Hunter outfit, settin' thar in th' corner's, layin' fo' th' sheriff—allows 'twas him sot up th' marshal to shell us up this mo'nin—an' ol' John's shore pizen when he starts."

So back we moved to the rear end of the bar. The room was packed; a solid line of men and women before the bar; every table the center of a crowding group of players, the dance hall floor and benches jam-full of the roistering,



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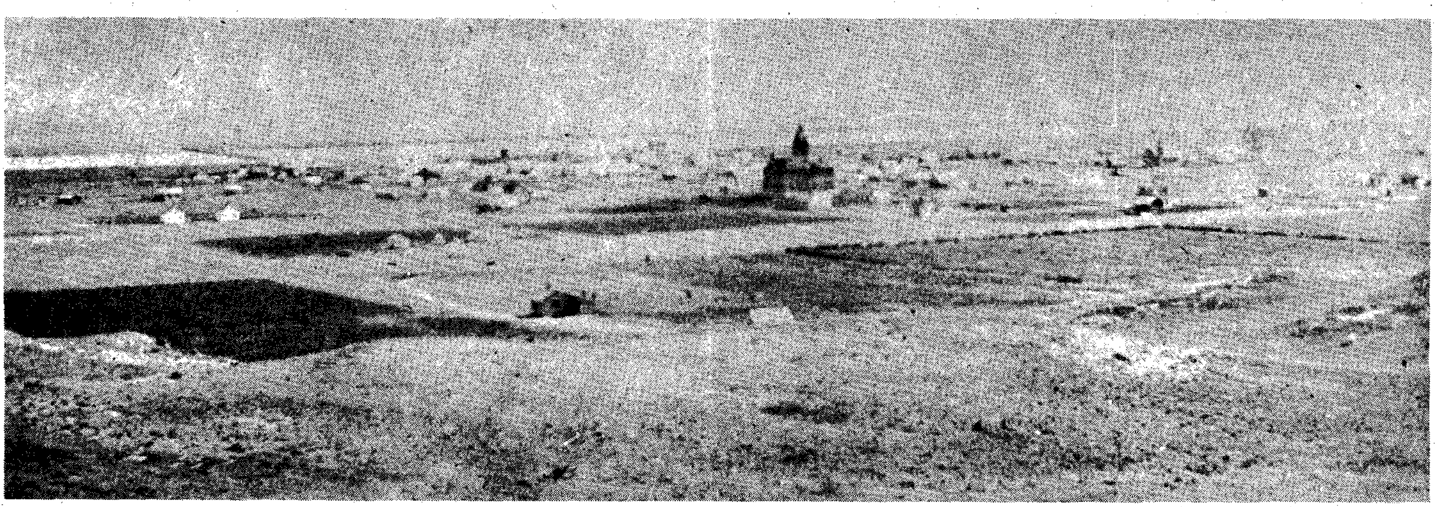

Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society

Ogallala, Nebraska, seen from bluffs to the northeast, in the early 1900s.

noisy throng.

At the moment all were happy and peace reigned. But there was one obvious source of discord—there were not enough gals to go round; not enough even if those present had been multiplied by ten, a situation certain to stir jealousies and strife among a lot of wild nomads for whom this was the first chance in four months to gaze into a woman's eyes.

To be sure, one resourceful and unselfish puncher—a foreman of one of the trail outfits—was doing his best to relieve the prevailing deficiency in feminine dances, and it was a distant glimpse of his efforts that had brought us over.

Bearing, if not boasting, the proud old Dutch name of Jake De Puyster, this rollicking six-foot-two blond giant had heard Buck Groner growl: "Hain't had airy show for a dance yet. Nairy heifer's throwed her eye my way 'fore she's been roped and tied in about a second. Reckon it's shoot for one or pull my freight for camp, and I ain't sleepy none."

"You stake yo'self out, son, a few minutes, an' I'll get you a she-pardner you'll be glad of a chance to dance with and buy prittys for," reassured Jake, and then disappeared.

Ten minutes later he returned, bringing Buck a pardner that stopped drinking, dance and play—the most remarkably clad figure that ever entered a frontier dance hall.

Still wearing his usual costume—wide chaps, spurred heels, and belt—having removed nothing but his tall-crowned Mexican sombrero—Jake had mavericked three articles of feminine apparel and contrived to get himself into them. Cocked jauntily over his right eye he wore a bright red toque crowned with a faded wreath of pale blue flowers, from which a bedraggled green feather drooped wearily over his left ear. About his waist wrinkled a broad pink sash, tied in a great double bow-knot set squarely in front, while fastened also about his waist, pendant no more than midway of his long thighs, hung a garment of white color, filmy of fabric, bifurcated of form, richly ruffled of extremity. So habited came Jake and, with a broad grin lurking within the mazes of his great bushy beard and monstrous mustache, sidled mincing to his mate and shyly murmured a hint he might have the privilege of the next quadrille.

At first Buck was furious, growled, and swore to kill Jake for the insult, until, infected by the gales of laughter that swept the room, he awkwardly offered his arm and led his weird pardner to an unfilled set.

And a sorry hour was this to the other ladies; for while there were better dancers and prettier, that first quadrille made "Miss De Puyster" the belle of the ball for the rest of the day and night, and not a few serious affrays over disputes for an early chance of a "round" or "square" with her were narrowly avoided.

JUST as we reached the rear of the bar, the fiddles stopped their cruel liberties with the beautiful measures of "Sobre las Olas," and Buck led his panting partner up to our group and courteously introduced us thus:

"Miss De Puyster, here's two mighty slick ol' long-horn mossbacks yo' wants to be pow'ful shy of. Fellers, this yere's Miss De Puyster; she ain't much for pritty, but she's hell for active on the floor—so dadburned active I couldn't tell whether she was waltzin' or tryin' to throw me side-holts."

But before we had time to properly make our acknowledgments, a new figure in the dance was called—a figure which, though familiar enough in Ogallala dance halls, distracted and held the attention of all present for a few minutes.

Later we learned that, early in the day, a local celebrity—Bill Thompson by name, a tinhorn by trade, and desperado by pretense—had proferred some insult to Big Alice, the leading lady of the house, for which Jim Tucker had "called him down good and plenty," but under such circumstances that to resent it then would have been to court a fairer fight than Bill's kind ever willingly took on.

But, remembering he was brother to Ben Thompson, the then most celebrated man-killer in the state of Texas (who himself was to fall in Jack Harris' San Antonio variety theatre a few years later), brooding Jack's abuse of him, figuring what Ben would do in like circumstances and illumining his view of the situation by frequent resorts to red eye, by evening Bill had rowled himself ready for action.

So it happened that at the very moment Buck finished our introduction to "Miss De Puyster," Bill suddenly stepped within the door of the saloon and took a quick snap-shot at Tucker who was directly across the bar from us and in the act of passing Fant a glass of whiskey with his left hand. The ball cut off three of Tucker's fingers and the tip of the fourth and, the bar being narrow, spattered us with his blood. Tucker fell, momentarily, from the shock.

Supposing from Tucker's quick drop he had made an instant kill, Bill stuck his pistol in his waistband and started leisurely out of the door and down the street. But no sooner was he out of the house than Jim sprang up, seized a sawed-off ten-gauge shotgun, ran to the door, levelled the gun across the stump of his maimed left hand, and emptied into Bill's back, at about ten paces, a trifle more No. 4 shot than his system could assimilate.

Perhaps altogether ten minutes were wasted on this incident and the time taken to tourniquet and tie up Jim's wound and to pack Bill inside and stow him in a corner behind the faro lookout's chair; and then Jim's understudy called, "Pardners fo' th' next dance!"

The fiddlers bravely tackled but soon got hopelessly beyond their depth in "The Blue Danube," and dancing and frolic were resumed with "Miss De Puyster" still the belle of the ball.—*By Edgar Beecher Bronson, from Frontier Times, November 1949*

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

back down to Blythe and Los Angeles. What a grand and glorious feeling again. Stayed around Los Angeles about a month or so, visited my friend's uncle a few days, sold the car and came back on the Santa Fe. Cost $98.50 on the sleeper to Chicago. Two days and a night and another day back to Michigan.

Whatever it cost us at the time was well worth it for all the experience we gained. Made this trip several times a lot later on but with all the new roads built, things just didn't seem the same. And now I'd have to fly 'cause you know how old all the First World War vets are. I was a motorcycle driver in the vet corps then and loved driving with a side car. Most of the cars we had at that time were T models and four-door Dodges. Black Jack Pershing had a Pierce-Arrow and a big sergeant for a driver. It looked as long as a box car to us then.

I was driving to Chaumont in France one day, which was American headquarters, in the T model touring car with a major and a captain, and about a half-mile from town, coming down the road, was a camel and a horse hitched to a wagon. How do you like that? Hitched side by side. France had really good roads at that time compared with what we had here in the States.—George Pohl, 204 E. Cass Street, St. Johns, Michigan 48879

Lived in Content, Texas

I was very happy to see the story, "They Called It Content," by Juanita Daniel Zachry in the March issue of FRONTIER TIMES. I attended my first school in Content. Father's name was John Wylie Daniel, he was only forty-four years of age when he died in Content. The two Dr. Allens were with him. My mother ran the hotel in 1907. I believe my father's half-brother is Mrs. Zachry's grandfather, Uncle Tom Daniel of Novice.

I also have a picture of the Allens and remember them well, although I did not know that Mrs. Allen was a doctor also, as my mother spoke of them many times as "Doctor and Mrs. Allen."

I saw my first automobile coming into town and tore my dress trying to get under the fence into our yard. The schoolhouse was a large two-story building. The W.O.W. held their lodge meetings upstairs and perhaps other organizations did also. At that time there were five children in our family. I am the only one left. My husband retired from the Santa Fe in 1967, as an engineer. I love all your magazines.—Mrs. W. L. Gray Sr., Box 534, Little River, Texas 76554

Elephant in a Gravel Pit

In 1898 we moved from Madison County, Iowa to Sheridan County, Kansas. I was then four years old and lived in Kansas until 1909. We moved to Woodward County, Oklahoma by covered wagon in November and lived there until February 15, 1918, then went to Wichita, Kansas and enlisted in the Marines for World War I. After the war, which was one and a half years in Europe, I came back to Iowa.

I enjoy your western stories, especially the ones about Kansas and Oklahoma. In the March 1971 issue of FRONTIER TIMES, the story, "Spirit Spring of the Osage" near Afton, Oklahoma, by Velma Nieberding, was especially interesting to me because I lived about eight years in Oklahoma. Also because about twelve years ago a nephew of mine, while working in a pit scooping out gravel for the roads, uncovered a skull of an elephant and about half of a tusk still intact. This gravel pit was twelve miles southeast of Woodward and of course got a lot of publicity at that time. I have wondered ever since how the elephant could have been in Oklahoma at that time. The story of the springs and old bones of large animals cleared up that mystery for me. They were all there at the same time, centuries ago.

I don't know where the elephant bones are now, but anyone interested could contact Dave Wreath, Rural Route, Mutual, Oklahoma. I feel sure he would know for he was the man who dug it up.

Thanks for the good story. I will be looking forward to many more.—Ivan McGinnis, Box 102, Stuart, Iowa 50250

Boyhood Days in Mexico

A few days ago, my wife was going to the Chicasaw Library and I asked her to bring me something to read. She came out with several of your magazines which I did not know existed. (I trust you will merely smile at my ignorance—I enjoyed reading them very much.)

When I got home, the name "Kosterlitzsky" in the September 1970 issue stopped time with a thud and I began thinking back to my boyhood days in Empalme, Sonora, Mexico during the Madero revolution. My father was with the Southern Pacific, which at that time ran down the west coast as far as Tepic. The Yaqui Indians caused so much trouble for a while that the S.P. de M. had to run troop trains in front of passenger trains for protection.

There was no love lost between the Yaquis and my father, whom they called "Carne Seca." They finally did score a small hit and it was reported in the United States that he was dead. An undertaker met the train at Nogales but Dad walked off the train and into a hospital.

But old memories are leading me away from the subject of Colonel Kosterlitzsky. He was an impressive looking fellow and smoked his own special brand of cigars, which had his name on the gold cigar band. When I was introduced to him, he very ceremoniously offered me one of his cigars, which I tried to accept gracefully. I put it in my steamer trunk with the other mementoes but it became chipped and worn-looking long before I was old enough to smoke.

And a word about Mr. Greene at Cananea might be of interest. Whether Greene was pulling Dad's leg or not, I don't know—but I remember that he took the incident seriously. Once while visiting Greene at Cananea, he said he woke up in the morning and saw a very large snake on the floor between his bed and his gun, which was on a chair by

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the door. The hair kinda rose up on the back of his head and he yelled for assistance. The Chinese cook came in and calmly said, "Him Charlie, he no harm," and gently shooed the snake out of the room. It seems that the snake was an important member of the family.

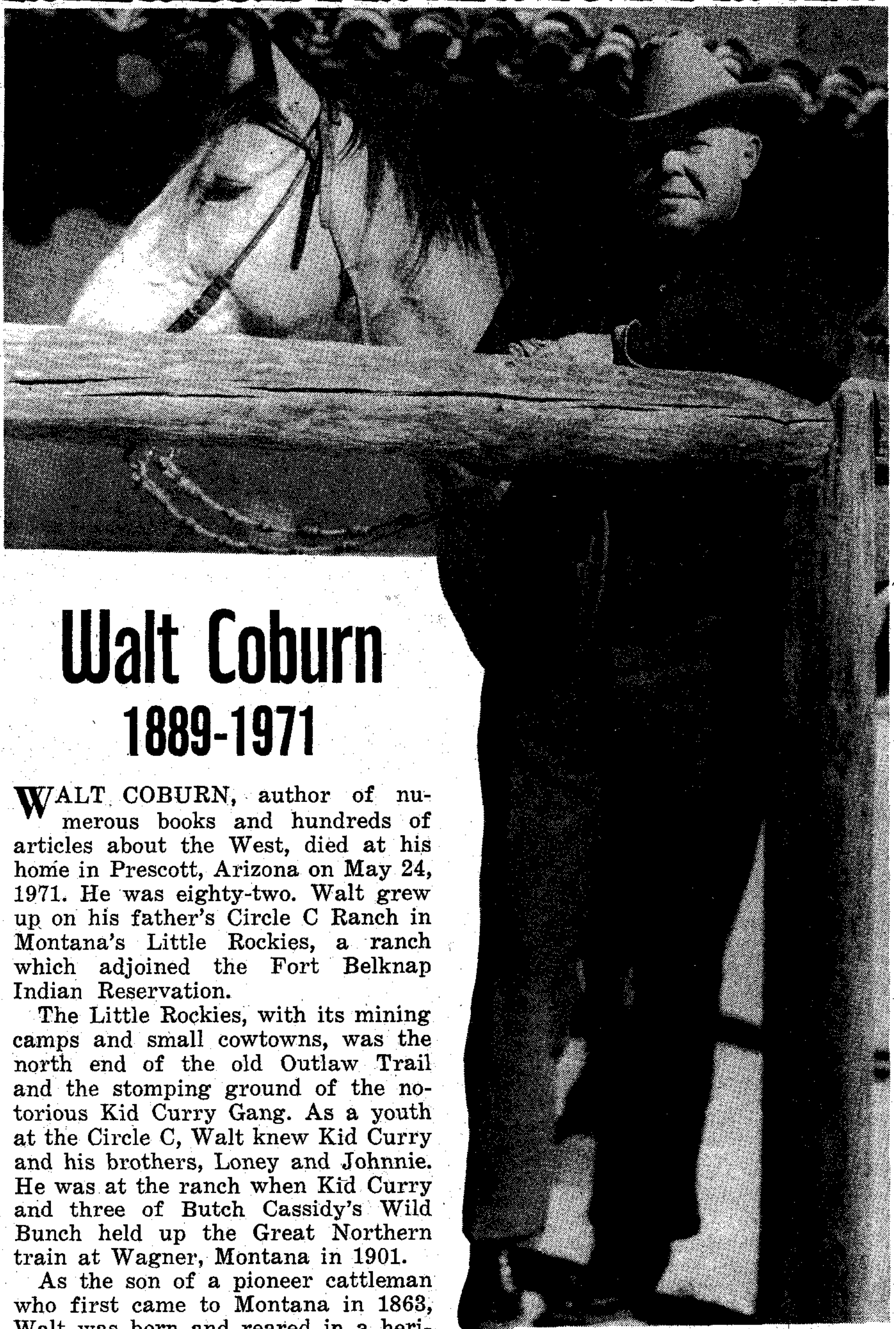
As I think about it now, it was unusual for Greene to leave his gun so far away from his bed—but fortunately he did, or there might have been another incident at Cananea.

Empalme was headquarters of the S.P. de M. and although I remember many American playmates, I also had many young Mexican friends—especially after a group of them surrounded me one day and asked me which flag I liked the best, the American or the Mexican. I sure did some fast thinking and must have been blessed with a surge of diplomatic wisdom because I remember saying loudly, "The Mexican flag!"

Well, sir, that was the magic reply and I was immediately accepted as one of them. They taught me their "war cry" which we went around yelling in unison—if we were not having fun playing marbles, etc. Who composed this "poem" or how widespread it was, I don't know, but after sixty years I still remember it:

Yo tengo tobacco,
Yo tengo dinero,
Mucho trabajo
Vive Madero!

—R. G. Patterson, 318 D. Street, S.W., Ardmore, Oklahoma 73401



Walt Coburn

1889-1971

WALT COBURN, author of numerous books and hundreds of articles about the West, died at his home in Prescott, Arizona on May 24, 1971. He was eighty-two. Walt grew up on his father's Circle C Ranch in Montana's Little Rockies, a ranch which adjoined the Fort Belknap Indian Reservation.

The Little Rockies, with its mining camps and small cowtowns, was the north end of the old Outlaw Trail and the stomping ground of the notorious Kid Curry Gang. As a youth at the Circle C, Walt knew Kid Curry and his brothers, Loney and Johnnie. He was at the ranch when Kid Curry and three of Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch held up the Great Northern train at Wagner, Montana in 1901.

As the son of a pioneer cattleman who first came to Montana in 1863, Walt was born and reared in a heritage that was in his blood and a part of his being. It was when he was working as a cowhand on the Circle C that he gained first-hand knowledge of the ranch country as well as outlaws, lawmen, gamblers and Indians.

In 1916 the Circle C sold out and Walt joined his two older brothers in Globe, Arizona to work for the Coburn Cattle Company. Except for a stint in World War I, his life was strictly that of a cowboy—until he was put on crutches by a two-year-old maverick bull. When the doctor pronounced Walt's days as a cowhand "over and done with," he turned to writing.

Walt's feeling about this unexpected turn of events was, in his words, "Let it be said here and now that the Creator of that breed of man called the cowhand, cowboy, and cattleman, for some reason known only to the Señor Dios, selected this cowhand-writer among the chosen few to record the history of that hardy breed of pioneer. For looking back along my years of writing I know full well, by the grace and generosity of God, that has been my destiny, and if in any measure I have failed to fulfill that destiny, the fault is mine."

We, as publishers of Coburn articles for almost twenty years, know he did not fail. And readers, who have expressed their appreciation of his stories in our magazines and asked for more, know he did not fail. The roping accident that pulled young Walt Coburn off a horse and saddled him to a typewriter chair was a boon to every person who loves the West.

John Healy in Alaska

I enjoy FRONTIER TIMES very much. I do, however, feel compelled to add a postscript to the story about John Healy of "Fort Whoop-Up." Mr. Healy did not exactly vanish when he came to Alaska. He was supposed to have stopped briefly here in Juneau during the 1880s, then moved on to Dyea where he established a trading post. Mr. Healy was quick to see the possibilities here in Alaska. Around 1890 he was able to get backing from John and Michael Cudahy of the Cudahy Meat Packing Company and Portus Weare in establishing the "North American Transportation and Trading Company."

This company was the only real competition of the Alaska Commercial Company. They were well established when the gold rush started and it was the N.A.T.&T. Co. steamer *Portland* which docked in Seattle, Washington July 17, 1897 with almost 100 tons of gold. The Alaska Commercial Company vessel *Excelsior* had arrived in San Francisco, California two days prior to this. It was these two gold-laden vessels that started the gold rush to the Klondike.

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ing company in Alaska and the Yukon until 1906 when they sold their river fleet. They sold the last mercantile store in 1912 to the Northern Commercial Company.

One memento of the N.A.T.&T. Co. I have is a token of twenty-five cent denomination, made of white metal. These tokens were issued in 25¢, $1.00, and $1.10 denominations. If anyone has any of these tokens and wishes to dispose of them please let me know.

As you can see, Mr. Healy had quite a page in Alaska's history as well as Montana's.—K. Dethridge, Box 785, Juneau, Alaska 99801

Charles Milliron

I am writing to ask if any of your readers have ever heard of the former owner of a Colt .45 S. A. I recently acquired.

The owner was Charles Milliron of Dayton, Pennsylvania. Mr. Milliron left for the West about 1877. He was said to have carried this Colt for twenty-five years.

The information I have is that he was quite a gunslinger and traveled from Montana to Texas. He returned to Dayton in 1927 and died shortly after. Charles Milliron was known as Pennsylvania Charlie.

I would appreciate any information on Milliron or information on how to go about finding something about him. In collecting guns for over twenty years, I have checked on Civil War soldiers through the Archives Department or the G.A.R., but this is a little different. I would appreciate any help you can give me.—Raymond Wefing, Box 106, Maple Springs, New York 14756

Pull a Tooth to Sooth a Mule

In your March 1971 FRONTIER TIMES, Mrs. Carter of Rifle, Colorado writes about a mean, stall-kicking mule. At present I am pushing close to eighty years and hope to get started on my second eighty.

There were many stall-kicking mules and cribbing horses. A mule does not kick unless he had learned a reason to do so. I used to make good money training mules not to kick. It takes about three hours. No abuse to the mule either. I charged $3 per mule.

A stall-kicker is just showing his reaction to a bad tooth or teeth. A cribbing horse for the same reason. I am not a veterinarian or dentist but I have pulled teeth for men in grading camps, logging camps, lumber camps and farms. How often have you seen others stamp their feet or suck air when something caused a bad tooth to act up?

In the case of a stall-kicking mule I used a wand halter to throw them easy. Hog tie it with soft cotton rope, fit the jawspreaders to keep his mouth open, then take a two- or three-ounce little hammer and lightly tap each tooth. He will tense up and move when you tap the sore tooth or teeth.

When you have located the bad tooth or teeth, then pull it. This is not always easy as a few times I have had to use a breast drill and quarter-inch bit to go up through the jawbone and then use a pin-punch to knock the tooth out. Be sure and get all of the root of any pulled tooth. This sometimes requires use of gouges or screw-tip pullers.

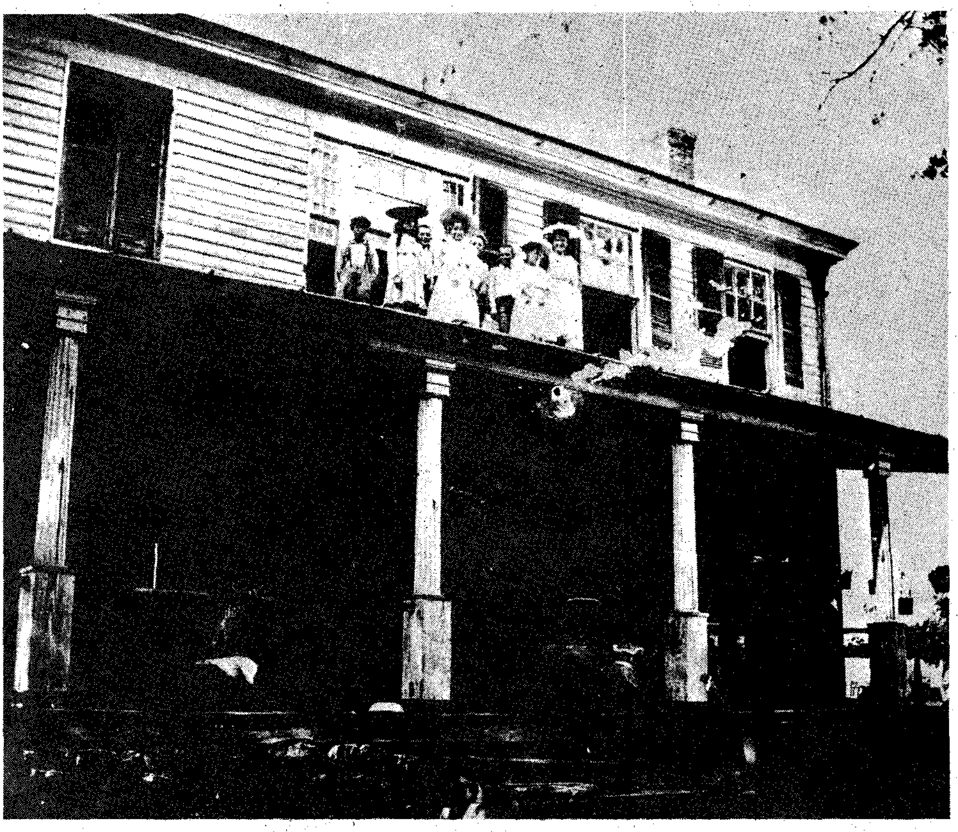
I use peroxide of hydrogen to boil the cavity out clean and wash it out with water. Then use tincture of iodine to cauterize the cavity. In a day or two the mule will quit kicking his stall to pieces.

A cribbing horse sucks air to try and ease the pain of a bad tooth or teeth. Use the same method as on the mule.

Other animals have tooth trouble also, the same as humans. But the human reasons that he is the perfect animal and all others are to be punished or shot. He does not give justice to an honest animal and very little mercy.

Sure, there are a lot of tricks in horse-trading. The gypsies were the most adept at it, as they would train a boy from five or six years old in the arts of caring for and treating animals. They did not like to handle mules. The gypsy grew up and may not have been able to read or write, but he knew his work and probably could speak as many as four other languages.

The oil fields and coal mines were places where mules and horses were really abused the most. Of course, there were farmers equally as abusive to their draft stock. The best treatment I have seen was given by oxen-drivers in the oil fields. The whips or black snakes popped and they had a language of their own. But I never saw one even touch an ox with the tip of his whip.—H. Tyler, 3932 East Fremont, Stockton, California 95205



Robert Jones' Rose Hill plantation home.

Choctaw Who Lived Like a King

(Continued from page 27)

make more money.

In addition to the several businesses he owned he had a knack for hiring honest and faithful employees, whom he rewarded commensurately with their achievements. By the time of the War Between the States Robert McDonald Jones was known far and near as a millionaire—the wealthiest single member of the Choctaw Nation.

In 1843 he built for his second wife, Susan Colbert Jones, what was called the Rose Hill mansion, a colonial-style frame structure which stood until 1911 when it was destroyed by fire of unknown origin. Built by slave labor, many of its materials were brought upstream from New Orleans. Each room featured a separate type of wood in its interior, each had a fireplace. Tall, colonial columns adorned four porches.

Nothing remains today of the white marble slabs which formed a walkway from the broad front veranda to the road which brought the stagecoach past the plantation (which was also a mail stop). This marble walkway went through the rose gardens, where hundreds of bushes bloomed to give the plantation its name of Rose Hill. It passed a fenced area in which native deer lived in protection in their own park.

Known far and near for their hospitality, Robert and Susan Jones entertained lavishly in those days, a meal seldom being without guests who were served from the finest china, crystal and imported sterling silver cutlery.

Jones, a kindly and courteous man, reportedly always had the most humble and least important guests served first at his table, and these were given the best rooms in the house when they spent the night.

Mrs. Jones' wardrobe—like those of their children—was almost entirely imported and she traveled about the country in an elaborate conveyance drawn by matched black horses.

THOSE were to be the best years of Robert Jones' life, marred only by the death at the age of five of their firstborn son, George, whose small body was placed in the first grave opened in the plot chosen by the parents for their family cemetery. It was fifteen years later when the second grave was opened to contain the mortal remains of Susan Colbert Jones, who died January 1, 1860.

War clouds were gathering but happiness in still another marriage awaited the big Choctaw, although he had recently lost $100,000 in gold which he had lent to a New Orleans cotton factor.

Two of the five children born to Jones and his third wife, Elizabeth Earle Jones, survived and with a daughter from the second marriage, gave him much pleasure, although the astute Indian doubtlessly realized that the upcoming emancipation of slaves would reduce much of his plantation production and change his whole way of life. As he had foreseen, the War Between the States stripped him of much of his cash assets, and emanicpation strangled his farm and livestock operations.

For eight years Jones struggled against adversity, still a comparatively rich man in land-holdings and the fine Rose Hill home and a similar mansion he had built his last wife in Paris, Texas. Then the struggle ended. Robert McDonald Jones died February 22, 1873, and was buried at his beloved Rose Hill —"The perfect man . . . the end . . . is peace."

For his survivors there was no peace. His will, dated a year before his death, was filed for probate and distribution. But Dr. Samuel W. Bailey, who married Elizabeth Jones about a year after Robert's death, assumed supervision of the lands, and some of the heirs felt he was delaying distribution to them of the estate their father and grandfather had left them. Tragedies resulted.

When Robert McDonald Jones Jr., son of the third wife, Elizabeth, reached his majority he assumed leadership of other heirs in demanding immediate settlement and distribution. These heirs felt put off by the doctor, and when young Jones and Robert Love, son of the second wife's surviving daughter, Frances, renewed demands to Doctor Bailey one day at the Lake West Plantation, not far from present-day Durant, Oklahoma, an argument ensued and the doctor was shot to death. History does not record who fired the fatal shots, but no penalty was paid by either man for the homicide.

A year later young Jones went to the Boggy River Plantation, east of Lake West, on a matter of business. Here the doctor's old overseer, Tom Young, attempted to arrest Jones for the death of his former employer. In the battle which followed Young was killed and Jones escaped amid the confusion, shortly to die of natural causes in St. Louis, Missouri.

One more tragedy was to touch the Jones heirs. Frances Jones Love, widowed daughter of Robert and Susan Jones and mother of the Robert Love who had been with Robert Jones Jr. when they accosted Doctor Bailey on that fatal day, was married to her third husband, Tom Paine from Lamar County, Texas. Paine was the target of much hatred by the Rose Hill plantation workmen.

One day he became angered when some workmen, under orders of Mrs. Paine, began cutting timber. He strapped on two revolvers and rode a horse to the worksite, where he demanded that the men stop work immediately. Reportedly this order was complied with—they stopped chopping trees but used their axes on Tom Paine, hacking the arrogant horseman to death.

This was the last of the homicides involving the vast estate of "the perfect man . . . the upright," the man whose end was peace.

Nuggets

(Continued from page 33)

fortune, the nature of which he did not disclose.

With some difficulty Mitchell lifted the case into his dray, flipped the reins and urged his horse into a gallop toward home to show the prize to his wife. Mrs. Mitchell waited expectantly as her husband pried the boards loose, but when the contents were exposed she uttered a little cry of horror. The unlucky groceryman had paid his money for a human body so badly decomposed it was little more than a skeleton.

When Mitchell notified Portland police they refused to remove the corpse on the grounds that it was Mitchell's property; but at the same time they informed him he was responsible for funeral costs. Mitchell consulted a lawyer who feverishly consulted statute books and then sadly informed his client that he would have to buy a cemetery plot and bury the remains at his own expense.

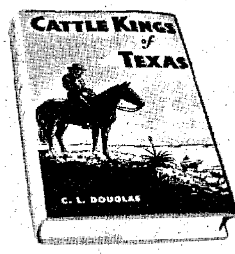
Mourning for his lost money, the grocer stood with bowed head while a preacher mumbled an incantation as the unknown person was lowered into the grave. Mitchell was alone in his sorrow as his wife had refused flatly to be present at the interment.

GETTING TO THE DOCTOR

By Mrs. Grace L. Harris

(From our 1941 FRONTIER TIMES)

I HAVE OFTEN wished that someone would write a tribute to our good old frontier doctors. The country in Mon-



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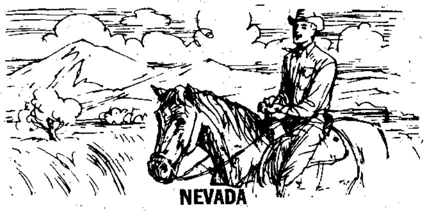

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We sure don't want to be sending magazines to empty houses and would appreciate your sending in a change of address each time you move—and it looks like we are moving a heap these days!

tana where I was raised is by river and creek valleys, and it is rougher than Texas. We lived on one of the main roads down Tongue River. Every now and then there would be some cowboy smashed up away towards the Wyoming line, and some foreman would start a cowboy on the best horse in the outfit for Miles City and the doctor. The cowboy would ride in to some ranch and tell the owner that someone was hurt and ask for a fresh horse. The best horse on the ranch would be led out, saddled and bridled, and the cowboy would be on his way again without loss of time, and ride on to the next place where another fresh horse would be secured, making the distance of fifty or seventy-five miles in the quickest possible time. I have often wondered why they didn't ride to Sheridan, Wyoming instead of Miles City, but perhaps they were afraid of that eighty-mile dry drive mentioned by Andy Adams in his book. That was long years before Andy wrote his book, but it is there all right. I drove it in an automobile with my daughter several years ago.

One night after I was married, someone came to our door in the middle of a November night. My husband went out to the dining room and lit the big base-burner heating stove, and invited the caller in. I went back to sleep, and when I awoke early in the morning my husband had not come back to bed, so I was thoroughly frightened. It was hours before he returned to inform me that Bob Silway, a neighbor who lived forty miles south of our ranch, wanted to borrow the driving team to go to town for the doctor to come and attend his neighbor's wife who was critically ill. As there was no one to stay with the sick woman if her husband went for the doctor, Silway had volunteered to go. My husband kept one horse in the barn and the rest of the horses were out in the pasture, so he had put on overshoes, overcoat, fur cap, and gloves, and rode the pasture over several times before he found the horses lying down. They were gray in summer time, but with their heavy winter coats on they appeared nearly white. He had looked for the team nearly two hours in that cold and snow, with the temperature forty degrees below zero. Silway got the team and went on after the doctor, who was hurried to the sick woman and she recovered.

Another day a neighbor who lived fifteen miles away came to our ranch and wanted a fresh saddle horse to ride to get the doctor. I was alone. There was only the driving team, two husky cayuses, and I told him he might saddle the most likely one, but he rode away and got a fresh horse fifteen miles down the road.

In the 1880s a cowboy was badly hurt near our ranch and the foreman sent him to our log house for my mother's tender care until he recovered. My older sister was at home then and she was considered a very pretty girl—I have often smiled since over that boy's slow recovery.

One cold night a young doctor came over to our ranch and asked for a fresh team. I was alone again, and the only team was a big work team and I told him he could use them, but he thought he could make better time with his tired livery team and drove on up the road. He had more than sixty miles to go, but felt confident he could get a team somewhere up the line.

Another time a neighbor who lived twenty-five miles away came to our ranch and wanted a fresh horse. He was taking his family to the doctor and was greatly handicapped by having to travel through mud ankle-deep to the horses. Of course fresh mounts were led out, and the poor woman rode away with her sick baby clasped to her heart, afraid the child would not live the rest of the long trip to town. That night one of Montana's March blizzards descended on the country and by morning the mud was covered with nearly a foot of snow. It was two weeks before we heard from our horses, but the baby recovered and everyone was happy.

I RECALL another time, when a man rode in to a ranch on the Rosebud River and told the woman of the ranch that he was going to the railroad town thirty miles away for the doctor. She said he had a shifty eye and a Roman nose, and somehow she didn't believe him. There were a number of range horses in her pasture, and among them one or two broken enough to ride, but she said to the man, "Those horses are not broken; not one of them ever had a rope on." He took her refusal in good part, and went on down to a Mr. Graham's ranch, six miles, where he told the same story of a tired horse and an urgent need for a doctor. As was always the way in those days the best horse, a lovely big black, was led out, and the tired horse fed and cared for.

A week or two afterwards, Mr. Graham made inquiries about his horse and found it in a livery stable barn in Rosebud, with a good stiff livery bill against him and the shifty-eyed Roman-nosed four-flusher had taken the train for parts unknown. This is the only time I ever knew anyone to get a fresh horse under false pretenses, unless it was stolen, and there were no pretenses about that game.

One time a Texas cowboy, whom I know, saw a rattlesnake crawl into a hole. He jumped off his horse and started to pull the rattler off, thinking, he said afterwards, that the snake could not turn around in its hole. It turned, however, and bit him on the hand. The boys put him on a good horse and started him to town. He rode half the distance and got a fresh horse and a pint of whiskey, and reached the doctor, who said later that for three days he held but little hope for the young man's recovery, but he did recover.

People did not consider they had done anything out of the ordinary in going long distances after the doctor, or in providing fresh horses to be used for the purpose. It was a good neighborly custom, and reckoned as such. When our neighbor took his own team and drove forty miles in that freezing November weather, and my husband got up in the freezing night and dressed in fur coat and cap, and saddled up with frozen latigo to ride two hours or more looking for our team, and all that, neither man ever spoke of it again, as if it were just an ordinary occurrence. Then the doctor drove the forty miles to our ranch, forty more to Mr. Silway's ranch, and the sick woman was fifteen miles beyond Mr. Silway's. The doctor drove night and day and all the sleep he got was while sitting beside the driver. No one ever gave those old-time doctors the credit due for those trying trips. People seemed to think it was their place to make those hard trips. Of course they were paid, but there are some things money can't pay for.

National Archives Photo Courtesy Author

Major Andrew S. Burt

AN EARLIER CUSTER MASSACRE WAS POSSIBLE

By Henry Minar

A SLAUGHTER such as the Custer Massacre could have happened eight years earlier. It would have been the Battle of the Little Big Horn, 1868, instead of 1876.

If the Custer affair can be used as a yardstick, and there seems no reason why it can't be, then a similar fate could have awaited Major Andrew Sheridan Burt and four companies of the 27th Infantry from little-known Fort C. F. Smith. And Major Burt asked for it.

In a letter to his supervisors at Fort Kearney from Fort Smith on the Big Horn River in Montana Territory, the major requested: "Should it meet with the approval of the Department Commander and if he does not contemplate our immediate removal from this country, I would like his permission to make an expedition against this [Sioux] camp with four companies of this battalion, leaving one to hold the post . . . .

"If I should take the Sioux village by surprise, as I feel confident that I can [Custer was confident, too], as it is now and I believe will continue to be for some time within a few hours march of the post, I may be able to follow up with telling effect the advantage I must obtain in the event of an attack." Burt also cited to the Department Commander that "a company of cavalry would be necessary" to make the surprise attack.

He had reached Fort Smith November 25, 1867, with three commissioned officers and ninety-four enlisted men. He wasn't a novice at Indian fighting. His troops, camped on Crazy Woman's Fork the night of November 13 en route to Fort Smith, fought off an attack by a war party of Indians "variously estimated at one hundred to two hundred—[they] made a sudden rush on all sides of the camp, shooting and yelling." Burt reported he was "without the loss of a man or an animal," in the night-time battle which continued for an hour. In the same message in which he requested permission to attack the Indians, he wrote that "the Sioux are encamped in large numbers on the Little Big Horn River."

Only one factor was delaying an assault on Fort C. F. Smith. Burt informed his superiors that the Sioux are "waiting until their medicine lodge is completed before attempting in large numbers further hostile demonstrations against this post."

The major, who assumed command of the fort April 1 after departure on leave of Brigadier General Luther P. Bradley, had received his intelligence reports from the friendly Crow Indians, who "bring to us many and varied stories of the intentions of the Sioux."

Red Cloud and his warriors had become active after wintering in large force on the Rosebud, and apparently he had moved and now held forth on the Little Big Horn. The Sioux had been testing the Fort Smith defenses.

On November 4, 1867, a Sioux war party attacked a wagontrain bound from Fort Kearny to Fort Smith and wounded Lieutenant Shirley, the commanding officer, killed two privates, wounded three others and seized a mule team and a wagonload of supplies and sutler's goods.

On a frigid January morning at daybreak, a band of sixty Sioux stole a herd of fifty-five mules and ponies from a wood contractor's camp three miles north of Fort Smith.

On April 16, 1868, thirty Sioux raced toward the fort and attempted to drive off a herd of mules belonging to emigrants. "After brisk firing, Captain Templeton succeeded in driving the Indians off and saved the herd," Burt reported in a "post return" for that day. The major cautioned his men against indiscriminate firing in a move to conserve ammunition. On a recent occasion, he reported, six hundred rounds of ammunition were fired "one-half of which was unauthorized and foolish."

MAJOR BURT never received an answer from his superiors to his request for permission to attack the Sioux camp on the Little Big Horn. He had asked for a fight. Custer, on the other hand, proceeded under orders, the interpretation of which has been the subject of never-ending surmise.

What Major Andrew Burt didn't know when he made his request was that a treaty already had been signed on April 28 with the Sioux Nation at Fort Laramie. He had no knowledge of this because of slow communication.

He didn't know that the United States Army had agreed to abandon its three Bozeman Trail military posts—Forts Reno, Kearny and Smith. He didn't know that the Indians' hunting grounds—all that area north of the North Platte River and east of the Big Horn Mountains—had been turned back to the Indians.

Thus eight years later Custer and his troopers became victims. Burt and his troopers could have been—if he had received authority to assault the Sioux camp on the Little Big Horn. Instead, it became Burt's duty to direct evacuation of Fort Smith.

Disposal of government property was the first step. General Myers, chief quartermaster, advertised sale of all government property at Fort Smith on June 1 but on the same day Burt issued an order delaying the sale "on the grounds of an insufficient number of bidders." On June 16 Burt wrote his superiors at Fort Kearny that "I am sorry to state to the Department Commander that it is as I feared—the property is not commanding such prices as it would had there been a number of bidders from the Gallatin Valley.

"But still it must be remembered that the most of this property is worthless to the government to be transported to the railroad nor can any buyer or buyers be expected to pay large prices for articles delivered in the heart of the Indian country three hundred miles from a settlement or market and a poor one at this writing."

Later in June the Army hired an auctioneer at six dollars a day. He had nothing to do. There were no buyers. Finally, Nelson Story of Bozeman, famous for his wagontrain exploits, bought some of the government property for less than a song. For five dollars he purchased a saw mill which had been hauled to Smith from Fort Kearny by twelve ox teams. As one historian explained: "He bought practically all the other property that was sold at Fort Smith since he was the only bidder in most cases. He got good stoves for twenty-five cents and much of the furniture at the same extremely low prices."

Government-hired Diamond R wagontrains hauled other government property and dumped it at Fort Ellis near Bozeman. The final entry in the monthly report from the fort read: "Post Fort C.F. Smith abandoned 29th inst. of July, 1868." Strength of the post at the time was 264 men. They marched off to Cheyenne in Wyoming Territory and the railroad—later reaching Omaha.

On July 30 Red Cloud and his warriors burned Fort C. F. Smith to the ground.

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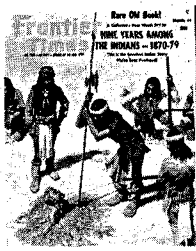
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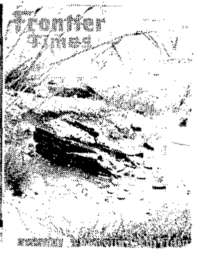
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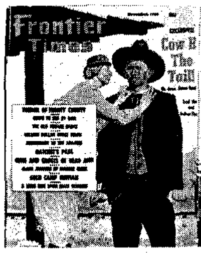
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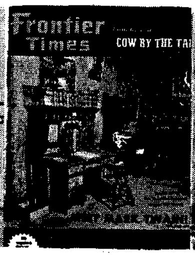
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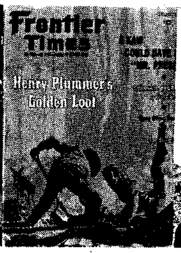
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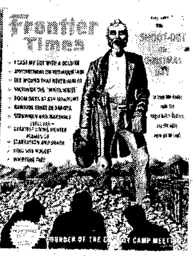
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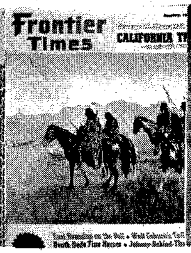
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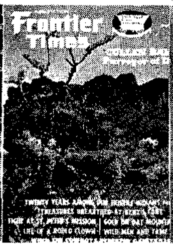
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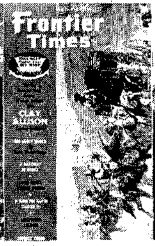
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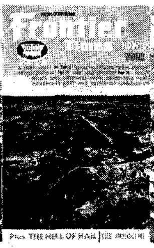
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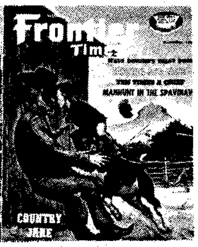
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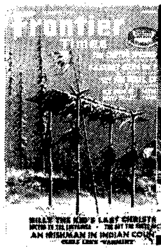
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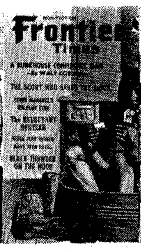
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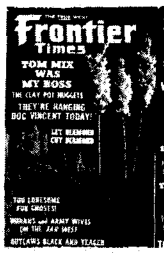
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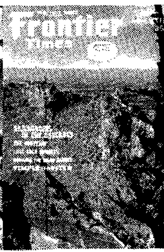
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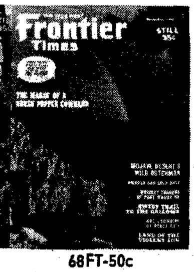
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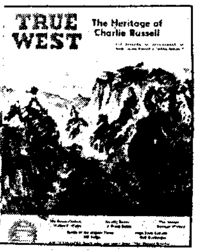
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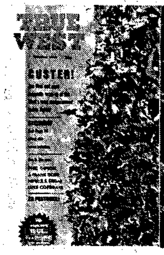
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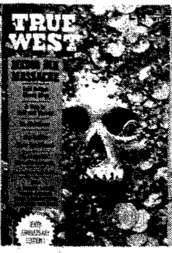
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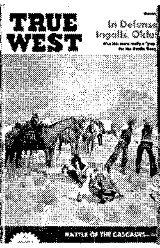
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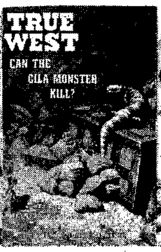
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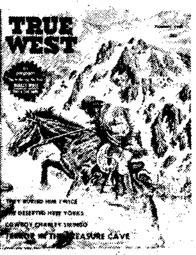
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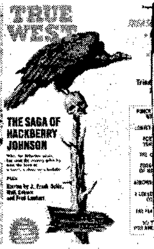
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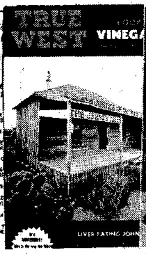
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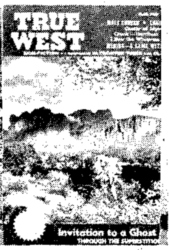
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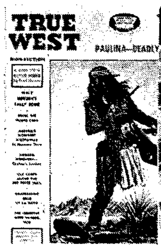
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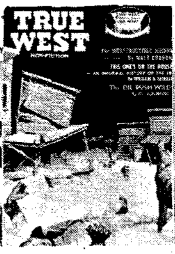
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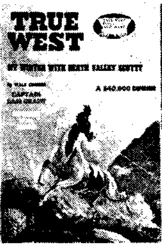
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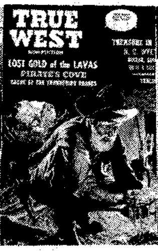
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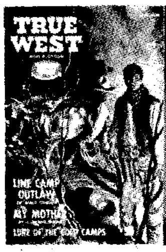
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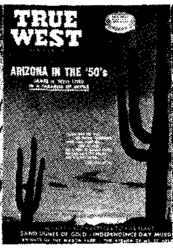
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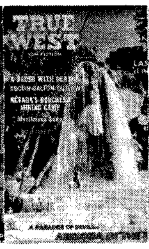
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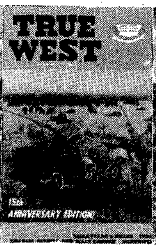
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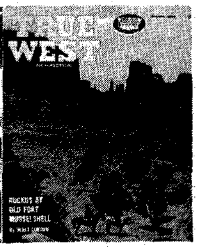
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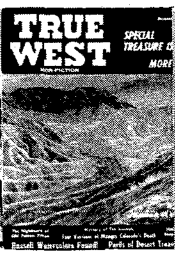
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TRAILS GROWN DIM

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Luther Myrick Holt

My grandfather was Luther Myrick Holt, born 1840 in Sylvan, Michigan. He died in 1920 in Los Angeles and is buried in Rosedale Cemetery. In 1860 he married Libby J. Graves of Vinton, Iowa. They had twin boys, born in 1861, now deceased. Another son was Shirley (in 1963 he was living in Hollywood, California). In 1870 Luther moved to Sacramento, California, then south to Riverside around 1872. He became owner-editor of the *Riverside Press and Horticultural* from 1880 until 1888. Libby died in Riverside in 1895. In 1897 he married my grandmother, Mary Butterfield Holt. In 1904 he and Mrs. Holt legally adopted my mother, Edna Kathryn Holt. My mother married Harold F. Washburn in 1921 and I was born in 1923, three years after Luther's death.

As he figured prominently in the growth and development of southern California during the boom years of the '90s, his name is mentioned quite often in California history books. In 1904 he was a member of the California Development Company, active in Imperial Valley, and in 1908, shortly before he retired, he wrote and published a book, *Christian Science Churches Architectures.*

If anyone in Vinton or Irving, Iowa; Hillsdale, Michigan; Los Angeles, Riverside, or Imperial Valley, California can give me any information, documents, letters, or pictures of Luther M. Holt, I would be most appreciative.—Mary Jane Setterfield, 9831 Juniper Ext., Yucapia, California 92399

Beal and Webster

I'd like to contact two World War II friends, Alvin J. Beal and Edward L. Webster (Indian), Squadron "X," U.S. Army.—E. L. Wilson, USAF (RET), Route 1, Box 1, Newport, Arkansas 72112

Jack Gordon

Jack, where are you? Jack Gordon, who graduated with the 1922 class of SCHS of Scott County, Kansas, a 50th anniversary class reunion is being planned for 1972 and to make it perfect we need you in attendance. Jack, or anyone who knows of him, please write. —Mrs. Ervin (Agatha) Gruben, 210 East 7th Street, Scott City, Kansas 67871

Boggs, Carghill and Purinton

In July 1916, at the age of fourteen, I managed to join the First Texas Engineers as sort of a mascot. The commissioned officers of this battalion were Boggs, Carghill and Purinton. Would like to hear from any of these men, if still living, or anyone who might have information about them.—Clay E. Hendricks, Box 385, Boswell, Oklahoma 74727

John Leslie Livingston

I'm trying to locate my brother, John Leslie Livingston, whose last address was North McAlester, Oklahoma in 1930. He had a family there. His sisters were Bea and Goldie, living in Pennsylvania, and father, Joseph Livingston. He would be seventy-four years old. Anyone who knew him, please write.—Lewis McDowell, 22 Summitt Avenue, Uniontown, Pennsylvania 15401

Prothero-Patterson

My great-grandfather, Frank Prothero, was born in Visalia, California in the late 1860s, son of Joseph and Barbara A. Rhoads Prothero. In 1890 he married Sadie Patterson in St. Xavier Mission, Tucson.

He was a deputy sheriff in Phoenix, Arizona in the late 1800s. He was shot while capturing three men. This later caused his death. He was at one time a scout for Fort Apache with a Mr. Meadows. He had one daughter, Farrol Prothero Prouty.

Sadie Patterson, born in Sherman, Texas in 1870, had at least one brother, William. He was a member of the Sherman, Texas police force. I'd appreciate any further information on either of my great-grandparents.—Mrs. Evelyn Thompson, 737 Nevada St., Manteca, California 95336

Joshua Martindale

Joshua Martindale, whose life spanned the approximate dates 1835-1887, was a frontier scout, wagonmaster, and friend and liaison to the Indians. I recently learned of his relationship to me and I am very eager to secure more information about his life. As far as I know, he traveled the Dakotas and Missouri, but the Great Plains seems to have been his main area of operation. He is buried somewhere in Kansas. I would be grateful to anyone who contacts me with anything about him that would enlighten my quest.—Donald Nassie, Box 526, Lake City, California 96115

Jopling-Tankersley-Mason-Dooley

George Brown Jopling was one of the first white men to settle in Comanche County, Texas. His wife was Mary Ann Elizabeth Cole. He died in Jonesboro, Hamilton County, Texas about 1889. Their oldest daughter, Frances Jopling, married Jim Tankersley. Is this the same man who was killed and scalped by Comanches near Camp Collier in May 1862, or the same one who was the first postmaster of Comanche, Texas? Jim and Frances Tankersley had one daughter, Mary, who married Dave Mason. I think they had two sons, Crockett and Willis Mason.

Frances Jopling Tankersley married her second husband, George Dooley, and they had a son, George L., born about 1866. He married Bell Dempster. I'd appreciate any information about these families.—Mrs. Ruth Manning, Rt. 1, Box 144, Newalla, Oklahoma 74857

General George Custer's Relatives

I am a fourth cousin of General George Custer and would like to hear from anyone related to him. I'm also interested in knowing what he owned, about his holdings in the Northwest, and who owns them now.—Mrs. Freddie Custer Duncan, Box 57, Robbins, California 95676

Jesse G. Moore

Mother was born August 17, 1903 in Neal Springs (no longer on the map), Sevier County, Arkansas, the only child of Jesse G. Moore and Belle Clark. Grandmother died three weeks later.

Grandfather and a Mrs. Spurlock, with the baby, went to Byers, Colorado. Apparently he was unable to find a job there, as he left the baby with Mrs. Spurlock and went into the Northwest to find work in the logging or lumber industry.

Mother was placed in an orphanage at age five. At age fourteen Mrs. Spurlock took her out of the institution to help her in her work, cooking for harvesters. Mother ran away to Eastland, Texas to find relatives of her father who lived there. She met my father, Harvey Eargle Berna, in Eastland and they were married.

The last Mother ever heard of her father was in a letter to Mrs. Spurlock from a Mrs. Pugh in Sweet, Idaho. Mrs. Pugh said Jesse was working on their ranch and had commented to them that he had a "little girl" about the age of one of their own children. This was about 1910.

If any reader knows anything that might help me find out what happened to my grandfather, Jesse G. Moore, please write.—Mrs. Eileen B. Wilkinson, 846 North 800 West, Provo Utah 84601

Liles

I would like information from possible relatives in Idaho. I had a great-uncle who left Nacogdoches, Texas about 1895, heading for Idaho and was never heard from again. I don't know whether he made it. If anyone in Idaho reads this and knows of any Liles, please write me, or if any Liles read this, contact me and I will give you all the information I have on my family.—Ben W. Liles, Box 205, Plains, Texas 79355

Eisenhut-Smith

My grandmother, Margaret Eisenhut, married George Smith, date unknown, in Bavaria, Germany. My father, John M.

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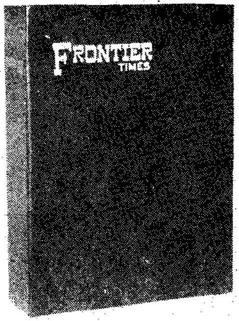

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Smith, was born February 25, 1861.

My father said he came from Bayreuth, but as no records are available, it is possible he may have been born in another town and moved to Bayreuth when he was small. He attended school in Bavaria and went to an agriculture college there. He had one brother, name unknown; I don't know if he had any sisters. He spoke of an Uncle Karl, who was a musician in the German Army but I don't know if his uncle's name was Karl Smith or Eisenhut.

He worked for the North German Lloyd Steamship Company and came to America in 1887. John was the only one of the Smith family who came to America but perhaps some of the Eisenhut family came to this country in the late 1800s or early 1900s and moved West as did so many German families of that time.

If anyone has information on the Eisenhut-Smith families, please write.—Arthur M. Smith, Box 65, West Coxsackie, New York 12192

Smith-Richardson-Hannan

I would like to hear from anyone with information on the following people: James Calvin Smith, born November 1830 in Morgan County, Illinois; parents thought to be Thomas and Mary (Murray) Smith. He married Emerine "Anna" Richardson in Macon County, Missouri in 1848 (the name Haley said to be some place in her name). She was the daughter of James and Anna (Tilley) Richardson who were married in Shelbyville, Kentucky in July 1807. They are said to have gone later to Howard County, Missouri. Smith went to war from Knoxville, Iowa. He was first postmaster in Stromsburg, Nebraska. His wife died in York, Nebraska in 1895.

Would also like any information on Richard Myron Hannan, said to have been born in Ohio or Pennsylvania about 1807. He married Matilda Nye (Nigh) in 1829, went to Niles, Michigan about 1831 and lived there twenty-six years. Have heard they also lived in Iowa and Polk, Seward and Hall Counties, Nebraska. Their son, John Hannan, married Elizabeth Abigail Smith in 1866 in Knoxville, Iowa.—E. P. Woods, Box 1546, Oroville, California 95965

Lamar Taylor Allison

I am seeking information on the early life of my dad, Lamar Taylor Allison, who lived in Pine Bluff, Arkansas until 1952. He died May 19, 1960. Also information on his father, John T. Allison, born in 1868 and died 1936 in Pine Bluff. I don't know where either of them was born. I believe they have or had relatives in Hamburg, Arkansas.—Mrs. Gladys Benskin, 106 Sterling Road, Bakersfield, California 93307

Jennings Family in Oregon

We are seeking information on the Jennings family who settled in Oregon. John and Margaret Shivlar Jennings had these children: John Shivlar, born August 6, 1839; Phroney (Hann); Elizabeth (Barnum); and Ann (Nicolas).

John Shivlar Jennings married Harriet Scates, born May 19, 1842. Their children were: John, born Feb. 11, 1862; Charles William, July 20, 1864; Frances and Frankie, April 16, 1866; Minnie May September 27, 1867; Sol S., April 14, 1869; and Rosa Belle, June 2, 1874 in Labette County, Kansas. Rosa Belle was my great-grandmother.

Some of our Jennings ancestors are buried in the cemetery at Roseburg, Oregon. My parents found the grave of another John Jennings near theirs, and we wonder if he is related. His tombstone inscription reads: "John Jennings, 7th Ohio VBL, Born October 20, 1843, Died March 29, 1913." We also wonder what VBL means and would greatly appreciate any help.—Mrs. Rosanne Bornmann, Rt. 3, Box 437, Cottonwood, California 96022

Taylor

For years I have been trying to find some record of children or grandchildren of my great-uncles. The 1850 census shows William E. Taylor and two of his children, Mary and William Jr. The John M. Taylor children are listed as Burnetta, James R., Patrick H., Sanford, Charles and James Albert. They were all in Illinois in 1850 but I have hit a stone wall in trying to connect with any descendants. William Taylor, my great-great-great-grandfather, came from Kentucky in 1835 to Sangamon County, Illinois, settled in the Cotton Hill district, and passed away in 1849. My great-grandfather, James Abnew Taylor, passed away in 1856. I will return postage and answer all letters.—Mrs. G. Funston Bilbrey, R2, 824 N. 5th, Frederick, Oklahoma 73542

Hicks Taylor

I would like to hear from anyone who might have information on my great-grandfather, Hicks Taylor. He left Comanche, Texas after the death of his wife aronnd 1887 or 1888. He left my grandmother with relatives, and the last time they heard from him he was in Louisiana or Mississippi.—Mrs. Randall Brice, Box 1205, Ozona, Texas 76943

DeLore-Bennier

I wonder if some of your readers remember my grandfather and my father, Antoin and Willard Antone DeLore, from around St. Paul and Gervais, Oregon? My great-grandfather, Joseph DeLore, married an Indian girl and was one of the first settlers in the Oregon country.

My father, Willard, had a cousin named Walter Bennier from around Salem or Oregon City. I would truly love to hear from anyone knowing of my folks, and from anyone having the book, *The Mantel of Elies* by M. Leona Nickols, which has some of the Willamette Mission history in it. I'd like to purchase it.—Mrs. Gladys DeLore Juntunen, 508 N.W. 44th, Seattle, Washington 98107

Schwatka Family of Oregon

Frederick and Amelia Schwatka, early pioneers of Salem, Oregon, had eight children. Catherine Marie, born 1834, married Thomas Cross and lived in Salem. Helen, born 1836, married John D. Jordan, lived in Salem. She had one child, Harvey. Amelia, born 1838, married a Strang and lived in Salem. She had two sons, Frederick S. and August E. (Gus). Lauriett, 1840-1884, married an Atkuson and lived in Salem. August C. born 1843, married Annie Gaines of Oregon and lived in San Francisco with two children, Zoe and Floy (Pet).

Josephene, 1847-1926, married Thomas H. Reynolds and lived in Portland, Oregon. Their children were Melvina J., Ualloe and Thomas Schwatka. Lieut. Frederick, 1849-1892, married Ada Josephene Brackett and lived in Rock Springs, Illinois with one daughter, Fredericka. Anne, 1853-1938, first married Christopher C. Hunsacker by whom she had two children, Laura and Linnet. She next married a Gibbs, possibly of Portland or Waterford, Washington; her third husband was A. W. Miller, a lighthouse keeper in Oregon.

A Salem newspaper article stated that in 1881 Frederick and Amelia Schwatka had 18 grandchildren, half of whom were dead when the article was written. You'll notice I've listed only eleven grandchildren and would like to find out about the other seven and any of the family descendants.

I have been searching also for Linnet Hunsaker, my great-great-aunt, and her descendants and would appreciate any clues. She was born in 1877 in Salem, Oregon to Christopher C. and Anne Schwatka Hunsaker. She married a Wolfgram in the military and was living in Schofield Barracks, Honolulu, Hawaii in 1914. She may have gone to Vancouver or Victoria, B. C., Canada and died sometime in the 1920s but this is not confirmed.

Finally, I am looking for information on the children of Jacob Kakela, born 1861 in Laihia, Finland and immigrated to the U.S. in 1879, possibly settling in Fergus County, Montana. He married Susanna or Lena Alanyystin in 1886. She died in 1895 and was taken back to Finland to be buried. The children, I believe, were also taken back, but at least three or four returned to the United States.

The known children are: Elmer, still living in Butte, Montana, married, and with one daughter; Ruth, married name unknown, lived in Minneapolis, Minnesota and is deceased; Hilda, married a Paaka and now lives in Seattle, Washington; Emma, never married and still lives in one of the old family homes in Laihia, Vaasa, Finland.—Stephen V. Dennehy, 37 E. La Platte, Butte, Montana 59701

Whiteman

I hope to reach relatives of my two step-daughters and son. Their father was Samuel Joseph Whiteman, who came to the United States from Ireland about 1916. He had a sister, Margaret, who was a missionary and is buried in Portland, Oregon. She never married. He also had a brother, James, and another brother and sister in New York City.

I understood the brother and sister in New York came to the United States first; then were followed by James, the youngest brother, Samuel and their parents, whose given names were John and

Mary. Both passed away within hours of each other. James and Samuel came to Washington State. James settled in Yakima Valley and Samuel worked in Washington, Idaho, and finally settled in Oregon.

I believe the brother in New York had a garage and the sister married a dairy farmer and moved to the Allegheny Mountains. We have pictures of these two and their children but no names or addresses. The pictures were given to us by Alice, James' widow, before she passed away but she knew very little of the family.—Mrs. Bob Whiteman, R. Route, Mist, Oregon 97016

Brown-Warren

Frances Gertrude Brown was born March 13, 1909 and married Ray E. Warren, September 9, 1933. Five years later, in 1938, they dropped out of sight. The Warrens may have been working in a circus in 1938 and supposedly headed for Illinois. They had no children at that time. Would like to hear from anyone who knew them at the time of their disappearance or know about them since. —Zane E. Jacobs, 2075 Mariposa Street, Seaside, California 93955

Hillary F. Mathews

Hillary F. Mathews is the only one of ten sons of Josiah Mathews of Talbot County, Georgia that I have been unable to trace. He was a Confederate veteran who lost his right arm in the Civil War.

In 1880 he and his family were living in Morris County, Texas in the small town of Belden (now Naples). He was a dry goods merchant. At this time (1880) he was 52 years of age. His wife, Josie A., was 34; their children were Josiah D., 16; Julia B., 12; Eulah C., 5; and Augustus, 1.

Hillary came to Texas from Georgia about 1870. Three of his brothers, Milo B., Oliver Augustus, and Joseph Pinkney Mathews, preceded him. I will appreciate it if any of his descendants or any person having knowledge of this family will get in touch with me.—William Mathews Jr., 1206 Walnut Street, Texarkana, Texas 75501

Coleman-Weeks

Eugene Coleman was born in Jordan, New York to Major and Ruth Coleman in 1862. After his father's death, his mother married a man by the name of Fish. Eugene married Emma Weeks, daughter of Frank and Lucinda (Arnold) Weeks of Elbridge, New York and in 1885 they came West to what was then Dakota Territory. He never returned to New York and over the period of years, lost contact with his family. His brothers' names were Will and Duane; his sisters were Charlotte, Anna, Minerva and Francis. There may have been other members of this family but so far I have been unable to find any. I would like to contact any descendants of this family and will answer any letters I receive. —Eldon Davis, Murdo, South Dakota 57559

Rev. John Wray Taylor

My mother's grandfather was the Rev. John Wray Taylor, born December 6, 1815, Fayette, West Virginia, died February 21, 1904, St. Joseph, Missouri. On January 21, 1836 he married Barbara Ann Eiler (Iler), Niles, Michigan, who was born in Montgomery County, Ohio. She died 1901, Butte, Boyd County, Nebraska. Both are buried in Bonesteel, South Dakota.

The Taylors went to Andrew County, Missouri and were there about seventeen years. Their children were Francis Marion and James Porter, both with Civil War service; Matilda (Welty, Wareheim); Serelda (Baker), my grandmother; Emily Amelia (Stone); Elizabeth Nelson (Mosier); Sarah, died in infancy; Clarinda (Chapman) and Maria Belle (Crippen).

John Wray Taylor was a Methodist Episcopal minister who fled Missouri to avoid the pro-slavery element. He settled his family at Falls City and Nebraska City, Nebraska. He formed more churches in Nebraska than any other minister, was a representative from Nemaha County to the First Territorial Congress of Nebraska, and helped write the State Constitution.

He had two sisters, presumed to be Matilda and Maria; a brother, Joe or

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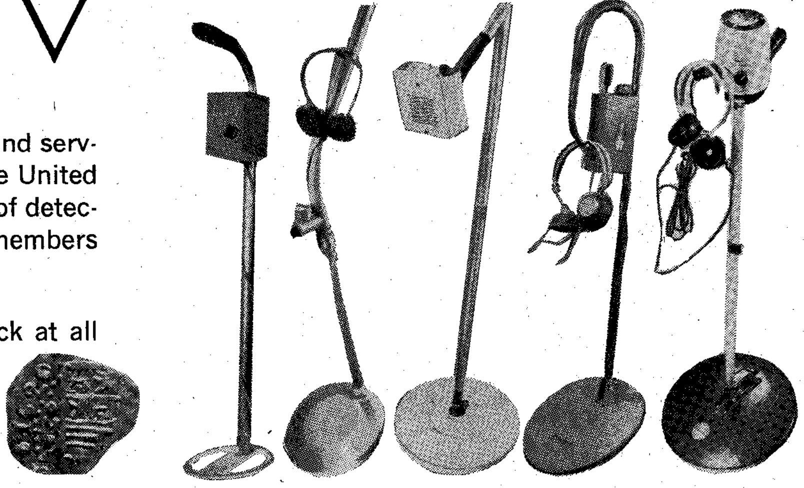

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Joseph; and nephews Vern and Guy, thought to have lived in Omaha or Lincoln and to have been either doctors or dentists. One had a son named Wray.

In Nemaha County, a J. P. Taylor, aged 57, born Virginia, and Elizabeth, age 43, born Tennessee, had son John Wray, age 21; Lunna E., 19; Miner or Minor, age 15; and Charles H., age 4. John Wray was born in Missouri; Lunna, Missouri; Charles, Nebraska.

In 1880, a Wray Taylor, age 31, born Missouri, and Ellen, 28, born Kentucky, had Guy, age 2, born Nebraska. Was this Wray Taylor a brother to Rev. John Wray Taylor? Does anyone know if there is a relationship to our Taylors?

We find no trace of John Wray's father or mother. Did they stay and die in West Virginia? His father was said to have been adopted by a Toronto Indian chief near Lake Ontario, Canada, and left the tribe for Pennsylvania or West Virginia in the late 1790s or early 1800s. Did he marry an Indian maiden?

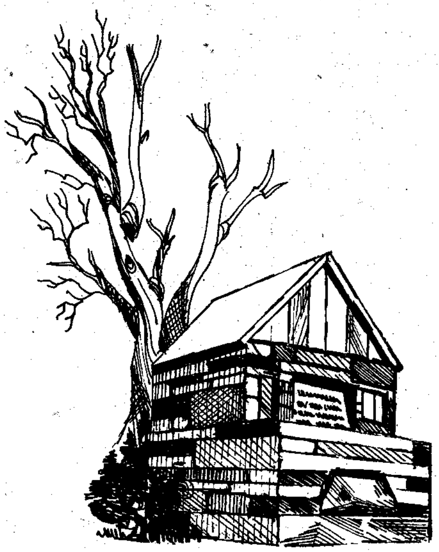
Who were the parents of Barbara Ann Eiler or Iler Taylor? She was Pennsylvania Dutch or Quaker. I do hope someone can throw some light on their parentage and ancestors.—Louise B. (Hoyt) Qualey, 710 Pueblo Street, Boise, Idaho 83702

Charlotte Webb is second from right; others are unidentified.

Lottie

(Continued from page 35)

The story behind the simple tribute is one of a courageous woman who practiced midwifery and practical nursing in northern Arizona in the early 1900s.



Charlotte Maxwell Webb went to her cases in farm wagons, on horseback, and on foot. In a day when clean clothes meant first carrying water, then boiling it outside in iron kettles, washing the clothes on a scrub board with homemade soap, then ironing with sadirons heated on a wood cookstove, she was known for her immaculate starched white uniforms as much as for her quick sympathy and tireless devotion to the ill. Thus Aunt Lottie is remembered by one elderly resident of the area.

Medical care for farm and ranch families was almost nonexistent when Lottie and her husband Edward settled in northern Arizona and built a home on the spot where the memorial now stands. The nearest doctor was fifty miles away—a two-and-a-half days' journey by farm wagon. Lottie took courses in nursing and began to practice midwifery. Eventually her services extended to all types of nursing.

"She never refused to go help, regardless of weather, the time of day or her own tired bones," the friend remembered. "Her skill often meant the difference between life and death to her patients."

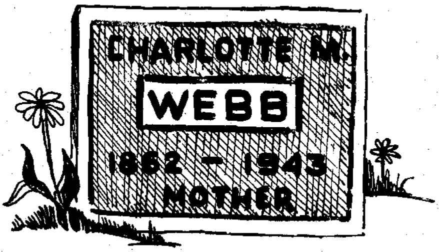
Charlotte Webb's lifetime spanned the years from 1862 to 1943, and during that time she became "Aunt Lottie" to most of northern Arizona. Born the daughter of a wealthy Nevada rancher, Lottie married Edward M. Webb when she was sixteen. Her husband was a thirty-one-year-old schoolteacher. He coached her until she could pass the simple teacher's exams of the day, and they taught together for some twenty years, devoting both time and their slender salaries to the furtherance of education in the West.

Then, in 1898, Edward and Lottie moved their family to Old Mexico, where they continued to teach until a heart ailment forced Edward to abandon the schoolroom for a less sedentary occupation. Lottie, too, became very ill and doctors told her husband there was no hope for her life. Hopelessness, however, was not a condition which Lottie Webb recognized, and she recovered. When she did, she vowed to devote the rest of her life to caring for the sick.

IT WAS THIS VOW which gave northeastern Arizona the services of Aunt Lottie—until she reached the age of seventy-five and was persuaded to move to New Mexico with a daughter and son-in-law. There she did missionary work among the Navajo Indian women until her death. On her last birthday, the Navajo women honored her with a party and she was showered with testimonials of love and gratitude from people she had helped at one time or another.

Soon afterward, at her funeral, a speaker asked for a show of hands by those whom she had helped in some way. Everyone there responded. To have known her was to have been helped by her—in some way, at some time.

After her death, the house where she had been "a friend to man" was accidentally burned by some boys who lit a fire there while waiting for a school bus. The monument which stands today on the site was built by her grandsons. A daughter wrote the memorial verse and had a plaque set. The rock monument which marks this rather personal bit of history, though, is no more durable than the faith and courage of the men and women who made this wild country their home.



If you ever drive along the narrow, winding, bumpy road from Pinedale to Clay Springs, keep a sharp eye out to your left, and you may see the little monument. Perhaps you'll have time to stop and read the inscription. If you do, don't be ashamed of the lump in your throat, the quick tear which may spring to your eye. Aunt Lottie would understand.

Finding a Hideout Cave

(Continued from page 22)

them running around with a fellow who is crazy enough to carry a metal locator, so they tell me to go on by myself—they have to go see about some cattle or check on a windmill or something.

On April 24, 1970 my wife and I drove to Cold Springs. Andy Gorman and his wife greeted us with the hospitality which they kept when they moved from Texas to the Oklahoma panhandle and settled on their ranch at Cold Springs. When I told Andy I was on a treasure-hunting trip he pushed his Stetson back on his head and with a slight frown said, "Ike, don't you remember what I told you a couple years ago—how I had so much trouble with treasure hunters?" I said, "I sure do, and I believe your exact words to one of them who threatened to get a lawyer and force you to let him in was: 'Maybe I can't keep you out, but if I catch you on my ranch I believe I can keep you in'."

There is no doubt in my mind that any one of the .30-30 slugs in his rifle could do the same for me, so I was quite happy when his frown was replaced with a big grin and he said, "Let's go see about that cave."

We put the map Mrs. Carter had drawn for me on the table and after Andy had taken one look at it he said, "Well, she draws a pretty good map but the cave is not on my ranch. It looks to me like it is on the land of my neighbor, Robert Vincent, although the spot she has marked is only a couple of miles from here by horseback."

SO BACK to my treasure hunting van and off to the ranch of Robert Vincent I went. Bob wasn't at home but his wife was. Here again we enjoyed the brand of hospitality which only the genuine ranch people can extend. We showed Bob's wife the map and told her what we were looking for. At this point I thought we would have to make a return trip when Bob would be home, but luck was with us as the foreman, Jay Branch, drove up with his saddle and three beautiful greyhounds.

Mrs. Carter has used the site of some graves on a small round hill as the starting point for my search for the cave. Mrs. Vincent asked the foreman if he would show us the hill. "I have just finished helping work 250 head of calves," he said, "and I can think of things I had rather do than climb that hill." Here again the Western hospitality came to the front when he added with a grin, "Guess I can make it up there and back."

We went out to my van and I said, "Climb in." He took one look at my vehicle and asked if it had four-wheel drive. When I said it didn't, he shook his head and said, "Let's take the pick-up. I don't feel like spending the rest of the afternoon digging your vehicle out."

In no time at all he had us on that hill and we started following Mrs. Carter's map. Jay said, "I don't think there is a cave like she describes here. There are two on the point across from this hill so let's look there."

We found them, but they wouldn't accommodate a man and a horse, and the horse would have had to have wings to get up to the caves. We went around the point and started down the canyon, keeping to the side the map said the cave was on. We had to leave the pick-up and take it on foot. We found one cave that in recent years had sheared off and was quite filled up with rock. I took a picture of Jay in this cave to send Mrs. Carter to see if she recognized it.

We started on around the rimrock and had not gone far when a bull snake crawled out of our path into the rocks. About fifty feet farther my path was blocked by a big rattler, stretched out and taking in the warm sunshine. The only thing moving about him was his tongue, slowly licking in and out—testing for the heat of anything (me included) that might get close to him. I called back to Jay, "We have one here that is not going to crawl away, and he is not a bull snake." Of course Jay's rifle was in the pick-up and mine was back at the van. We both got a handful of rocks and Jay came up alongside. When he said, "Ready" we finished that snake off quick. As the first rock hit him his ten rattles started their death chant, but this time it was for the snake and not his victim.

After that, my wife would only walk behind Jay or me and admitted she didn't think much of poking around in bushes and crawling through cracks in rocks looking for a cave opening that might be guarded by more snakes. We followed that canyon wall out to its edge and came up with one or two more small caves. None was quite like the one Mrs. Carter had described.

WE WALKED back to Jay's pick-up and headed for the ranch. As we passed the hill with the graves on it I told Jay I wanted one more look in that area, but for him to go on and my wife and I would walk from there.

We went to the top of the hill and I started following the bluffs back of the hill on the side the map said the cave would be. I didn't find so much as a badger hole. When I reached the far end of the bluffs where they began to circle the end of the canyon, and was looking for a way to cross, I climbed past a wild currant bush and a rather large wild grapevine. As I looked across the top of the vine I saw it. Just like Mrs. Carter had described it was an opening to a cave. The cave was eight steps one way and about four the other (only the four had been more at one time). Apparently the crack where the smoke had escaped years ago had also allowed moisture or snow to gather. Then the moisture would freeze and gradually it widened the crack until it split that portion of the cave

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off and it fell in front of the other.

During the "Dirty Thirties" considerable dust had settled in the now quite open cave; and the country had enjoyed a good inch of rain only a week before. The result was a gooey sloppy mess of slick mud, water and silt.

That kind of stuff never stops a treasure hunter and I had my metal locator in the van. I hurried back to get it. By that time I was beginning to feel like Jay said he felt after working those 250 calves. Anyway, the hard part was now behind me and there was just pleasure from here on. Some of you might not call slopping around in the mud cave "pleasure," but I was trying very hard to get that metal locator to say, "Dig here." No luck. I couldn't find a trace of any old cooking utensils, not even modern-day beer cans—which is proof that so far there have been no picnickers in that cave! Whatever the past residents of that hideout had with them, they took it along when they moved on.

I feel certain we found Mrs. Carter's cave of so many years ago, but it is altered from the way it looked when she and her little friend were in it way back there in the 1890s. I was happy that at least one currant bush has "hung on" as if to say, "This is the spot and if I could tell you what my ancestors saw, or rather what they concealed, you would indeed have a story for Western Publications that all their readers would enjoy."

Horseplay Was Often Fatal

(Continued from page 25)

if Tony claimed the hand of a wife or sweetheart for a dance. Maybe it was due to the laxness of our early West as far as social distinctions in society were concerned. Ours was a western railroad town, and we lived in a friendly atmosphere. The town is surrounded by cattle ranches, and cowboys have always been an easy-going group who know no snobbery."

ON TUESDAY, November 10, 1908, Tony Innes was raising particular hell at the Bloody Bucket Saloon of Sam Burnside. Complaints against Innes had been going in to the constable of Lima, Colonel Boule, earlier than Tuesday, however, but the constable had been so busy attending to matters in the neighboring town of Monida that he had had no time to investigate.

On this particular Tuesday, Boule had just returned to Lima. According to a report filed by County Clerk John S. Baker of Dillon who accompanied Sheriff M. D. Gist of Dillon to the site of the slaying, Colonel Boule had been twenty-four hours without sleep. He was not a man to be tampered with under these circumstances, but there are those who maintain that Boule was not a man to be trifled with at any time. Though over sixty-five years of age he had been a decorated and distinguished cavalryman, as his medals on his Union uniform attested, and he was sincere in the performance of his duty. A noted actor in his day, Boule appeared at all civic celebrations attired in his uniform of blue. He was proud of his title of Colonel.

It was always Boule's contention that he had been on the stage of the Ford Theatre the night Booth shot Abraham Lincoln. The play was "Our American Cousin," starring Laura Keene. What role Boule played is not now recalled. Some theatrical programs of his remain, showing that he frequently played leading roles, but his scrapbook is lost.

"Colonel Boule gave his theatrical scrapbook to my mother. After her death, it seemed to vanish," states Bonnie Merrell, a drama enthusiast who remembers Boule well. "He also presented Mother with his make-up kit because he saw that many of my brothers and sisters, as well as myself, professed an interest and took an active part in our local theatrical productions, which he often managed at our opera house. He wanted to further our interest."

Among some souvenirs Bonnie still holds is a program from the Cheyenne Opera House, with Boule playing the role of Melter Moss in "The Ticket of Leave Man"; the lead of "A Kiss in the Dark"; "A Happy Pair"; and "The Serious Family," presented at the Spa Hotel in Idaho; the lead in Baker's patriotic drama, "Comrades on Antietam"; the role of Simon Slade in "Ten Nights in a Bar Room"—location unknown; and the lead in "Finnigan's Fortune" and other plays in Lima at their opera house, which Boule managed for years, but of which only one faded program remains, its date February 18, 1889, the year Montana was made a state.

"It is regrettable that we did not keep Mr. Boule's scrapbook," laments Bonnie. "It would today be a museum piece. He was very proud of his years on stage."

Even in his late sixties, Boule was a handsome man, white of hair, square of shoulder.

"I heard him recount the tragedy of Lincoln's death over and over again," stated Adda. "It was a nightmare he couldn't seem to forget. And I can remember his superb acting in our local productions. When Colonel Boule was on stage, his performance was electric. He was a splendid actor.

"But when he came to Lima, his career in the theatre was professionally over, and it was just a side-line with him —something at which he liked to dabble. He gave many readings at public gatherings, and he was an excellent caller at our round and square dances."

Boule was not acting, however, when he went to investigate the complaints against Innes at the Bloody Bucket Saloon. He was deadly serious, and it is a pity Innes did not recognize it.

INNES was drinking, but still in fair command of himself. The constable approached him, told him he had received numerous complaints, and stated that he would have to serve notice to the young man to leave town.

"Who do you think you are?" jibed Innes. "I'm not leaving town for anyone!"

It is reported that Boule retaliated that if Innes did not quit town, he in his official capacity of constable would have to arrest him.

"I've done nothing to be run out of town for," insisted Innes. "Furthermore, since I don't intend to leave, who is going to make me?"

"I am," replied the elderly constable quietly.

Anthony Innes had offered the age-old challenge to the law. Witnesses at the scene later reported that Innes left Colonel Boule no alternative. The constable drew his gun and leveled it at Innes, who all this time had remained seated on a stool at the bar.

Innes laughed jubilantly at the old man, then reached out and snatched the constable's badge and pinned it on his own breast. Still clowning, Innes slapped Boule's revolver from one side to the other.

Witnesses noted that the constable straightened with tension until he looked like a towering figure of justice above Innes. But the next move by Innes was so unexpected that the entire saloon gasped in horror. The young Beau Brummell suddenly snatched the muzzle of the gun in his mouth. It is unknown if Colonel Boule accidentally or purposefully released the bullet that blew out the brains of Tony Innes.

"It was a devil-may-care, reckless end for an unfortunate young man," stated Adda Wilson. "No one blamed the Colonel, who was doing his duty. But we grieved that a young man should so taunt his way through life and hold it so cheaply in his hands. His was an untimely, unnecessary death, occasioned by himself. It was the story of easy living, too much good looks and a pampered life.

"The scarlet sisters of the community took up a purse to buy his coffin. He was put away like a prince, in the best of clothes and amidst the loveliest of flowers—another young man gone wrong in our early West."

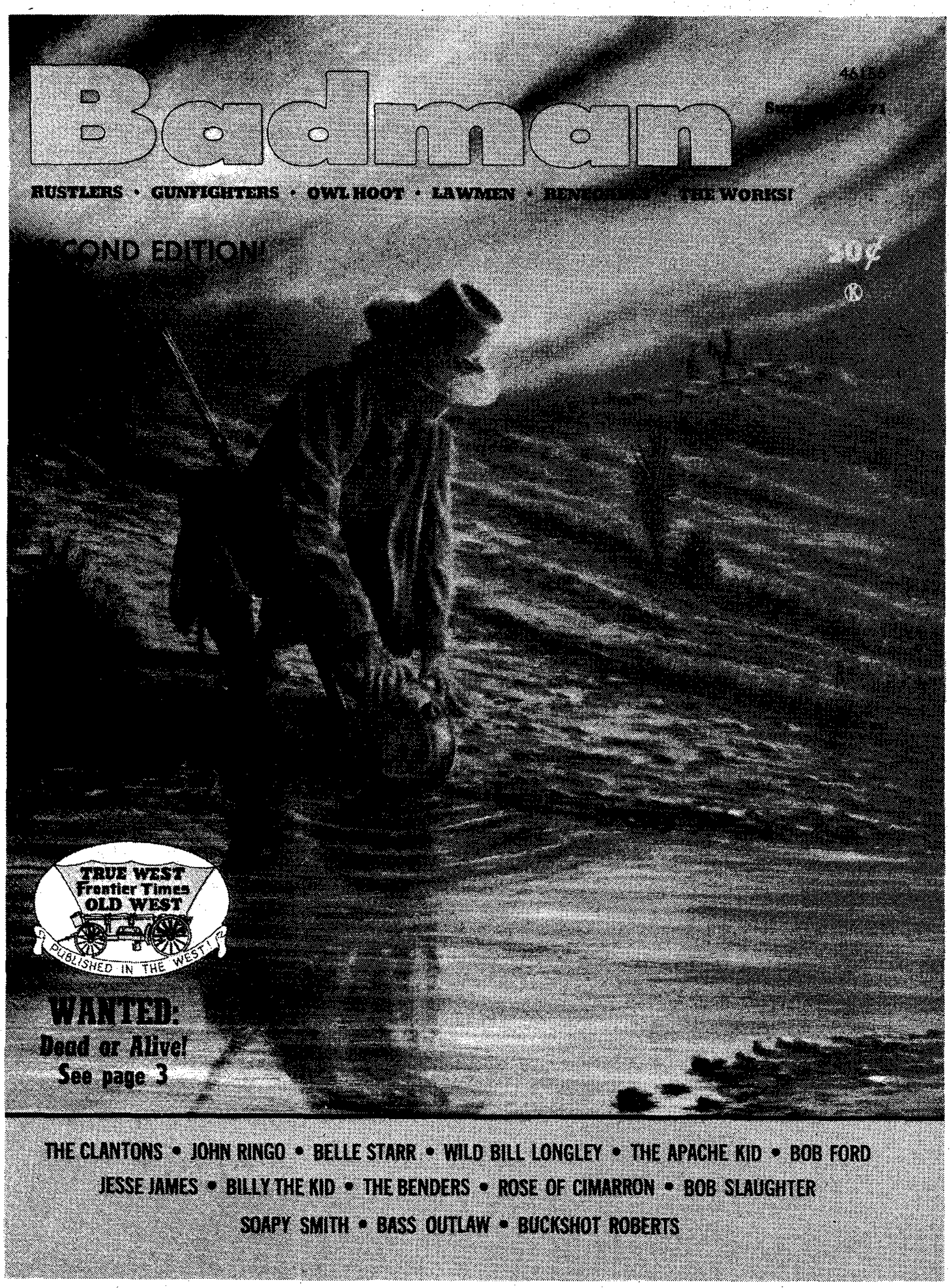
Colonel Boule was never asked for a formal statement concerning the shooting. He never gave one. Sixteen years later he was buried in the small cemetery on the hill overlooking the town of Lima. He was laid to rest in the blue uniform of which he was so proud. Today, in summer, the blood-blue tulips blow above his grave. The old soldier, officer, actor, lawman sleeps with the ages. None knows if on that long-ago day he pulled the trigger because of duty, obligation, accident or ego. The secret is his own. May he rest in peace.

The Case of the Brass Nuggets

(Continued from page 19)

general appearance of gold nuggets. They were not quite as heavy as gold and more of a brilliant yellow but had characteristics close enough to fool those who didn't know. So, the day the dignified visitors were to come aboard the big boat, I went to work with a handful of these fake nuggets in my pocket. No one knew what I was up to. The problem

BADMAN #2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See page 3
THE CLANTONS • JOHN RINGO • BELLE STARR • WILD BILL LONGLEY • THE APACHE KID • BOB FORD
JESSE JAMES • BILLY THE KID • THE BENDERS • ROSE OF CIMARRON • BOB SLAUGHTER
SOAPY SMITH • BASS OUTLAW • BUCKSHOT ROBERTS

In This Issue—

AVENGER OF SKELETON CANYON
THE MYSTERIOUS JOHN RINGO
OUTLAW QUEEN
WILD BILL LONGLEY
SMOKEY JOE
MAN-EATER OF POWDERHORN CREEK
THE APACHE KID—ARIZONA TERROR
BOB FORD—"THE MAN WHO KILLED JESSE JAMES"
HELLACIOUS YOUNG HELLION
"LET'ER RIP" MONTANA
ROSE OF CIMARRON
THE ROSE OF CIMARRON MYTH
"I SAW THEM KILL SAM BASS"
CABIN OF DEATH
TOO TOUGH TO DIE!
RACE FOR HALF A MILLION
DEVIL'S GRIN
BASS OUTLAW—THE LITTLE WOLF
BUSKSHOT ROBERTS—FIGHTING MAN!
CHOCTAW EXECUTION
BAD MAN
MURDER IN THE BITTERROOTS

ON SALE AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND!

was which visitor to approach—it must be tactfully done.

These wealthy people were from New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and elsewhere. Some had driven across the States, others had arrived by train, and they got together at the Owyhee Hotel in Boise. From there they came by automobile over the dusty mountain road, winding through the tall timber over Barrel Springs Summit and down through meadows laden with the August-time scents of pine, fir and the exceptional smell of skunk cabbage. Sometimes they crossed a crystal-clear mountain stream on a rumbling wooden bridge and sometimes splashed through the creek when there was no bridge, sending trout flashing to safety. Beaver and muskrat ponds in the meadows and the woods abounded with wild life. It was huckleberry time and the chokecherries and elderberries were ripe and tasty. Wild currants were thick by the roadside. These things added to their enjoyment of the scenic 55-mile trip through the wilderness from Boise to the dredge camp near Pioneerville where Mrs. Rude, who ran the company boarding house, satisfied their appetites with her usual delicious spread of everything good to eat. There were so many of them that sleeping quarters were somewhat cramped, but they came out to the dredge the next morning bright-eyed, happy, enthusiastic and talkative.

BILLY WELLS, the dredge master, for once broke regulations and had the operator stop the powerful bucketline for a few minutes so the people could climb (more safely) the hinged ladder and come down the gangplank. Otherwise someone might have been thrown overboard as the dredge surged back and forth in digging the tight gravel. I took the older visitors aboard in the shore boat so they wouldn't have to climb the rather dangerous ladder and that's where I met Mrs. Q.

She introduced herself as Mrs. Marian Quigly from Boston. I told her, "Just call me Bud. I'll be a senior at Boise High School this fall and hope to go to the University of Idaho and study mining engineering."

It was very clear that she was a fine person, sedate, quick-eyed, intelligently inquisitive and enjoying every second of her trip. The dredge master was busy explaining things to most of the rest of the crowd, so I was glad when she asked me to be her personal guide and source of information. I needed the confidence of only one person to start my shenanigan into action, and I hoped she didn't know what raw gold looked like.

She knew that the free gold we were mining was there because of the erosion of gold-bearing veins millions of years ago and that most of the placer gold was on or near bedrock. She wanted me to describe our operation and expressed the thought that this expensive dredge must have been a terrific gamble.

So I explained about the extensive testing of the property before the dredge was built: how the total yardage and the average value per cubic yard was determined, and the costs of production were established. There was no gamble to it. I went through the dredging procedure from beginning to end.

I also told the keenly interested lady about the cleanup every two weeks when the amalgam was taken from the sluices and retorted to save the mercury which was used to catch the gold. Then the gold was called "sponge gold." This was melted in a crucible and poured into a mold, making a gold brick of high value—most of the impurities going into the slag. The brick was weighed, stamped, and taken to the bank in Boise where an 80 per cent payment on the brick's estimated value was made. The bank shipped it to the U.S. Mint at San Francisco (or Denver) where it was further refined into 1000-fine (pure gold) and melted with other gold into standard size bricks to join Uncle Sam's forever diminishing gold hoard in the deep-down vaults at Fort Knox, Kentucky. The mint paid for the total value of the original brick plus the silver content and platinum and other precious metals, if any. Before retorting, the amalgam was weighed to give an approximate figure for insurance purposes. There had been many robberies of gold bricks en route to the bank from other dredges and hard-rock mines in the Basin.

I told her about the robbers who felled a tree across the road and took a $50,000 gold brick produced by the big Esterbrook dredge near Idaho City. There were highwaymen and high-graders about. The highwaymen were usually caught sooner or later, but not so with the high-grader who, on the sly, took the easy pickin's from the sluices or savings tables. He was seldom caught—especially if he had a fence. The president of our company, as well as being armed, always carried a fake brick along. It was made of babbitt and was gold colored. That's what the thief would have been reluctantly handed had he tried a holdup.

When I pointed out the nugget sluices, the captivated lady became even more interested and asked, "Bud, can I see some nuggets?"

"Yes Ma'am, but not in the sluices because of the muddy water running through them."

Making sure I did it furtively, I glanced around. No one was near. Reaching in my pocket, I sidled up to her and asked, "Mrs. Quigly, can you keep a secret?"

She smiled and said, "Yes, young man, I can. I just love secrets. What's your secret?"

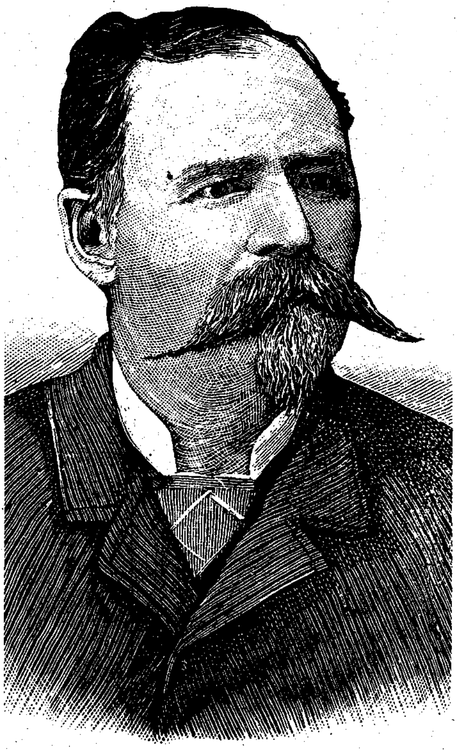
Covertly I pressed a few of the fake nuggets into her hand and whispered, "I know how I can get lots more of these without ever getting caught. They'll bring about $19 an ounce. If you could cash them in for me, we could split fifty-fifty."

She said, "Oh my goodness!" and drew back, glancing back and forth at me and the brass in her hand, then she quickly replied: "Well, young man, I'll have to think this over. What's your full name?"

"I'll give you my full name and address later," I said, "after you've had a chance to think things over." I could've clapped my hands—she'd kept the brass!

Our conversation came to an abrupt end, and within a short time I felt eyes upon me. The secret was out! Without giving the dredge master an explanation, our visitors departed sooner than expected and I was sure they were headed straight for the main office in Boise.

There, with long faces, they presented the president of the company with the story and tossed the evidence on his desk. He was flabbergasted, but was soon straining to keep his face serious. He knew immediately that the nuggets they presented were brass and that the only "young man" on the job was me, his son.



Captain Michael Cooney, from Helen Haines' *History of New Mexico*, 1891.

Bonanza in the Mogollons

(Continued from page 15)

written his brother, Captain Michael Cooney, excitedly describing his claims and declaring, "It would take a million dollars to buy me out." Leaves had scarcely fallen upon the churned dirt above the scalped man before the Captain resigned his post as a New Orleans customs inspector and headed west. For the next ten years the Captain was the leading figure in the development of the Mogollon mining district, operating existing mines, exploring new veins, and building a mill.

James Cooney had died defending his gold. His brother perished looking for more. In a land where violent death was commonplace, the end of the Captain commands special attention because of a pair of strange circumstances. In 1883 the Captain grubstaked a man named Turner, who headed into the back canyons and was never seen alive again. The following year Cooney was elected to represent Socorro County in the state legislature. While attending sessions in Santa Fe he was approached by a printer who hoped to secure government contracts. During the conversation the printer said he had only recently come to New Mexico from Ohio. His nephew, a prospector, had written him of a rich strike he had made in the Mogollons, and offered the uncle a share if he would come West and help him work it. They had agreed to rendezvous in Santa Fe, but when the uncle arrived in the old Spanish city his nephew was not there to meet him. Days of waiting deepened into weeks, and finally the puzzled Midwesterner secured work in a printing office. The nephew was the vanished Turner.

Cooney was fired at the prospect of locating a new strike, but had no idea where to begin his search for the lost lode. This question was partially answered in 1889 when cowboys from the TJ Cattle Company found the bones of a man by the middle fork of Sycamore Creek. The remains were surrounded by eighty-eight spent cartridges, indicating Indian attack and a desperate one-man stand. Although positive identification was impossible, the man was assumed to be Turner.

The Captain soon organized an expedition to look for the mine, but found only some blazed trees, which whetted his determination. He and his son then made a second trip, confident that this time they would locate the elusive lode. They found nothing. In 1914, Captain Cooney headed into the Sycamore Creek area alone, telling his family he would return by Thanksgiving, almost a month away. When he failed to show upon the appointed date, search parties were organized; but it was a winter of heavy snows, and it was late February before the body was located. The corpse, carrying a diary indicating the Captain had died of exposure, lay less than one hundred yards from the spot where the remains of Turner had been found years before. To this day, the location of the lost mine and its possible fortune are still the secret of the Mogollons.

THE HISTORY of Mogollon is enriched with great names and colorful personalities. Frank Hitchcock, organizer of the Mogollon Mines Company, was once Postmaster General of the United States. Exploration work on the Little Fanny mine was financed by William Childs, famous Eastern restauranteur. Just before the turn of the century, an energetic Englishman, Ernest Craig, went broke trying to realize profit from the silver-sulfide ores. His third attempt brought him success and wealth. He returned to England in 1910, where he became a member of the House of Commons.

One of the first men to settle in Mogollon was Harry Herman, who found his paydirt in a sawmill and lumber business. The stories told about "Uncle Harry" are legion. Old-timers say the first Mogollon jail was a cottonwood; the culprit was chained to it for a misdemeanor and hanged from it for a felony.

One night, in a philanthropic mood, Uncle Harry decided to donate mine timbers for the construction of a real lockup. When the wooden building was completed, cases of champagne and whiskey were freighted in from Silver City to celebrate the occasion. Uncle Harry, who was a great admirer of strong tipple, was mellow by nightfall, and by midnight was arrested for disturbing the peace. He became the first customer in his own jail, and until well into the dawn he could be heard yelling, "I built it, and when I get out I'm gonna burn it down again!"

Uncle Harry is said to have had an aversion to water which was almost a phobia. In his old age he built a large wooden tomb near Cooney's final resting place. Shortly after Harry's funeral, a storm hit the Mogollons and a wall of water roared down Mineral Creek, scattering the tomb all over the countryside.

Many miners who lived in Mogollon would climb over the ridge behind town and descend the precipitous trail to Cooney for a ten-hour workday. One such miner, returning to work well lubricated after an all-night toot in Mogollon, decided to catch a free ride on the Sheridan Mill tramway. Climbing into one of the ore buckets at the top of the tramway, he waved gleefully to his friends and then swung dizzily out over the deep gorge. His unsteady nest had descended only part way when the bucket ahead of him tore loose, hurtling down into the depths, bouncing from rock shelf to rock shelf. When the adventurous gentleman reached the bottom, so the story goes, he was not only stone sober, but swore off strong drink for life.

For many years the Bloated Goat Saloon was a gathering spot for congenial spirits in Mogollon. The owner reputedly envisaged calling it "The Longhorn." He commissioned a local artist to paint a mural of a steer. When the painting was completed, however, the animal's back was swayed, its head was strangely uncowlike, and its sides puffed out alarmingly. A local wag declared it looked more like a bloated goat to him. The name stuck.

Frank Triolo came to Mogollon sixty-four years ago as an infant. He watched the rude camp expand into a booming town with a $15,000 schoolhouse and "strings of burros a hundred long packing wood." He saw the raging fires of 1904 and 1915 rake Mogollon; twice saw the town rebuilt before the ashes were cold. Frank still lives in a cabin beside Silver Creek, and with slight encouragement will speak of driving mules in the mines before rails were laid, and of Fourth of July barbecues where kids would claw their way up a stripped, greased pole for a tuft of greenbacks tied to the top.

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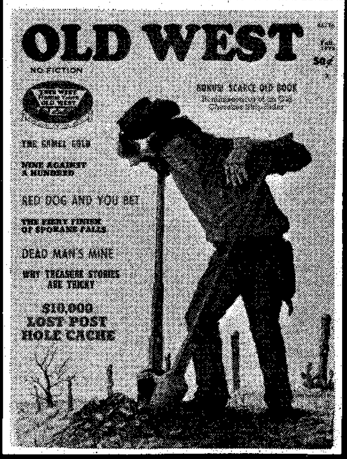

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Courtesy Bill Rakocy

Frank Triolo at age nineteen driving a wagon in the Mogollon mining district.

ACE JOHNSON, for six years sheriff of Mogollon, today lives with his wife in Glenwood. Ace came to the Mogollons in 1896 and first worked in the Cooney mines. He recalls that in the 1890s Mogollon had twenty-two saloons and was a "rough town." One afternoon two men held up the Mogollon Mercantile Company, intent upon the $14,000 mine payroll which had just been left by the stage for deposit in the store's vault.

When the manager resisted, both he and a bystander were killed. The bandits grabbed the strongbox and fled into the windy night. Men in the barroom across the street heard the shots, but had mistaken them for shutters banging in the storm. The killers were tracked far back into the mountains by a posse, where one was shot and the other captured.

Several side trips in the Mogollon area are of interest. From Alma, a town which was once headquarters for the Butch Cassidy gang, a five-mile road runs beside Mineral Creek, passes the Cooney tomb, and terminates at the narrow entrance to Cooney Canyon. The Needle, a great spire of sandstone, and the Needle's Eye, a rock window above it, tower above the trail into the spectacular canyon. At first, sheer monolithic cliffs loom over the creek, but as one gets deeper into the mountains, the canyon walls, often 900 feet high, break into a wonderland of terraced, multicolored ramparts. Huge patches of green lichen stain the rocks into strange patterns. The stream runs rapidly, here and there falling in small cascades. The remains of Cooney itself are few: mill foundations, a roofless stone building, chunks of rusted machinery, a thorn tangle beneath the bare trees of an abandoned orchard.

A few miles north of Alma a dirt road turns off Highway 260. For twelve miles this road winds past trim ranches and climbs high into the mountains, crossing Copper Creek at the site of Clairmont. A sturdy cabin with interlocking joints, said to have been built by a pioneer Swede, is still standing and looks strong enough to withstand many seasons to come. The rest of Clairmont is reduced to foundation rubble, here and there a cornerstone, and purpled glass from shattered bottles. Two miles farther up the road is the Wannaman cabin, lonely and silent now in a mountain glade. The cabin was built next to a spring used by the Apache, and for this reason bore the brunt of several Indian attacks. Triangular loopholes cut into the logs can still be seen. Yellowed shreds of newspaper hang from a wall, evidently the original wallpaper. One of the still legible dates is 1897.

Several miles above Glenwood, close to the Whitewater campground, a huge mill was built in 1892 in the hope that waterpower from the rush of nearby Whitewater Creek might run the operation. A pipeline was constructed for two-and three-fourths miles up the creek at a cost of $175,000. The community, called Graham, at one time contained a store, a dance hall, a Chinese laundry, a hotel, and a post office. Stables for housing over one hundred horses and mules were electrically lighted. Unfortunately, the mill was never profitable, and the town was eventually abandoned, lighted stables and all.

One warm afternoon, driving up from Glenwood to Graham, we encountered a prospector and hardrock miner of the old school. J. E. Bostrom, or Burro Joe as he is locally known, had just packed out of the mountains for supplies and to send off ore samples for assay. With him were his pack burros and two dogs, one of whom Joe pointed out as "makin' his first trip out into civilization." Joe's claim was on Spruce Creek, the only creek in New Mexico with native trout. Squatting in the shade below the ruined mill, he told us he had mined both gold and silver in the past but that there "wasn't much doin' now."

He pushed back his battered hat and grinned. "Maybe soon," he said.

Kit Joy's Gang

(Continued from page 21)

their efforts were unnecessary, but at the time their precautions seemed wise. And to take those precautions was all that the frightened and unarmed travelers could do. No one dared to leave the car and expose himself to the bandits. No one, that is, except Dale Ruth, a portly gentleman from Chicago who announced he'd "find out what's going on." Mr. Ruth paid for his curiosity with $155 and a valuable watch. He was then told to get back in the car.

After suspenseful time of waiting and watching from the coach windows, the occupants finally heaved a sigh of relief to see the bandits disappearing over a rise. The express safe had been their target, and passenger cars were left unmolested. The delighted travelers retrieved their valuables and waited while Brakeman Thomas Scott on foot carried word of the disaster to Gage Station. From there a message was flashed over the wires to Deming and soon help was on its way.

At 11:00 that night a special train arrived to return passengers and baggage to Deming. Although the identity of the train robbers remained a mystery for some time, the terrified clerks and the hapless Mr. Ruth swore they could identify them again on sight—"Four men; one of them a Negro."

Almost at once Southern Pacific and Wells Fargo offered a joint reward totaling over $8,000 for the capture of the "Gage Train Robbers." Law officers and private citizens alike scoured the territory. No clue was overlooked in their search for the men. The cold ashes of the gang's campfire were sifted for evidence of where they'd made their last purchases and where they might be expected to appear again.

Weeks later, aware of the constant pursuit and perhaps disenchanted with one another by then, the gang separated. Cleveland, the Negro, headed for Socorro. His actions would be their undoing.

CLEVELAND'S presence aroused immediate suspicion in Socorro where Officer Whitehall recalled the description—"Four men; one of them a Negro." He immediately arrested Cleveland and informed him—untruthfully—that he was known to be one of the Gage Train Robbers. The rest of the gang, Whitehall announced, had been captured and had tagged him, George Washington Cleveland, as the murderer!

The ruse paid off and Cleveland cracked. Kit Joy, Mitch Lee and Frank Taggart had been his companions. Kit Joy was the leader. They had all been drifting cowhands, none of them in trouble before, until they got together to rob the train. No one meant to do any killing. Mitch Lee had done it on his own. He, Cleveland, had never killed anyone.

Cleveland's arrest and confession came on January 4, 1884, more than six weeks after the robbery. His story made the subsequent arrests a little easier and the long hunt was finally coming to an end. Frank Taggart was picked up without a struggle in the same area, leaving only Mitch Lee and Kit Joy.

That pair showed up several days later on the Horse Spring Ranch, 120 miles east of Socorro. They were looking for a job. "No jobs on the Horse Spring," they were told. They would have moved on at that, had not two enterprising cowhands suspected their real identity. The Horse Spring hands asked them to join a party that was to head for Socorro the next morning to do some work for a friend. Unsuspecting, Lee and Joy "threw in." That night, as they slept at the rendezvous area, they were disarmed and bound by their newly acquired friends. The following day, the captive pair was started on the long trek back to the Silver City jail to await a July trial. Citizens of the territory were jubilant that the whole bunch was at last behind bars.

On March 15, 1884 the Kit Joy Gang had been almost two months behind bars—harmless—and perhaps the jailers had become careless. During the morning exercise period in the Silver City jail yard that day, Kit Joy and his men jumped their two guards and disarmed them. The surprised lawmen were bound and gagged, then locked in a cell.

The liberated gang broke into the guardroom and armed themselves. Cold chisels were found to cut the leg chains and in minutes the gang was ready to move. Other prisoners were invited to join them. Only two accepted—Charles Spencer, held for horse stealing; and Charles Chaves, being held with two companions for the brutal murder of three Chinese ranchers. His companions, Lora and Duran, refused the offer, choosing to take their chances with the law.

It was 9:30 when Kit Joy eased open the door onto the street. No alarm had been sounded and the coast was clear. The men moved stealthily past the sheriff's office toward the Elephant Corral. Just then a door opened and Deputy Hall emerged. Six weapons were leveled on him at once as he leaped back, slamming the door.

"Jail break!" Hall shouted as he made his way through the back to his quarters where he had left his guns. And at the Elephant Corral the gang was hastily saddling horses for their escape.

WHILE Deputy Hall still scrambled for a posse, the six mounted men thundered through the gathering crowd at the gates of the corral. Escape was at last a reality! Only one onlooker, Jack Fleming, raised his shotgun and fired. His target turned out to be the rump of the Negro's horse. The animal reared and threw its rider to the ground. The shaken Cleveland, however, was quickly helped on the back of a companion's horse and the six were soon out of sight.

Their plans, perfected over the long weeks in jail, included fresh horses at Black Hawk where a friend would be waiting, then on to Mexico. Their allegiances had been firmly welded during their two months' imprisonment, and undoubtedly they had discussed their earlier mistakes. Perhaps it could be different with them now. From refuge in Mexico they could strike again, armed with the wisdom of experience.

It might have all been so but for the quick thinking of citizen J. C. Jackson who had been in the crowd outside the Elephant Corral when the gang made its escape. While Fleming was firing his shotgun into the rump of a horse, Jackson was taking action of more consequence. Cutting the harness from a horse attached to an express wagon standing nearby, Jackson leaped astride and raced bareback after the escaping prisoners. He hung far enough back to be out of pistol range, but managed to keep the gang in sight until the posse following his own trail overtook him.

Coming into pistol range the two groups of riders exchanged wild shots until one of the posseman's bullets ripped through Chaves' head, throwing him lifeless from the saddle. At that the remaining five escapees dismounted and took cover in a brushy canyon. From there they poured a badly aimed volley of lead at the pursuing posse, but forcing Hall and his men to abandon their own animals for cover.

For an hour the battle raged in the manner of a true Western thriller. Men

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moved noiselessly and skillfully over the parched terrain firing at fleeting targets as they presented themselves. A staccato of shots, then silence, another shot and a cry of pain. But luck was with the posse that first hour; not one had sustained an injury. For the outlaws it was different. Chaves and Cleveland were dead and Mitch Lee was severely wounded. Enough was enough and Taggart called from his place of hiding that he would surrender.

"Throw up your hands and walk out," Deputy Hall ordered.

Taggart's move set the example. Spencer joined him with hands in the air. Mitch Lee, too badly wounded to move, had no choice but to surrender. Only Kit Joy remained free and he was nowhere to be seen.

While one man rode to town for a wagon for the dead and wounded, the rest of the posse combed the gullies and washes for a trace of Kit. Nothing! Silence and more silence. Then suddenly a shot rang out. Posseman LaFerr, a widower and father of six small children, fell to the ground clutching his chest. He was dead in minutes. The other men took cover and surrounded the narrow ravine from which the shot had come. Again their search proved fruitless. Joy had vanished.

The outlaw was free for the moment, but his last shot would bring down the wrath of the possemen on his helpless comrades, LaFerr was dead and someone would pay. Vengeance was swift. Within minutes Taggart and the wounded Mitch Lee were hanging by the neck from a piñon tree. Spencer was spared when he showed that his gun had not been fired. From his previous conversations with the others, Spencer corroborated Cleveland's story that Mitch Lee had done the killing during the holdup.

With the last convulsive shake of the piñon branch, the substance of the Kit Joy gang had been destroyed. Three members of the ill-fated bunch were dead—betrayed by a foolhardy act of their would-be leader—and now, only that leader, Kit Joy, was still at large.

THE next day, while Silver City grieved over the death of Citizen LaFerr, the coroner—ignoring rope burns—reported that the outlaws had died "by reason of gunshot wounds and other injuries inflicted by the Sheriff's posse and citizens while in the act of pursuing and recapturing the prisoners." In the mood of the townspeople and with reference to the ambiguous report, Silver City's *Sentinel* reported, "This ends the matter. No grand jury in this county will ever make any further investigation." A few days later, almost as an epilogue, the *Sentinel* reported that a citizen's committee had met to discuss the soliciting of money for the support of the six orphaned LaFerr children.

Meanwhile, Kit Joy's second go at freedom was proving to be short-lived. Within a week of the jail break, on March 21, he was recaptured on Slayback's ranch in the Upper Gila. There a gentleman by the name of Smith spotted the fugitive, took aim with a rifle, and ordered him to surrender. When Joy turned to run, a slug from Smith's rifle shattered his left leg below the knee. It would leave him a cripple for life—but even at that he fared better than his earlier companions.

Kit was jailed at Hillsboro, county seat of the newly formed Sierra County within whose borders he was captured. There, behind bars on the following morning, his leg was amputated. He recovered nicely from the operation, and in November hobbled into court at Hillsboro with one leg and a crutch.

"Not guilty," he claimed and furthermore, he knew nothing of the Gage train robbery. He only broke jail because he feared a lynching. "Innocent," he insisted. "Never killed a man in my life!" He was simply passing through the Gila country, he said, when the man Smith shot at him, destroying his leg. He had an alibi—a witness to his whereabouts at the time of the robbery.

The defense produced as witness a seedy looking friend of Kit named Drace. Silver City's *Southwest Sentinel* reported that it was obvious to all Drace was lying for Kit but to no avail. Witnesses from the Southern Pacific would lay all doubts to rest in the minds of judge and jury. Express messenger Hodgkins, baggagemaster White and postal clerk Swan all swore to the same identification. "That's the man . . . he was the leader!"

After four hours of deliberation, the jury returned a verdict of "Guilty of murder in the second degree." On November 20, 1884 Judge Campbell sentenced the prisoner to life in the penitentiary at Santa Fe and the case of the Gage train robbery was closed.

The one-legged man continued to lead a charmed existence, however, and fate was kind to him. On February 20, 1886, just fifteen months after his conviction, he was released from the penitentiary. Shortly afterwards he left the Territory of New Mexico to make his home in Arizona. There, some say, he supported himself until his death in 1928, manufacturing and selling illegal moonshine. If true, perhaps it was the only means available to a one-legged man for earning a living, or perhaps it was simply the easiest. Regardless of the reasons, Kit Joy ended his days peacefully in 1928—still on the outside of the law!

A Long Talk With Chuckawalla

(*Continued from page 29*)

Los Angeles I always brought her a bit of candy, a scarf, or something I thought she would like. I would buy food and help her cook it, and we would eat together. Soon we were good friends.

One evening after supper, and we'd had a couple glasses of wine, I asked her if she knew anything about the lost Padre Silver Mine. The poor woman crossed herself and whispered, "Señor, we do not speak of this mine! It has the curse of the Padres on it. Who finds it—a terrible thing will happen!"

After a few more drinks, I convinced her that no one but she and I would know what she told me. She spoke very little English, but I spoke Spanish so we understood each other.

"IT WAS a long time ago," she said. "My people had their village a few miles up the canyon where two rivers come together. The Padres had a small chapel [Santa Gertrudis] there and sometimes they would come from the mission and hold Mass. In back of the chapel was where the Indians brought the silver ore from the tall mountains on pack burros—some called them the Gopher Mountains. I was just a young girl then but I remember the Padres taking the finished silver away with them to the big mission.

"Then one day the Padres from the mission came to the chapel and called for all in our village to gather. When we were all there, the Padres told us the mission would be in other men's hands and they had to leave; that our packers were to cover up the mine and say that only the Padres who were leaving and their packers knew where it was. Should anyone tell the new men where the mine was, great harm would come to them and to all in our village. So the mine was covered up and no one would go near it for fear something bad would happen to them.

"Soon the new men came to the mission and some visited our village asking where the mine was. But no one would tell. They treated us very badly and our men didn't like this so we all packed up and left our camp. We took the back trails along the mountains and valley back of Ventura and we didn't stop until we came to the wide valley west of Los Angeles. There we made a good camp and I lived there until I was an old woman. When white men came there too, our people went to different parts of the country, and three of us returned here to San Buena Ventura. I am the only one left. But, my good friend, do not seek the cursed silver; for as the Padres said, a great harm will come to you."

I made two more mail runs and quit to take up my hunt for the lost mine. I bought a pack animal and supplies in the village of Los Angeles so as not to cause suspicion, and I took to the hills before reaching San Buena Ventura. I soon located the little chapel [Santa Gertrudis]—only a small wall two feet high or so remained. Greasewood and brush had grown over it. After breaking my way through the undergrowth I found what remained of where they worked the ore, digging out the dirt that had settled in the bottom. There I found traces of silver so I knew I was on the right track. I had made a map from what the old woman had told me.

I went about eight miles up the river bottom from the old chapel and then turned east. Up until now I had been going north from San Buena Ventura. From the east bank of the river was a beautiful valley. She had told me to cross this valley and a trail would go on up to a higher valley. There I would find a trail that led up a long canyon where a creek flowed. Then I would be upon my way to Gopher Mountain. I kept to the trees for cover for there were some

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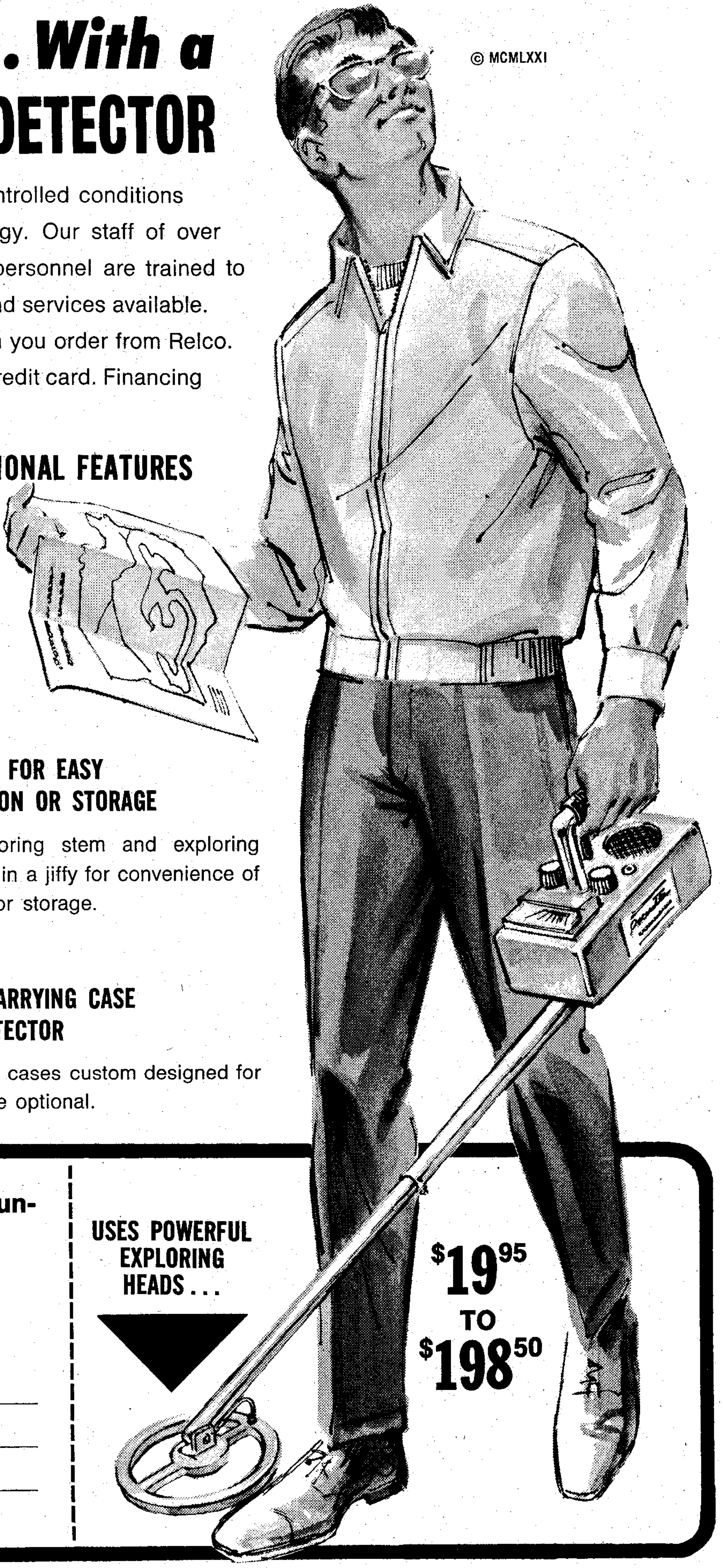

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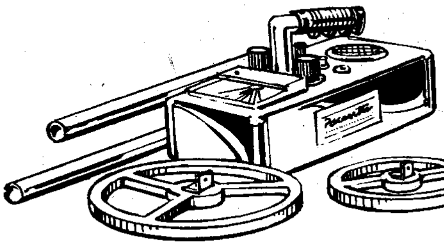

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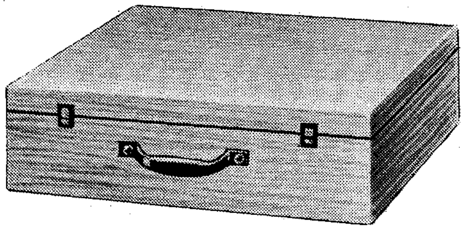

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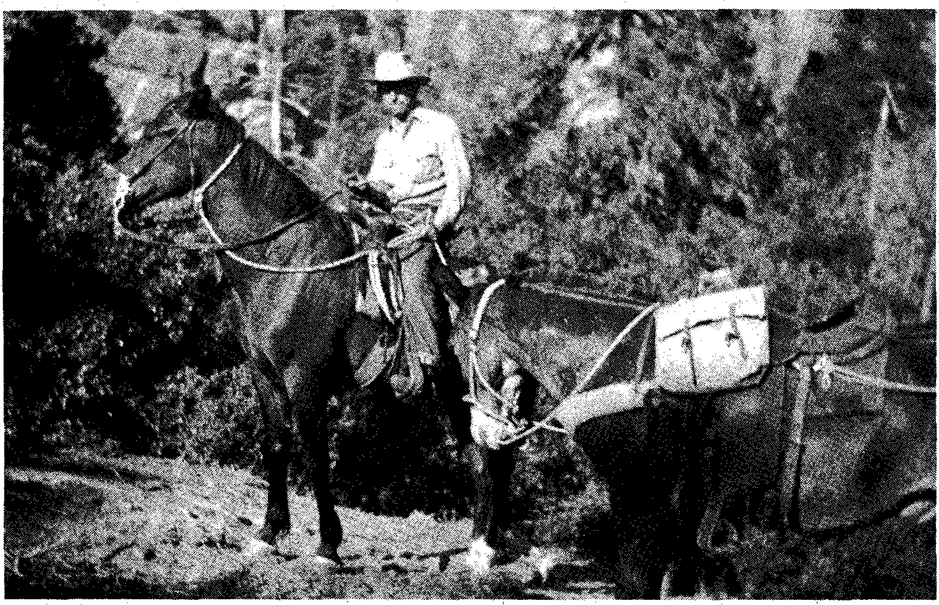

Photo Courtesy Author

J. E. Tompkins, who as a youth heard Chuckawalla Wilson tell of the Lost Padre silver mine.

bad Mexicans and a few Indians roaming around the country and I didn't want anyone to know what I was doing there. I passed cattle and horses on my way and once saw a Mexican rider in the distance but he didn't spot me.

I FOUND the trail and creek up to Gopher Mountain. When I came to where the creek was fed by some springs, I made a camp back in the trees away from the trail. From this camp I worked my way over ridges and canyons, any place that looked like there had at one time been a trail. I kept up my search for over a month, until my grub was gone.

For the whole time I was camped there I didn't see a living soul. I found a number of places that looked sunk in and man-made, but after digging into them there was nothing that looked like silver ore, so I made my way back to San Buena Ventura and put up at my old Indian friend's place. I told her I didn't have any luck finding the mine and that made her happy for she was sure something terrible would happen to me if I had been successful in locating it.

I loafed around town for a few days, then the little village was all astir and excitement ran wild. A rider came in and spread the news that Frémont and his soldiers had taken Santa Barbara without firing a shot. The Californians and some Indians had waited for Frémont to come down through Gaviota Pass. They were hidden on the south side of the pass and had pried loose large rocks to let roll down on Frémont's men when they were in the narrow pass. But while they waited to trap Frémont, a man by the name of Foxin, an American who was married to a Spanish woman, rode into Frémont's camp and told him of the trap set for him. He offered to guide Frémont and his men over what is now San Marcos Pass. Frémont thanked him and they broke camp and were soon on the march. While the natives waited for Frémont's men to show up, they were going over the San Marcos Pass and into Santa Barbara.

All they found in Santa Barbara were the old men, women and children, as all the fighting men were at Gaviota Pass, so they took the town without bloodshed. As soon as the soldiers were quartered, Frémont put on a band concert for the town and the native fighters came straggling in and joined the fun.

San Buena Ventura figured "if you can't beat them, join them," and that's what happened. As soon as they had made camp, I called on Frémont and told him of the lost silver mine I was looking for. He offered to supply me with ten soldiers and pack outfits on a fifty-fifty basis. I was to have his men for two weeks, then I was to guide the men under my command to the village of Los Angeles where we were to join Frémont at his camp and report our findings. I was sure with this number of men combing the mountains we would sure find our mine. But the more we looked the less we found. We dug in every likely place—but nothing. Maybe the mine was on the north side of Gopher Mountain. But two weeks was too short a time to try the north side so we packed up and took off for Los Angeles.

I soon was back on the north side of Gopher Mountain, however—still looking. In fact, for years everytime I had a grubstake, I took up the search even to the two ranges north of Gopher Mountain. But the mine is still there for some other prospector to find.

THE HOURS had slipped away while Chuckawalla talked. When I looked at my watch it was three a.m., so I bade the old man goodbye and hiked back to the adobe where I had left Mr. Roach and a man he had brought with him to look at some mining properties. An old prospector was also camped nearby. I slipped in quietly and crawled into my bedroll and was soon sound asleep.

Many years after my visit with old Chuckawalla Wilson I was telling my father-in-law about the lost silver mine as he had a homestead at the base of the bluffs of Gopher Mountain, now known as Topa-Topa Ridge. I told him of Frémont's giving Wilson the ten soldiers to help locate the mine.

My father-in-law said, "That clears up something I have always wondered about. One time under the bluffs, I shot a mountain lion and he rolled into a pit. I went down to skin him out, and the pit looked man-made. In the bottom, as I rolled the lion over, I found an old rusty pick with the handle rotted out. I also found a brass button from a soldier's jacket. I didn't know it was from a uniform until I cleaned it with ashes from the fireplace in my cabin. It was corroded but after cleaning it I could make out letters U.S. on it. Now, it could have been from one of Frémont's soldiers. While I was hunting and looking after my cattle, I found a number of holes dug in the mountains that showed somebody had been prospecting and working there years ago."

So the lost silver mine still remains lost. Someday a slide may uncover it or hide it even deeper than ever.

Editor's note: Those of you who have a collection of our magazines might enjoy rereading "Come Hard, Go Easy Country" by J. E. Tompkins in the August 1966 TRUE WEST. Chuckawalla figures in it also but the account is primarily about what happened to Tompkins after he left Twentynine Palms the day following the all-night bull session. If you like adventure, dig through your copies and locate the story. You'll be glad you did.

Ghost Riders in the Sky

(Continued from page 7)

years old, met me. She stood dragging a bare toe in the dirt, finally looking up beseechingly.

"Lena wants you at the swimming hole," she said and, turning, sped off like a deer into the timber.

It seemed strange that the girls knew I was on that particular trail when they were so far away. A large bunch of them from the Landers, Stubblefield, Aziah, Picrock, Davis and Zaner families were sitting around unhappily on the rocks and graveled ground when I rode up.

Lena, Shag's sister who was past twenty years of age, advanced and asked hopefully, "Would you powerfully mind sittin' a spell?"

Every face, from the small girl's to the oldest, turned on me anxiously. When no man was present they were forbidden to enter the water. This iron-clad rule derived from the distant past when a group of girls had gone swimming with no man around, and one had drowned.

It was a small request Lena made. She and Shag were my best friends among the squatter families who had come to the Red Hills long before the Civil War.

Although wanting to get home before sundown that day, I swung to the ground, dropping my bridle reins. Almost instantly the flock of girls jumped to their feet, shedding calico dresses and hitting the water in an uproar of laughter and shouting. No one in the hills ever owned a bathing suit. They had no money to waste on them.

Moving to a creekside boulder I sat down to whittle and to count the seventeen girls occasionally to make certain they were all above water. That was hard to do for they were constantly moving around, diving, swimming underwater and playing tricks on each other. Unlike their brothers, who made little noise in a swimming hole (there were several on the creek), the girls were bent on frolic.

Perhaps Shag, lean and lanky—and most unusual for a hill man, always clean shaven—heard them at some distance. Anyway he showed up about twenty minutes later, carrying his long barreled squirrel rifle and accompanied by his small spotted mongrel.

On sitting down beside me he lapsed into a long moody silence. Finally, he announced in a prophetic voice, "Hit's going to be a bad y'ar." The hill men were always slow talkers. After a couple of minutes he added, "Hit's goin' to be a dry one. Hongry dry."

When Shag decided to talk he did so in an aggravatingly piecemeal fashion. Nothing could hurry him so he was allowed to take his time. Living close to nature as he did, Shag always watched for "signs." Now he explained that certain weeds and grasses were heading out, seeding weeks before they normally did. The wild plums had matured too fast, and consequently were small in size. Tree bark was already setting, which happened only when winter approached (the sap quit rising).

While he went through all this I kept idly counting the girls in the swimming hole. Then for maybe a second my mental enumeration clicked at sixteen. Automatically counting again—*there were only sixteen.* The seventeenth girl then bobbed to the surface under the opposite twenty-foot stone overhang, dropping back leadenly.

There was no time to come out of clothing, not even boots. Knocking off my hat I ran for shallow water and leaped out as far as possible. I got to the drowning girl as she came up the second time. Lena, who was a powerful swimmer, soon joined me. The half-drowned girl fought us frantically, but we got her into shallow water and onto the sloped gravel bank. A forehead bruise revealed that she had struck something while diving.

In a few minutes we had her breathing normally. She was then dressed by the others, and afterward sat holding her head in her hands, one very fear-sick girl.

The near tragedy ended the party, and no swimming was done for several weeks.

SHAG's prediction turned out to be accurate. He, too, believed that ghost riders boded ill. Growing crops began to suffer when hot winds blew in the last of May. No rains relieved the beginning drouth. Branches dried up before the main stream's flow dwindled to a trickle. Finally they also ceased, leaving water in only the deepest holes, and this covered by green scum. Only a few springs, widely scattered over the country, held on. They proved a life saver. One of them was Iron Springs on Uncle Jimmy Allen's land off Burrow Road. Families from long distances hauled water in wooden barrels, using wagons or sleds.

Before the blasts of hot winds which did not abate day or night the corn dried, twisting into lifelessness while still in the silk. Grain headed short did provide something for farmers raising wheat and oats. Despite being less than a foot tall, there was some to feed and sell. By August it became certain that farmers would harvest almost nothing. Cotton, the cash crop, failed completely.

Only the Red Hills people escaped most of the heat-laden wind. The few springs went but the creek continued to furnish a measure of stock water. But Father quit buying cattle in July because grass in the Red Hills range would surely go if the drouth continued. The old-timers swore they never had experienced a year so bad. We didn't have any grass to spare —it was hard to refuse aid to other stockmen—but in a very few days extra cattle could have eaten us out of all grass feed.

Away from the hills, especially on the larger streams like Clear and Muddy Boggy Creeks, people took down with typhoid and malaria. The sufferers grew listless and walked around resembling jaundiced mummies. Herbs were brewed for "blood medicine" and they ate whatever sour plums could be found.

The long drouth impoverished eight out of every ten farmers. All the share croppers were wiped out. Starvation, death and ruin hovered over the land. Farms were mortgaged to the hilt, and payments couldn't be met; morever, farming machinery, livestock and anything else the people owned had been papered by money lenders. If the latter closed in, some families would be left with no more than the clothes they wore. There would have been no horses, cows, hogs, chickens, wagons or seed to start over the following year.

The stricken people considered their hopeless situation and arrived at the only possible solution to save themselves. They departed in the night with the owls. Loading what they could in a wagon or two, tying farm machinery on behind, or pulling plows and cultivators with extra teams, they began moving out after sundown. Given two nights of uninterrupted travel they could make it into hiding without leaving a trace.

Every time we rode the county lanes (not the main road) or a backwoods trace, fresh marks of iron wheels could be seen. It was easy to determine what families had pulled out the preceding night. Considering their pitiful plight no one blamed them. Before the mortgage holders got wise to what was happening, many counties in southeastern Oklahoma were depopulated by half.

Only the most hopeful, still trying to hold on somehow, the most honest ones, fell into the closing net. Special officers were deputized who halted any move-

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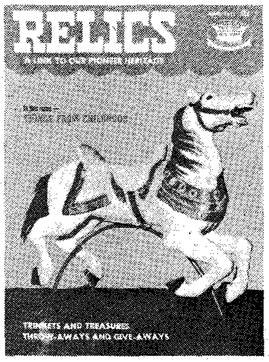
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ments of farm machinery, livestock and household goods just in case somebody had a lien on them. They did locate a few runaways and arrested them for embezzling mortgaged property.

Other farmers abetted the fleeing people in every way possible. When money lending firms and banks went under because of losses, few people shed a tear. Merchants with unsecured accounts wiped their uncollectible debts off the books and started over.

In our case our economic dependence was on cattle, not farming. However, most of Father's farming land lay between two wooded creeks and hills which acted as windbreaks and he got a fair crop.

THE rains finally came, after more ghost riders appeared in late September. That was another peculiar day with low atmospheric pressure. The morning began entirely cloudless, with no wind and yet a strange unrest in the air.

The sun moved brassy and dark orange behind a cloud film. At noon it briefly broke clear but had circles around it. Dark clouds gathered on the northwestern horizon. Our milch cows wandered in around two o'clock in the afternoon, which was most unusual. The sky began darkening even worse and when the sun shone through, the ghost riders appeared in their usual fantastic array. It looked less like rain than another cyclone.

Suddenly the heavens closed over, and it was almost as dark as midnight. Lightning ripped and great crashes of thunder deafened the ears. With dramatic suddenness rain slashed down in heavy sheets, accompanied by gusty winds swirling it everywhere. In minutes the downpour grew so heavy our barn couldn't be seen from the house.

The torrent fell the balance of the day, all night, and most of the following day. All this water, now useless, would have saved the stricken people.

After the rainstorm ended, a month was required to clean away the debris deposited from flooded creeks on the fields and roads. Some of the lowlands resembled lakes. But fresh water cleansed the land, washing out the creeks and rivers so that the fever sickness subsided. The ground turned green. A few late vegetables were raised to eat. People went about their affairs in a happy mood once more. Hog killing time came late in December, after waiting for the swine to put on a little fat.

Good times or bad times, life in the Red Hills never varied. The hill people took adversity in their stride. It was all they knew, anyway. When cold weather began they started making ready to trap a few fur-bearing varmints.

One week end after school I rode into the hills to find three of the Landers boys, Clell, Joey and Shag, making deadfalls along the main creek. Possums were located with dogs and dug out of creek driftwood piles. Skunks, sometimes fox, weasels and bobcats were caught in deadfalls. Their method of construction was to drive two posts into the ground on each side of the butt end of a heavy log. A funnel-shaped pen of stakes led to the trigger on which the log rested. Any animal tripping the baited trigger was killed when the log crashed down.

The big skunks, polecats with broad stripe, brought as much as 25¢ each. A small one called a "civet cat" might fetch as much as 50¢, and a bobcat (wildcat), $2. Fox skins never ran higher than possums—around 60¢.

Raccoons were too smart to get killed under a deadfall. For them the Landers boys constructed a "coon log." A hole was augered into the side of a dead log, and a piece of broken white china plate-glass pushed to the end. A series of needle-sharp nails were driven sloped into the opening of the hole. The unusually curious coon, unable to resist finding out what the white shiny substance was, would shove a forepaw into the hole. The nails gouged into its foreleg and couldn't be withdrawn. The Landers boys never made much money trapping but what they did manage to bring in was most welcome to the family.

HAVING little to do, with our cattle out of the hills for winter feeding, I turned to work with the boys making deadfalls and coon logs.

Near sundown Clell drawled, "Us'ns ain't had nary a coon hunt the longest. I'd admire to take after a few ringtails tonight." On return to the family cabin, Clell's statement led to a series of signals from a cow's horn echoing through the hardwood forest. The meanings of their signals were never quite clear to me, but by this means messages were transmitted back and forth. This was especially true in emergencies.

About nine o'clock that night Jug Humphrey showed up with his hunting dog. With Shag's mongrel that would be enough. Not long afterward two of the Picrock boys and one of the Zaners arrived quietly. Sometimes these people's silent movements were downright eerie.

For another hour we sat in the kitchen drinking what they called "arb tea." It was made from ground roots. Finally we set out walking, a circled moon rising over the forest. Not a mile from the cabin the dogs struck a hot trail. Uttering one short holler they were off running.

Only occasionally did they yelp a chorus to let us know where they were. From the tone of their cries Shag said they were close on the coon. After nearly an hour of straight-away running and circling, the dogs let go with another kind of cry. For once the taciturn Shag chuckled. "That smart coon went up a tree, jumped into the top of another and mebby one more before hitting the ground runnin'. But he ain't gonna fool Spot."

We reached the dogs to find them searching the ground in widening circles. They knew what had happened and very soon struck the coon's new trail. This same sort of maneuvering continued until midnight. Eventually the tired coon climbed into the top of a dead tree, but the sharp eyes of the hill men picked him off. Shag leveled his single shot squirrel rifle and brought the coon tumbling down.

Turning north, we began a slow patrol. For a long time it didn't look like we would locate another trail with the dogs. Finally they found several together, probably a mother coon and two growing ones. The chase was exciting but the cunning coon used every trick known to such varmints. Twice it jumped tree tops and several times on the creek waded through water and across. These maneuvers failed to fool the old coon dogs. They simply scattered out, cutting circles along the creek until picking up fresh scent.

The dogs bayed toward the Stubblefield place an hour later. Then ringing clear on the crisp winter air a rifle shot sounded. The dogs returned to us before we reached the scene. No one was there.

The Landers boys were quite put out. Their game, after being treed by the dogs, had been taken from them. "It was Scoot Stubblefield," Clell declared. "No one else would poach on us. He prowls in the night time like a varmint hisself."

He was also prone to rob the Landers' deadfalls. Shag told me later that Scoot's family had tried to break him of the habit and failed.

Disappointed and gloomy with the night's results we started back toward the cabin, but half-way there the dogs picked up another fresh scent.

"Maybe a polecat or possum," Clell suggested.

"Them dogs don't trail such," Shag insisted. "They're coon dogs."

Kneeing down on the trail he struck a sulphur match, rising to say, "Coon critter, shore enough."

Again we were after a varmint. This one didn't give us a long chase, yet enough to take us close to daylight before he was treed. Shag shot this one out of a dead treetop also, in the fading moonlight.

We arrived at the cabin, with the worn-down dogs at heel, just as the sun came up. The family was already awake, hill people being early risers. The coons were skinned and butchered out. Humphrey was given the smaller one to take home.

In the kitchen the big one was cut into pieces, salted (soda added in the wash water), and dropped into sizzling lard in an iron skillet. For breakfast the whole bunch ate the raccoon, which didn't taste at all bad.

Grandpappy Landers examined the big raccoon hide thoughtfully. "Maybe bring forty cents," he allowed. "Howsumever, I need me a fresh hat (cap) and this'll make a purty headpiece with the ringed tail. Excusin' you boys, reckon I'll tan it."

Of course, there were no objections. All elders were respected. Using the brains of the raccoon, Pappy Landers tanned the skin and contrived a cap to fit his unshorn locks. When wearing it he looked like one of the old mountain men of more than half a century before.

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The Wandering Winnebago

(Continued from page 31)

now the city of Decorah. Most of the Winnebago made the move across the Mississippi River into Iowa only after the promise of payments to be made over a period of years for all the land in Wisconsin ceded to the United States.

THE NEW LANDS in Iowa were a combination of hilly wooded areas, scenic river valleys and open prairies. It was similar to the beloved land left behind in Wisconsin. Once again the neighboring Indians were the Sauk and Fox, located just to the south, only now the other tribesmen weren't too friendly. To the north, in Minnesota, were the ever aggressive Sioux.

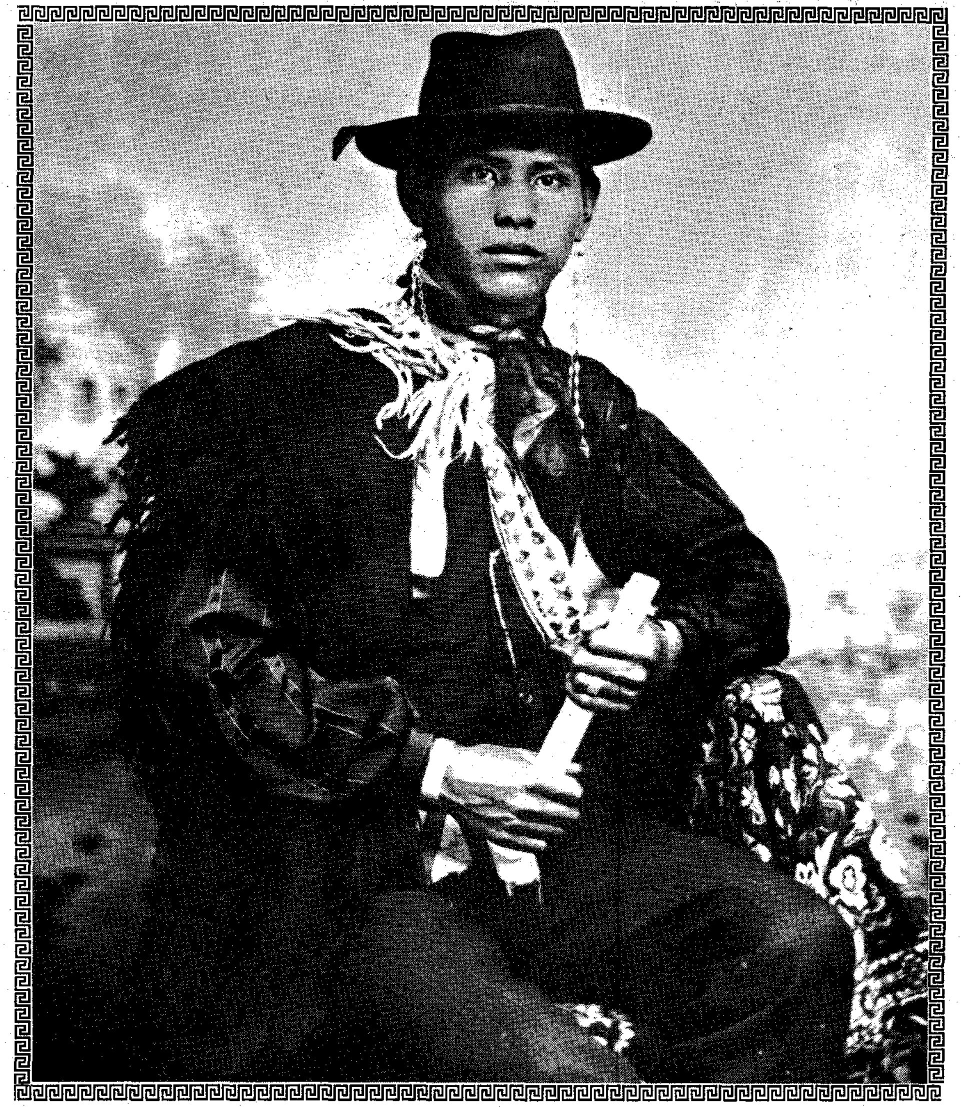
Because of the danger of open warfare among these three peoples, the United States Army built a fort in the middle of the new Winnebago reservation. This new post, called Fort Atkinson, has the distinction of being the only military installation ever built solely for Indian benefit. The fort was garrisoned to protect the Winnebago from their warlike neighbors. (Fort Atkinson, Iowa, is only one of several other military posts and cities using the same name. This fort has been partially rebuilt and is now a part of the Iowa State park system.)

By 1848 the Winnebago were again having trouble, this time from a different source. White settlers were rapidly moving into an area supposedly set aside for Indian use only. One factor working against the tribe was an unwillingness to quit roaming and to begin depending on the yearly government payments for their sole support.

In an effort to avoid warfare, a new treaty was formulated whereby the Winnebago would give up the Iowa lands and move north to Minnesota. The new home selected had just been acquired by treaty from the Chippewa Indians and was located around what is now the town of Long Prairie in Todd County, Minnesota. The intention was to move the tribe out of Iowa and into a sparsely settled area where they could be a buffer between the traditional enemies of the North Woods, the Chippewa and the Sioux.

The Winnebago tribe never did fully settle down on the new reservation in north-central Minnesota. While on the move north, many of its members managed to scatter along the Mississippi River in Minnesota and live there as unwanted squatters. The Winnebago had agreed to this move to an unknown destination partly through a promise of greater annual payments from the government. After viewing the new lands they were dissatisfied. The almost solid mass of trees was unlike anything they had ever seen before. In addition, being between the Sioux and Chippewa held the danger of possible raids from either tribe.

In 1854 the United States Senate authorized the President to designate a new home for the Winnebago west of the Missouri River or elsewhere. This action frightened the tribesmen and they asked for a chance to negotiate still another treaty; consequently, in 1855 the tribe exchanged the Long Prairie Reservation for a smaller tract of land along the Blue Earth River in southern Minnesota.



Winnebago brave at Black River Falls, Wisconsin about 1870.

THE WINNEBAGO might have been wiser at this point to have accepted whatever the President chose as their new home. For though the new reservation comprised 200,000 acres of the best farmland to be found anywhere in the United States, the move to Blue Earth proved to be the worst single decision the tribe ever made. Within ten years the Winnebago would end up on the Missouri River anyway.

Just a few miles from the reservation was the fast growing city of Mankato. When the people of the area heard about the new reservation they held mass meetings and protested to every politician possible. To them it was a simple matter. The heart of two new counties (Blue Earth and Waseca) had been removed from possible white settlement. Somehow the angry people of Mankato felt that having a large number of native Sioux nearby was enough without adding still another tribe.

The Blue Earth River becomes a part of the Minnesota River at Mankato, and upstream on the latter river lived two groups of people who were to have a direct influence on the future fate of the Winnebago. The first group was a large German immigrant settlement at New Ulm, thirty miles or so west of the reservation. The second group consisted of the Mdewakanton, Sisseton, Wahpeton, and parts of several other branches of the mighty Sioux nation located on a large reservation farther up the Minnesota River and northwest of New Ulm.

The wandering history of the Winnebago tribe might have ended on the Blue Earth Reservation. The government agent and the chiefs strived to change a pattern of living centuries old to that which was more acceptable to the prevailing frontier life of farming. The effort was succeeding, but every once in a while a band of Winnebago would leave the reservation to roam the prairie. One of the favorite destinations for these roving bands was the main village of the Sioux near present-day Redwood Falls, Minnesota.

It was unfortunate for the Winnebago

that on August 18, 1862, a Winnebago sub-chief named Little Priest and eleven warriors happened to be visiting the camp of the Sioux chief, Little Crow. This was the very day the Sioux under Chief Little Crow's leadership started their great war against the Minnesota frontier. No one knows for sure what part the twelve Winnebago took in the events which were to follow during the next few weeks. Some Minnesota historians claim these twelve, plus a few other individuals from the Winnebago tribe, participated in some of the battles and massacres of the 1862 uprising.

One of the first objectives of the Sioux attack was the settlement of New Ulm. The strategy Chief Little Crow had in mind was to destroy New Ulm, plus nearby Fort Ridgely (the only military post in the area), and then move on down the Minnesota River and take Mankato. The Sioux may have planned on help from the Winnebago to open still another phase of war to drive the hated whites out of southern Minnesota.

The small garrison at Fort Ridgely managed to hold off the savage attacks by the Sioux warriors. The defenders of New Ulm, reinforced by volunteers from other towns fought off the Sioux in two separate battles. From these initial holding actions, the aroused Minnesotans were able to turn the tide and end the uprising.

It was during the first and most critical battle for New Ulm that the greatest concern was held for possible Winnebago participation in the war. The people of Mankato and other towns had sent many volunteers to New Ulm, and yet they had to hold back still other men to ward off any possible Winnebago uprising. The Indians on the Blue Earth Reservation were highly restless that day. Smoke could be seen rising from the many burning buildings in New Ulm, thirty miles away. If the Sioux had won the battle at New Ulm, it is possible the Winnebago would have then joined forces in the war.

From that day on, until the end of the 1862 uprising, the Winnebago were gradually surrounded by troops and held within the confines of the reservation.

CHIEF LITTLE PRIEST and his eleven braves soon came back to the reservation. All twelve were arrested by military authorities in October 1862, and tried for their alleged part in the massacre. The only thing which saved them from a possible hanging was the lack of any real evidence. They were soon released, but this didn't release them or the rest of the tribe from further legal action.

In January 1863, a secret society called "The Knights of the Forest" was organized in Mankato for just one purpose—to drive all the Sioux and Winnebago out of Minnesota. The leaders of the organization didn't have too much of a problem with the former, since military authorities had taken hundreds of Sioux prisoners and were in the process of removing them to Nebraska and Dakota Territory.

And many Minnesotans, remembering that the Winnebago had remained fairly peaceful during the hectic events of 1862, felt they would be spared still another exile. The Knights of the Forest, however, had within its secret membership men with political power, and in April 1863 the Winnebago were told officially to get ready to depart.

Within two months all 2,000 of the tribe had been rounded up by military forces and taken into Mankato. Here they were placed on riverboats and taken down the Minnesota River to their next home. Mankato citizens declared a holiday when the last boatload of Indians left town. A few months later the former lands of the Blue Earth Reservation were opened up for white settlement.

From Mankato the Winnebago traveled on overcrowded riverboats down the Minnesota River, then down the Mississippi (past former homes in Iowa and Wisconsin), and finally up the Missouri to Crow Creek in the Dakota Territory. The long boat ride ended about eighty miles above Fort Randall.

Crow Creek, located near the center of what was soon to become South Dakota, became a receiving center for the Indians banished from Minnesota. The Sioux and Winnebago were dumped off at an unhospitable location where few provisions had been made for their arrival. Housing was not available. The United States Army had provided for tight military control, but next to nothing in the way of food supplies. All through the summer and fall of 1863 the shortage of food was a never ending problem. A condition of near starvation existed. With winter coming, the situation became critical.

The Winnebago tribe hated every aspect of life at Crow Creek. The lack of food and shelter was bad enough, but there were other factors causing tribal dismay. The Sioux were extremely hostile. The Winnebago disliked the government decision of one agency and one reservation for both tribes. When snow finally covered the prairie, Winnebago leaders made a desperate decision which would result in tragedy.

FOR THIRTY-ONE YEARS the Winnebago had moved from place to place in a peaceful manner, either by treaty, by force, or a combination of both. Now the Indians decided to leave Crow Creek in the middle of winter and find their own home. Their destination was the northeastern corner of Nebraska and the villages of the Omaha Indians.

The starved and ill-clothed Winnebago traveled across the wintry landscape on foot. The weakest, the oldest, and the youngest suffered most. A full forty percent of the tribe never completed the tragic journey. Out of the 2,000 refugees who left Crow Creek only 1,200 finally reached the villages.

The Omaha Indians cared for the suffering Winnebago during the disastrous winter of 1863-64. Later, the Omahas sold a part of their own reservation in Thurston County, Nebraska, to the United States. This land was then given to the Winnebago as their final refuge.

A few years after these Indians had settled down around the small town of Winnebago twenty miles south of Sioux City, Iowa, it was discovered that some of the tribe had never left Wisconsin!

Most of the tribe, plus the entire leadership, had been moved from one place to another in the thirty-two years of wandering. Official attention had been focused on the group which eventually settled in Nebraska. During this time other members of the tribe quietly made their own homes in western Wisconsin. This started when a few families and individuals left their people during the first move from Wisconsin to Iowa and were almost ignored. Every subsequent move resulted in a few more Winnebago slipping away to join this group. During the years after 1864 some of the Winnebago in Nebraska also returned to Wisconsin to rejoin fellow tribesmen and relatives. Today the Wisconsin Winnebago live as non-reservation Indians in the Black River Falls-Tomah-Neillsville area in the western part of the state.

The thirty-two years of wandering by the Winnebago Indians is now a nearly forgotten phase of early frontier history. The only real reminder of this tragic trek of a century ago is the division of the tribe into separate bands in Nebraska and Wisconsin.

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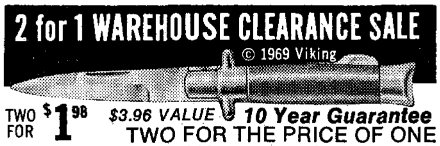
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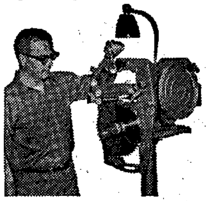
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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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RANGER!

The Texas Ranger has a built-in hero status based on credentials earned by exemplary services. Robert W. Stephens, author of *Walter Durbin, Texas Ranger and Sheriff* (Clarendon Press, $7.50) describes the Rangers as one of the potent forces shaping Texas progress. Stephens' biography of Durbin adds many new facts and details about hard rides over hundreds of miles of dusty trails while tracking robbers, murderers and other outlaws who infested Texas in the 1880s. These assignments were challenging to a fearless, fast gunman such as Durbin. Much of the book is based on the Ranger's newly discovered manuscript which describes gunfights, killers, trail drives, tank towns, holdups and other happenings of the period. He achieved honor as a Ranger and served with distinction as sheriff of Frio County, Deputy U.S. Marshal, San Antonio policeman, deputy sheriff of Bexar County, mine guard in Mexico, and special officer for the Southern Pacific Railroad. The author praises Durbin for his sharp narrative and simple verse and states, "His unique, colorful style of writing holds the interest of the reader and reveals his directness and underlying sense of humor." An introduction by Ramon Adams and some good photographs help make this an interesting book. A must for Ranger fans.

WESTERN BOYHOOD

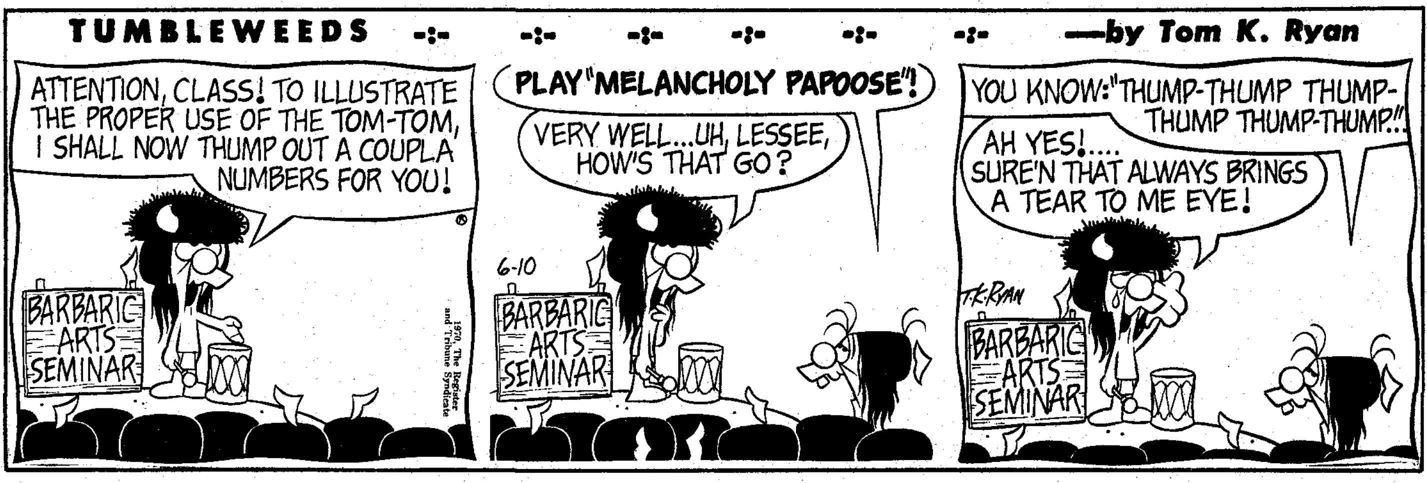
Times were hard and work exhausting as Colonel George Stewart remembers his boyhood experiences on irrigated farms in Colorado and Idaho. His appealing western recollections are included in *Sowing and the Reaping* (Caxton, $2.50). Born in Missouri, he traveled with his family, first to Kansas and later to the north branch of the Gunnison River on Colorado's Western Slope. Mutual disaffection, which existed at first between Stewart and his stepmother, dissolved and later was replaced with warm companionship. Prosperous in the beginning, the family later nearly went broke and there were only meager returns from long hours of hard work. Game was plentiful and fish easily caught, hence the family didn't starve. The Stewarts later moved to an irrigated raw land farm in Payette River valley in southern Idaho. Young Stewart made a hand irrigating, haying, threshing, caring for livestock and numerous other kinds of farm work. There was no cash for toys or frivolous diversions. The farm families invented numerous types of low-cost social entertainments. Dancing, cookouts, medicine shows, ice skating and wrestling were common pastimes. Shopping through mail order catalogs provided bargains, and the dime novel was the staple of country reading. Earning his own way, the author was graduated from Yale in 1917 and became a soldier in World War I, where he progressed from private to commander.

THE GROWING LEGEND

Billy The Kid—A Date with Destiny (Hangman Press, $7.95) by Marion Ballert and Carl W. Breihan is a highly sympathetic historical review of the life of buck-toothed outlaw, William H. Bonney. The authors cover the conventional story of Billy's birth; parents; vagaries of youth; the bushwhacking of John Tunstall; seige of the McSween home by the Murphy-Dolan gang in cooperation with soldiers; Bonney's capture, one-sided trial and death sentence; his incarceration; murders of Bell and Olinger; escape; and death at the hands of Pat Garrett. They glamorize the little gunman and exonerate him of murder by quoting some of his admirers who claimed Billy only killed those who needed it, a privilege hardly granted by the Constitution. "One of the nicest little gentlemen I ever knew," said Pat Garrett, according to Governor Otero. This hearsay statement hardly squares with the fact that Pat killed Billy, a wanted murderer with a price on his head. While this sympathetic treatment touches up the blown-up Billy the Kid legend, it adds nothing to refute the opinions of those who believe the undersized outlaw was only a paranoid killer. Numerous contemporary as well as modern photos and drawings add to the readability of the text. Un*fortunately, some of the original pictures* were weathered, resulting in vague reproductions.

CUSTER

Jay Monaghan's *Custer—the Life of General George Armstrong Custer* has just been reprinted to meet the demands of a new generation of fans. This new paperback edition can be obtained from the University of Nebraska Press for $2.95. The biography includes briefs about his boyhood and family life; college career at West Point; Civil War engagements at Bull Run, Richmond, Antietam, Gettysburg, the Shenandoah, and Appomatox; his courtship and marriage; court-martial; the Black Kettle Massacre at the Washita; Black Hills exploration; Sioux campaign; and massacre at the Little Bighorn. Monaghan was unduly influenced by Mrs. Custer who blamed Reno for George's own blunder. Reno was exonerated of any blame and his court-martial record proves that Custer ordered Reno's command into a blind pocket of hidden Sioux which held him helpless for a day and night and nearly annihilated his unit. Custer had promised to back Reno but moseyed up the ridge into a ferocious nest of Sioux and Cheyenne warriors who overwhelmed him. The controversy over Custer's massacre continues and probably always will.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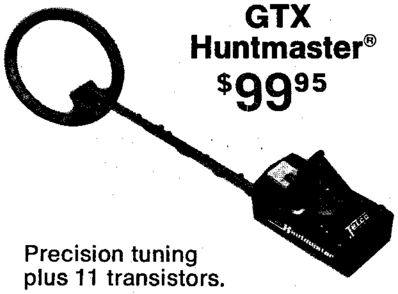

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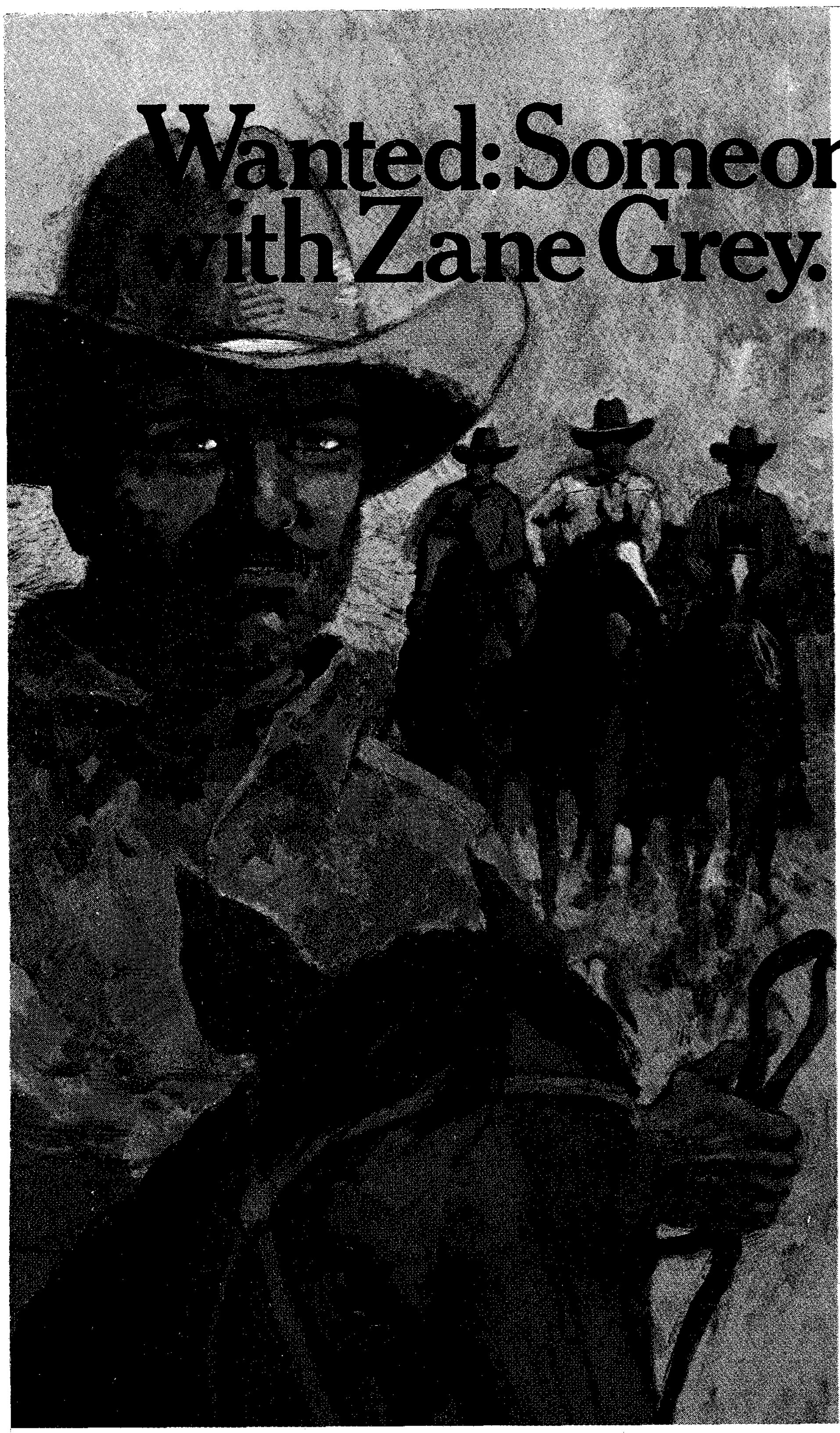

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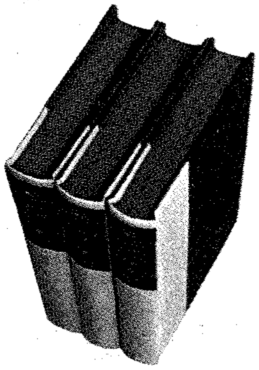

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